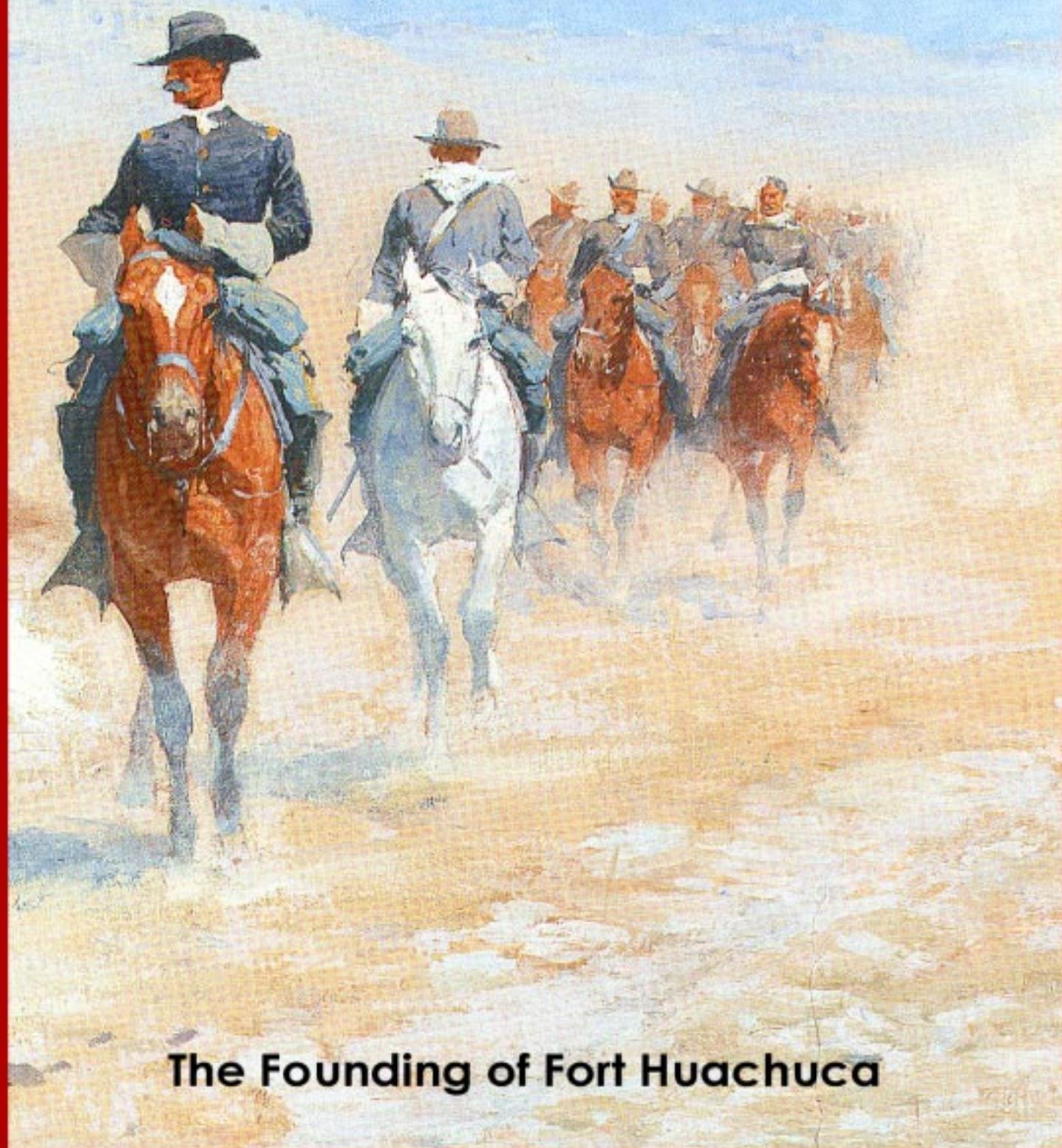


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Huachuca Illustrated



The Founding of Fort Huachuca

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Apache Campaigns: The Mission in 1875

In 1875 in the far reaches of the North American continent, at a place then called Arizona Territory, the U.S. Army had its hands full. It was a small army, only 18,000 men in the cavalry and infantry, a mere constabulary by European standards. Made up largely of immigrant Irish, English and German recruits, it had the advantage of being officered by some ready Civil War veterans, some from the NCO ranks rewarded with commissions. They found their arms (the model 1873 single shot, .45 Springfield rifles and carbines, and the .45 single action model 1872 Army Colt revolver) to be a further advantage in skirmishes with Indians who only lately were coming into possession of some of the American firearms and still often were armed with only the bow and arrow. Their rifles and carbines were breach-loaders, allowing them to be reloaded while in the saddle. But their disadvantages were weighty enough to throw the scales in favor of their adversary—the Apache.

The Apaches, a group that embraced bands ranging from Arizona's Salt River to the Texas panhandle and south to the northern Mexican provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua, were a warrior nation. They were trained from youth in the art of mobile warfare and adeptness at the raiding lifestyle brought status in their military society. In southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico there were concentrated Apache bands that established for themselves a particularly formidable military reputation, owing in large part to a cadre of capable leaders.

The Chiricahuas, named for their homeland in those mountains which dominate the western side of the Arizona and New Mexico border, laughed at the patrols of the U.S. Army under the generalship of Cochise until his death in 1874. His centralized leadership gave way to several lesser captains. They were Juh, Chihuahua, Loco, Ulzanna, Chato and Geronimo, all leading their ever-shifting factions and ad hoc raiding parties.

The Warm Springs Apaches (variously known as the Ojo Calientes, Mimbres and Copper Springs Apaches) roamed central and southern New Mexico and south into Chihuahua, Mexico. They boasted a succession of leaders like Mangas Coloradas (Red Sleeves) who watched the first American military formation, Cooke's Mormon battalion, arrive ominously on this bleak landscape, and his successor, Victorio, who sought for his people a better solution than the relegation to a distant reservation, only to die in battle in 1880. He was replaced in the field by the septuagenarian Nana who led the Warm Springs remnants on their final defiant march.

The Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apaches possessed these advantages: They knew the terrain and how to scrape sustenance from it. That familiarity with valley, arroyo, cave and crag had bred in the denizens of the Sonoran desert a physical stamina that allowed them to out distance, out climb, and out scatter any U.S. Army pursuit. It imprinted upon their minds a map of every water hole and yielded up an instant inventory of the best ambush positions. This inhospitable desert, a country so harsh that it could not be traversed, according to one U.S. officer, without "the aid of profanity,"¹ taught the longtime residents caution, resourcefulness, and patience, the requirements for survival in a forge-hot environment in which little survived.

General George Crook had just, in 1873, completed a persistent and tireless campaign in the Tonto Basin against Apaches and Yavapais. He had his patrols relentlessly on the trail of the Indians, forever tightening the cordon until he closed in on them at the Battle of Skull Cave on 28 December 1872 and at Turret Peak on 27 March 1873. His tactics worked, he was rewarded with a promotion to brigadier general ahead of many senior officers, and reassigned to another

trouble spot. He left Arizona a hero to its citizens and bequeathed to them a few years of relative peace from Apache depredations.

But he had not reckoned with the recalcitrance of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs Apaches plying their trade in the southernmost reaches of Arizona and New Mexico territories. These renegades plagued American-Mexican relations. Colonel Augustus Kautz, Eighth Infantry, who succeeded General Crook as departmental commander in 1875 (and who would be succeeded by Colonel Orlando B. Willcox in March 1878), was faced with the impossible task of policing 113,000 square miles with a handful of companies scattered throughout the territory. (In 1873 there were 800 troops stationed at the five posts in proximity to the Mexico-Arizona-New Mexico border. In Texas there were 2,500 soldiers strung out at garrisons near the Rio Grande.) The Apache, on the other hand, was highly mobile and instinctively knew each trail and every place of concealment.



August Valentine Kautz stood in distinct contrast to George Crook as departmental commander. He was hesitant to commit his troops, ran his department from his desk, inspecting his troops in the field on only one occasion, and kept up running feuds with John Clum, the Indian agent for the Chiricahuas, the Arizona territorial governor, and his superior officers in Washington.

Kautz, an “old comrade” of President Grant, was commanding the department in his brevet rank of major general, a rank he held for his gallant service in the Civil War during which he commanded a division. After the war he served on the commission that tried the assassins of Lincoln. He was promoted to colonel in July 1874 at the age of 46, at the time that his regiment was ordered to Arizona. He had experience with Apaches, having returned the Mescaleros to their reservation near Fort Stanton, New Mexico, in 1871. Kautz would command the Department of Columbia as a Brigadier General before his retirement in 1892. He died in his home in Seattle on 4 September 1895 from a ulcerated stomach thought to be the result of dyspepsia brought on by a lifetime of Army rations.

Like Crook before him, Kautz found himself at odds with citizens and the Indian Bureau which now had full responsibility for managing the reservations. He disagreed, as had his predecessor, with the policy of consolidation which uprooted bands from their traditional homelands and crowded them together in the White Mountains. In 1873, 1,500 Aravaipas and Pinalis were moved to San Carlos from Camp Grant. When the Indian Bureau closed the Camp Verde reservation in March 1875, it sent 1,400 more Yavapai to San Carlos. They were joined in July by 1,800 Coyoteros from the vicinity of Fort Apache.

In an effort to keep the Chiricahuas from using their reservation in the Dragoon Mountains as a base for operations into Mexico, the reservation was closed and the Chiricahuas were forcibly moved to San Carlos. Since the June 1874 death of Cochise, there was little central leadership, Cochise’s sons Nachez and Taza lacking the abilities of their father. Taza would die of pneumonia while visiting Washington, D.C.

The Ojo Caliente agency in New Mexico would also be closed. Inhabited by 400 Mimbres, Mogollon, and Gila Apaches (collectively known as Warm Springs Apaches), it had become a haven for raiding Indians who would come in to resupply and recruit new warriors. Agent Clum had orders to move them to San Carlos. When he arrived at the reservation on 20 April 1877, he found Geronimo and some of his Chiricahuas there. Clum, with his agency police, arrested Geronimo and sixteen others after a tension-filled showdown. By the time Maj. James F. Wade at the head of eight troops of the Ninth Cavalry arrived, the troublemakers were in the guardhouse. Clum and his escort moved 110 Chiricahuas and 343 Warm Springs Apaches to the ever more populous San Carlos. Reluctant to abandon their homeland and a roaming way of life, many Indians slipped away during the trek.



Indians with agent John Clum.



John P. Clum with a group of Apaches in the early 1870s. Photo courtesy Anton Mazzanovich Collection, University of Arizona Special Collections.

The crowded conditions at San Carlos led to conditions that were conducive to feuds and conspiracies among the not always friendly tribes of Apaches. Not all of the plotting was done by Indians. With a few notable exceptions, Indian agents were inefficient or exploitative or both. Many profited by shorting the Indians of their rations. It is not surprising that many groups of Indians chose to leave the inactivity and humiliating circumstances of the reservation behind and ride out to pursue the raiding way of life in which they had been reared.

But it did surprise the department commander. Kautz wrote in an official report in 1877:

An investigation of the number of Scouts that have been made in the Territory since I have been in command...reveals the fact that one hundred and seven Indians have been killed, and seventy-nine captured. The fact that they are almost invariably killed or captured excites the inquiry why do they leave the Reservation in the face of such dangers, where they are supposed to be provided with plenty to eat, security to life and property, and the opportunity for civilization and improvement?

The popular explanation is that they are badly treated on the reservation, do not get enough to eat, and fly to escape the pangs of hunger. Another explanation is found in their innate savage nature and aversion to restraint.

This last finds strong plausibility in the fact that the scouts employed to hunt them up are their own people, frequently their own tribe and kin, enlisted in the service, who pursue them with the unerring instincts of the bloodhound, and kill them as remorselessly as they ever did the whites, and it is only through the presence of officers and soldiers that women and children are spared.

Is there not ample room for doubt whether such savageness has yet reached that degree of development which will admit in another generation of a material approach to civilization of the white race, and is there any hope that the present generation can be controlled by any other influence than overpowering force, such as the military service alone can furnish?²

Kautz's problems with public opinion in Arizona reached all the way into the governor's mansion where Anson P. K. Safford wrote letters to newspapers accusing the military commander of being inefficient and inactive. The governor proposed raising his own militia, to include Indian scouts, to track down the renegades. Kautz wrote rebuttals to the editors but the controversy would eventually lead to his replacement in 1878 by General Orlando B. Willcox.



Orlando Bolivar Willcox was in the West Point class of 1847, and joined the 4th Artillery in time to see action at Mexico City and Cuernavaca. He served in the Seminole War, resigned in 1857, and became a colonel of the 1st Michigan Infantry during the Civil War. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run. After being exchanged in 1862, he took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Weldon Railroad, earning brevets to the rank of major general. As a colonel of the 12th Infantry in 1874, he commanded Angel Island, CA. He took over as Department of Arizona commander on 5 March 1878 from August V. Kautz. In 1886 he took command of the Department of Missouri as a brigadier general. He retired the following year and died in 1907. Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society.

Dr. Joseph K. Corson, a Civil War surgeon who would be awarded the Medal of Honor in 1899 for gallantry in action near Bristol Station, Virginia, on 14 October 1863, was assigned to Fort Whipple as Willcox was taking over. In his diary he wrote that the new department commander was “an excellent officer,” but that “he was surrounded in Prescott by a rather hostile staff who lamented the ‘days of Empire’ under Kautz. The people of Arizona were hostile to both and in nearly every saloon and store was a picture of General Crook, with the motto: ‘Arizona’s Only Friend;’ and ‘Give Us Back Our Old Commander.’ In the course of a few years they got his back and in six months he was as unpopular as his predecessors.”³ *HUACHUCA ILLUSTRATED*

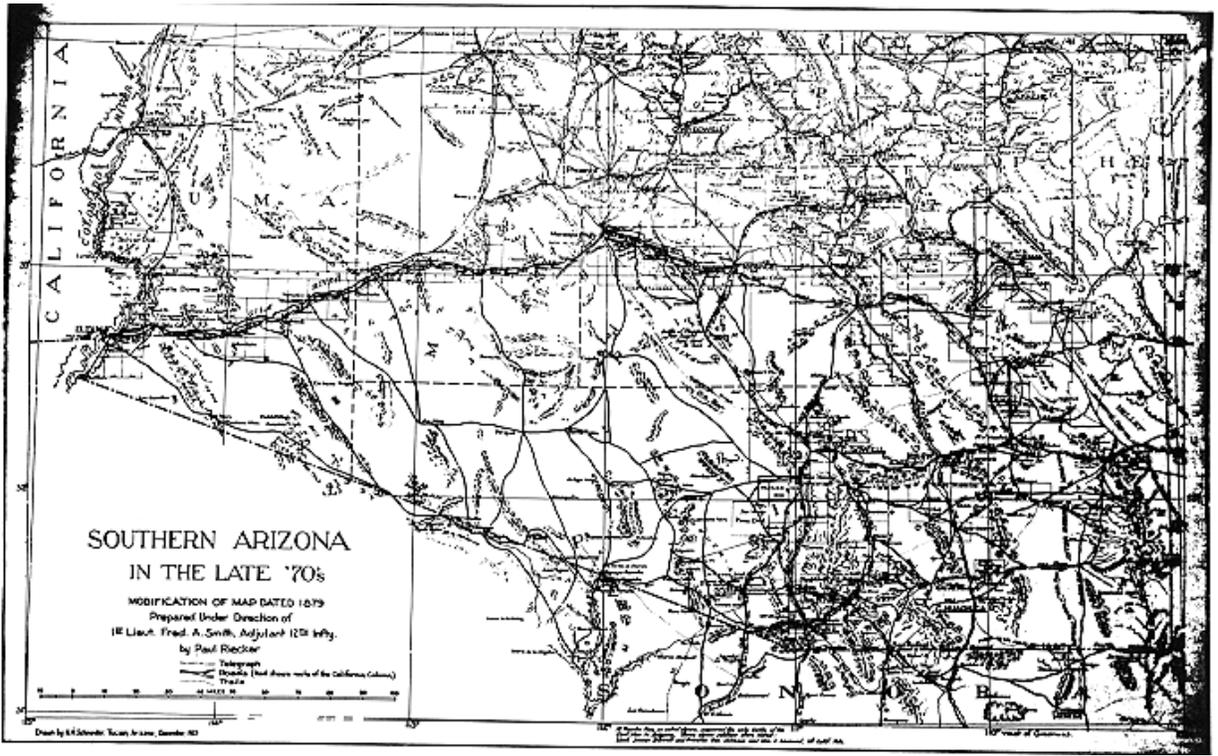
Public alarm was justified. There were raids everywhere after Crook’s departure and resettlement at San Carlos. Chiricahuas resumed their raids in the southeast, Ojo Caliente Apaches

under Victorio terrorized New Mexico, and renegades from the Tontos and Walapais roamed the northern part of the territory near Camp Verde. The charge of inactivity was, however, less than fair. There were just too many Apaches, too much terrain, and too few soldiers. A partial response was to establish Camp Thomas on the Gila River to help keep an eye on the San Carlos Agency.

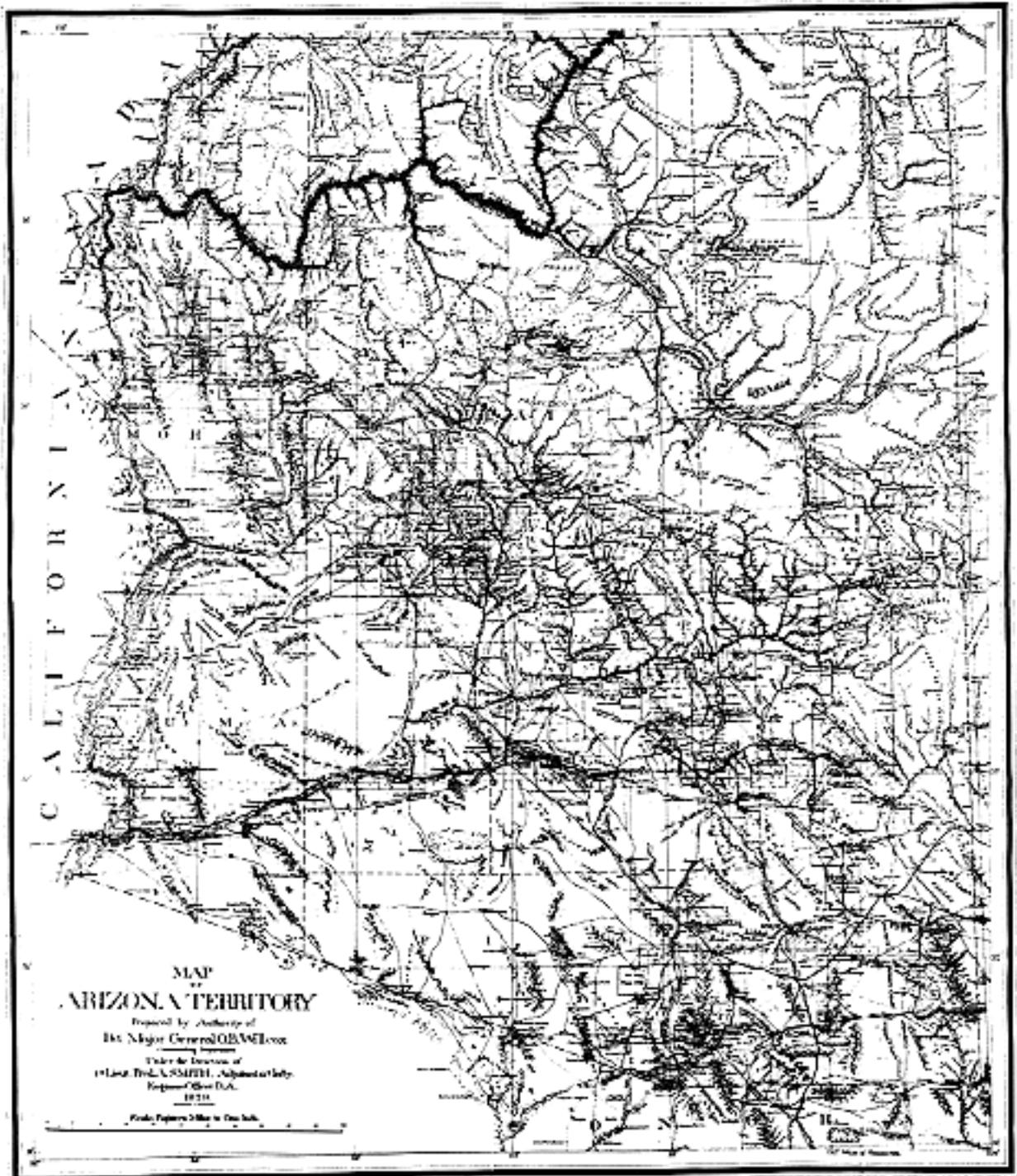


Al Sieber with B Company of Indian Scouts. They were commanded by Lt. Wm. H. Carter in the Chiricahua campaign of 1876.

Since 1870 Mexico had denied U.S. State Department pleas to extend permission to U.S. troops to cross the border in pursuit of hostiles, despite the havoc the Indians were wreaking upon their people. On 1 June 1877 President Rutherford B. Hayes authorized U.S. troops to cross the Mexican border without seeking Mexican permission, a move that was to even further deteriorate U.S.-Mexican relations. In February 1880 President Hayes revoked that order and Mexican President Porfirio Diaz reciprocated by agreeing to joint operations against Victorio in September 1880.



Southern Arizona in the Late 70s.



Timeline

In **1875** the stagecoach between Phoenix and Tucson was held up and \$1,400 taken. The Sioux Wars ended with the defeat of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Porfirio Diaz began a 35-year reign as Mexican dictator.

In **1876** General Sherman sent Upton and two other commissioners to Asia to study British tactics in India and to Europe to look at the successful German Army which had beaten Austria and France. The National Baseball League was founded. Mark Twain published Tom Sawyer. At the Little Bighorn in Montana, Custer and his 265 men were wiped out. The Centennial Exhibition opened in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Lt. Col. Thomas L. Casey resumed work on the Washington Monument, one of several structures in the nation's capitol built by U.S. Army engineers. Secretary of War William W. Belknap resigned after being charged with selling a post trader's concession. Guy V. Henry received a disfiguring wound in the face during June campaigning against the Sioux. He remarked, "It is nothing. For this we are soldiers!" Boston immigrants traveling West stop in Arizona to celebrate the 4th of July at a place they called "Flagstaff." The quartermaster general was given responsibility for national cemeteries. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected in a disputed election over Samuel Tilden. On 8 March Alphonso Taft replaced Belknap as Secretary of War. On 22 May James Donald Cameron replaced Taft as Secretary of War.

Huachuca's Changing Landscape: The Founding of Fort Huachuca

The key to Colonel Augustus Kautz's strategy to reduce the Apache sallies across the border was to establish a permanent camp astride their traditional pathways to Mexico. Writing his annual report in August 1877, the department commander explained his purpose. "In consequence of a raid last winter made by renegade Indians from the Warm Spring reservation, in New Mexico, I caused a temporary camp to be established in the Huachuca Mountains. ...I am of the opinion that the Camp in the Huachuca Mountains...will require to be kept up, and I would therefore earnestly recommend that an appropriation for quarters and storehouses be made in order that the troops kept there may be made more comfortable. The camp in the Huachuca Mountains will be needed for the protection of the border against that class of lawless characters which finds its greatest safety near a boundary line between two foreign States."⁴

He delegated this task to Capt. Samuel M. Whitside of the 6th Cavalry. Whitside, commanding Company B from Camp Lowell in present-day Tucson, rendezvoused with Captain William H. Rafferty, leading Company M out of Fort Grant, at the site of old Camp Wallen. Whitside, the senior officer took command of the provisional squadron and they arrived in Huachuca Canyon on a rainy March 3rd, 1877. Whitside selected the site for their permanent camp. From the peaks in the Huachuca range, both the San Pedro and Santa Cruz valleys could be observed and, being hard by the border, it was an ideally situated outpost from which to lead patrols. The canyon's timber and a creek offered all of the necessary logistical conveniences.

One of Whitside's first moves was the establishment of a daily routine at this isolated duty station. He published the bugle calls on 25 March and they give an idea of what each day was

like for the Arizona soldier:

....5:00 a.m. First call for Reveille.....Day Break. Reveille....10 minutes after. Assembly....5 minutes after that. Stable Call....immediately after. Mess....7 a.m. Drill Mounted....7:15 a.m. Target Practice....7:15 a.m. Fatigue....7:30 a.m. Recall from Drill....8:15 a.m. Recall from Fatigue....11:30 a.m. Mess....12 noon. Orderly....12 noon. Fatigue....1 p.m. Stable....4:30 p.m. Recall from Fatigue....5:00 p.m. 1st Call for Guard Mount....5:40 p.m. Assembly (Guard Detail)....5:50 p.m. Adjutants Call....5:55 p.m. Sick Call....6:00 p.m. Mess....6:00 p.m. 1st Call for Review....5 minutes before sunset. Retreat....Sunset. Drill (Dismounted)Immediately after & during twilight. 1st Call for Tattoo....8:25 p.m. Assembly....8:35 p.m. Taps....9:00 p.m. Sunday Morning Inspection.⁵

The 135 officers and men began to carve out a livable camp, at first living under canvas, but eventually acquiring the skill of adobe-making. Adobe foundations were often roofed with tent canvas, later with sod. One year after riding into Huachuca Canyon and setting up their makeshift camp, the Inspector General showed up. Whitside was not there. He was off on a scout, so Capt. Rafferty filled in. He provided this information to the IG.

This camp, not many miles from the Mexican line, covers about 20 acres. The surveyed reservation—not yet declared—is nine miles square. On it there is a pinery four miles from the camp. If there were a moveable steam saw mill there, all the lumber required for Post purposes might be procured, and enough in addition might be sold at half the price it costs now (\$100 a thousand feet) to the settlers, and thus reimburse for the mill and hay. There is a settlement eight miles distant, and a Post office should be established. Now the mail is sent for, and taken to, Tucson. The general appearance of the camp is excellent, and it is healthy, having an abundance of wood, water & c. There is no telegraphic communication.⁶

One year and seven months later, the assiduous labor of the troops and their officers came to ruination. In a September 3, 1878, letter to his commander, Captain Whitside presents what seems to be an alarming picture of disintegrating living conditions for the men of B and M Companies, 6th U.S. Cavalry.

Sir: ...The rainy season started early in July and it has rained almost daily since. ...All buildings in the post have been constructed of 'dobe and covered with earth and considered good buildings until the rainy season set in. ...The roofs last season gave ample protection but within the last 60 days 35 to 40 inches of water has fallen. ...Roofs are now saturated, ...perishable supplies damaged. ...A recently completed 'dobe building has fallen down and is a total wreck. ...Capt. Rafferty and Lieut. Craig's quarters have undermined and have fallen down. ...All quarters occupied by officers were built at their own expense and the loss has been considerable. ...All fireplaces in the squadrooms have been washed away. ...Conditions are very trying and discouraging. ...We have labored constantly getting out materials and erecting buildings, all of which are now washed away or rendered inhabitable.⁷

It was not a good time for Whitside. A little over four months later, he broke his leg and had to be evacuated to Fort Lowell in Tucson for medical treatment. Until his return in July, Lieutenant Hiram Winchester commanded the post.⁸

“The officers, generally, are temperate, upright, and energetic, and are intelligent and conscientious in the performance of their duties.”⁹ When Acting Assistant Inspector General James Biddle wrote that about the troops in the Department of Arizona in 1880, it was plain that

he did not have in mind Hiram Winchester. Winchester was a Civil War veteran, having served as a first lieutenant in the 1st Maryland Cavalry. After the war he received a regular's commission in the 6th Cavalry in 1867. He had a lot of experience scouting for Indians, working out of Fort Lowell, Camp Huachuca, and Camp Supply. He commanded at the latter two posts for a time. While he was at Huachuca, he could often be found in the Tombstone saloons. He was court-martialed for being absent without leave, "loud and indecent behavior...in company with a prostitute"¹⁰ while at a Tombstone hotel. He was found guilty and served nine months at the federal prison at Fort Yuma. Shortly after rejoining his regiment, he died at Tombstone on 29 May 1881 at the age of 38.

Tombstone, located 20 miles east, was a popular off-duty destination for many Fort Huachuca soldiers. It was also a favorite "watering hole" for many desperados, stage robbers, and cattle rustlers. Frontier justice was handed out by such men as Wyatt Earp, Jeff Milton, and John Slaughter.

The protection provided by Fort Huachuca in the late 1870s enabled the mineral wealth of the surrounding areas to be exploited. Nearby Tombstone and Bisbee soon became large cosmopolitan cities supported by gold, silver, and copper mines. The presence of the 6th Cavalry in the area offered an umbrella of security for the settlers in what today comprises Cochise and Santa Cruz counties, and census figures skyrocketed. The increased protection from lawlessness and renegade Apache Apaches made even stronger the lure of instant wealth lying under the ground, and the neighboring mining towns flourished. Merchants, farmers, saloon owners and dance hall girls clamored to sell their goods and services to the Army.



"Tombstone, Arizona Territory, circa 1890, or earlier." Photo courtesy Frank C. Brophy.

The small Huachuca garrison was not unique in terms of desolation and misery. Drastically reduced in size after the Civil War and understrength, the U.S. Army was faced with the

problem of garrisoning the vastness of the American West and pacifying highly mobile parties of crack guerilla fighters.

Camp Huachuca was just one product of the tactic of dispersal adopted by desperate departmental commanders who were forced to fragment regiments at scattered positions on a fast-growing frontier.

But the adobe and canvas camp in Huachuca Canyon did have many advantages that were to foster its survival as the center of U.S. Army operations in Arizona for the next century. The shaded pine glades and cooler altitudes afforded a milder climate than those garrisons located in the relentless 100 degree sun of Arizona's lower deserts. With the exception of the late summer rainy season decried by Captain Whitside, the weather throughout the year was healthful and invigorating. This environment, together with an ample supply of fresh spring water, produced the lowest incidence of sickness among the soldiers in Arizona, a factor of no little significance as burgeoning sick rolls seriously incapacitated the effectiveness of small frontier outposts. It was a lamentable fact that disease caused more casualties in Arizona than Apaches.

While erecting the permanent structures at Camp Huachuca, the critical job of the cavalry there continued to be the protection of the citizens from Apache depredations. To this end it was necessary to mount constant patrols at every rumor of an Apache presence in an often futile attempt to come to grips with the ubiquitous foe.



William A. Rafferty was a solid Indian fighter, leading many scouts for the 2d Cavalry. As a major, he returned to Fort Huachuca in 1890 and married a Tucson woman. He eventually became a colonel of the 5th Cavalry and commanded the District of Mayaguez, Puerto Rico in 1899, and the post of Fort Myer, Virginia, in 1900. He died in the Philippines in 1902 after falling from an elevated roadway.



Officers and their families at Camp Huachuca. Lieutenant Hanna is in the lower right corner with his hand on the dog. Robert Hanna was an 1872 graduate from West Point and as a second lieutenant in B Company, 6th Cavalry, was one of the original founders of Camp Huachuca. He was assigned to the Military Academy and retired in 1891 as a captain. He died in 1908, survived by his wife was the former Nettie L. Searle.

Assigning patrolling duties to Captain Rafferty and Lieutenant Hanna, Whitside immediately began to construct habitable and even comfortable quarters for the troops. At the same time he undertook to convince superiors of the value of making the camp a permanent station and repeatedly petitioned higher headquarters for funds and supplies with which he could improve overall conditions at the camp. In his annual report for 1879, he gave a picture of the scope of the work that had thus far been accomplished. The buildings he describes were either wall tents or stockaded buildings roofed with canvas or mud.

Officers live in framed hospital tents. Enlisted men live in framed A-tents floored and boarded up 3 1/2 feet. Two men to a tent. Kitchen and mess hall. ...Reading Room for Men. ...Also used for chapel and recreation. Post Hospital. Consists of four hospital tents. Dispensary. The Post Bakery. Guard House. The Quartermaster Storehouse...and the Commissary Storehouse. The Offices of the Post Adjutant. Granary. Animals of the Q.M. Dept. are kept tied while in camp, to a hay crib near the Post guardhouse. The horses of Co. B, 6th Cavalry are kept stable in a stockade shed with a door to the M. Carpenter and Wheelwright Shop.... Water 19

obtained from a creek running through camp and is of excellent quality. Reservation Area is 81 square miles. Climate: Healthy and delightful. The nearest local Civil Authorities are at Charleston on the San Pedro River, 12 miles distant. There is no public conveyance between this point and Tucson. Mail carriers are dispatched once per week to Tucson.¹¹

Whitside concluded that “the site is everything that could be desired for a permanent Military Post and by far in every respect, the most desirable point for one in all Southern Arizona.”¹²

As was the custom of the era, troop labor and materials procured from the immediate area were employed to accomplish the early construction of the post. Captain Whitside located stands of oak and pine and began a sawmill operation by the Spring of 1879. The motivation of the workforce was varied. Many of the soldier laborers were working off misdemeanor sentences and hangovers while the remaining toiled for the additional incentive pay. Twenty cents per day was the standard rate with noncoms and skilled men receiving 35 cents. Whether disgruntled miscreants or thrifty volunteers, they made remarkable progress at Camp Huachuca, finishing dozens of buildings made variously of canvas, wood frame and adobe.

The work was not without drudgery and sometimes was a source of disillusionment to the young midwesterner who had enlisted expecting high adventure in the Indian campaigns. No army would be complete without complaints to Congress and the Army of the 1870s was no exception. The following petition, prepared by several anonymous soldiers in 1878, was dispatched to Congress and gives a picture of the typical fatigue duty performed by the cavalry trooper.

*We first enlisted with the usual ideas of the life of a soldier, ...but we find in service that we are obliged to perform all kinds of labor, such as all the operations of building quarters, stables, storehouses, bridges, roads, and telegraph lines; involving logging, lumbering, quarrying, adobe and brick making, lime-burning, mason-work, plastering, carpentering, painting, etc., blacksmithing, and sometimes woodchopping and haymaking. This is in addition to guard duty, care of horses, arms and equipments, cooking, baking, police of quarters and stables, moving stores, etc., as well as drilling, and frequently to the exclusion of the latter.*¹³

Their case is given credibility by an 1883 report of the department’s Inspector General who found fault with the drill proficiency at Huachuca. In a reply to his findings, the commanding officers of each company wrote to the Post Adjutant and called his attention to the fact that their men had been so busily engaged in building construction that they had not practised military drills since coming to this post.

An article appearing in the August 27, 1879 edition of the Arizona Daily Star gives a contemporary description of the camp and provides an interesting counterpoint to Captain Whitside’s gloomy report of a year earlier.

Major Whitside was detailed for duty here two and a half years ago. He found the whole region deserted; but one man near his intended camp, owing to the border and Indian troubles. By his vigor, courage, sound judgment and alertness, he has quieted the border, corralled the troublesome Apache, and brought into the district two thousand pioneers and workers; the result of which is the opening of mines, starting of towns, the erection of mills, etc. [Camp Huachuca] lies at the base of the greatest mountain peaks of the range, where the gorge between them widens into a grassy valley of a fourth of a mile or more, gently sloping, winding through which a sweet stream flows, affording water supplies for the camp, and over which oak trees grow.... Officers’ quarters are built in neat style of adobe brick, and are very

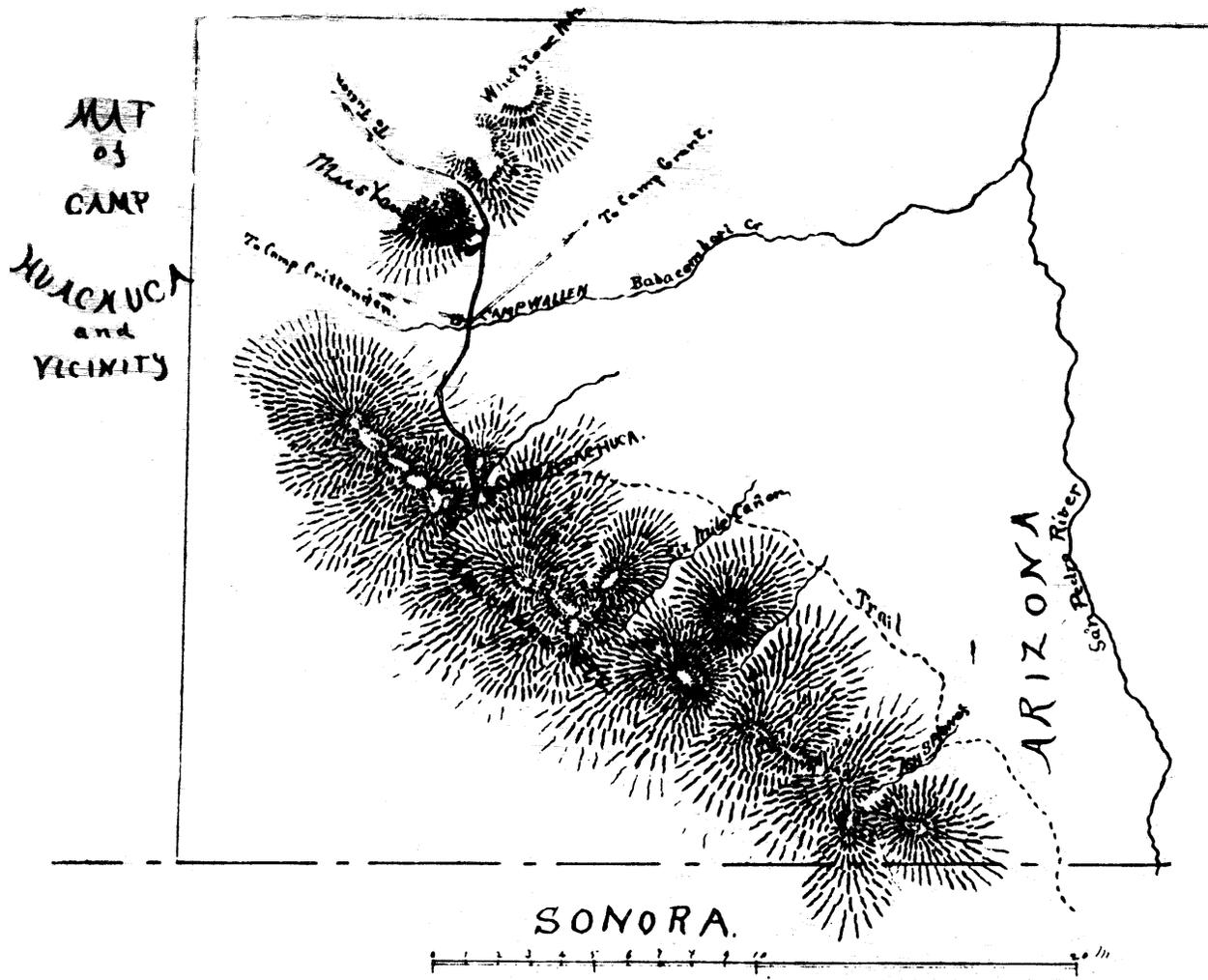
home-like, especially at Major Whitside's, where the hand of a good wife has come to the rescue with exquisite taste in simple home adornments. ...The whole camp was clean, bright, embowered and attractive.... About the camp were some contractors and a few Mexican families who worked for them. ...Around this one spot there is wood, water, and grass in abundance for scores of settlers.¹⁴

Funds in the amount of \$3,500 were appropriated for a hospital structure and work commenced in September 1879. The hospital was completed the next year and remains today as the oldest remaining building on Fort Huachuca.

In February 1878, Private Peter King of Company M died and his belongings were auctioned off. They brought in \$27.95 and the money was turned over to the paymaster. Here is what a private serving along the border in 1878 could be expected to have accumulated: 2 hats, 1 helmet, 1 forage cap, 1 pair ear flaps, 1 shaving brush, 1 pair of scissors, 1 pin cushion, 1 spool thread, 1 blouse, 1 pair overalls, 1 stable frock, 2 undershirts, 1 pair flannel drawers, 1 pair boots, 1 pound tobacco, 3 pair work gloves, 1 calico shirt and collar, 1 scarf, 1 buckskin, 2 boxes of sardines, 1/2 pound citric acid, 4 blankets, 1 great coat, 4 pairs of socks, and 1 prayer book.



Target practice in the desert. Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society.



Map: Vicinity of Camp Huachuca, Arizona Territory, shortly after its founding. In April 1878, Whitside wrote a report to the Adjutant General in Washington, D.C., inclosing a small map of the camp and its vicinity. He told the AG: A temporary camp was established at this place March 3d, 1877, by authority from Head Quarters, Department of Arizona, dated February 14th, 1877, for the purpose of giving protection to the settlers residing in southeastern Arizona, the garrison was composed of companies "B" and "M," 6th Cavalry; May 29th 1877 Company "D" Indian Scouts, commanded by 2nd Lieut. R. Hanna, reported for duty. Jan'y 21st 1878 this place was declared a permanent camp by the Department Commander and supplies were ordered to be sent here in bulk for issue; Previous to this time monthly supplies were furnished from Camps Grant and Lowell. The camp is located on the north side of the Huachuca Mountains, about eight miles south east from Old Camp Wallen. The nearest Post office and Telegraph station is Tucson. The mail is carried on horseback by soldiers twice a week, leaving

here on Sunday and Wednesday, and arriving on Thursday and Sunday.¹⁵

Map: A site plan of Camp Huachuca which accompanied a description of the Camp, dated May 24, 1879.



Craig, Malin (1875-1945), 1st Lt., 4th Cavalry. His father, 2d Lt. Louis A. Craig, 6th Cavalry, was first Quartermaster of Fort Huachuca from 1877 to 1878. His sister Helen Mar Craig, was the first baby born at Fort Huachuca, in April 1877. He would become Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army from 1935 to 1939.

Roll Call: Brig. Gen. Samuel M. Whitside

The greatest single contribution to Huachuca's emergence from the category of a temporary post with the attendant primitive living conditions was the leadership and vision of Captain Samuel M. Whitside. A Civil War officer and veteran campaigner in the Army of the West, he had served at no less than twelve frontier posts in Texas, Missouri, Kansas and Arizona since 1865. The experienced Captain of Cavalry was well aware of the dangers of boredom and

complacency that beset isolated outposts with makeshift facilities. By the end of 1878, he had submitted estimates for a school, library and chapel.

Born of English parents in Toronto, Canada, on January 9, 1839, Whitside enlisted in New York City in the General Mounted Service Service, U.S. Army, and was assigned to Company K, 6th Cavalry. His enlistment papers describe him as 5' 7 1/2" tall with blue eyes and light hair. Before he was 21, he was promoted to Sergeant Major of the regiment. With the expansion of the Army for the Civil War, Whitside accepted a commission to Second Lieutenant in Company K, 6th Cavalry, on November 4, 1861.

During the first year of the war, he served with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac. In September 1862 he was assigned as aide-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks who was in charge of the defense of Washington, the first of a succession of staff jobs that included serving as aide to Generals McClellan, Martindale and Pleasanton. After the war his service was recognized by brevet ranks of Captain and Major of volunteers awarded on March 13, 1865. The permanent rank of Captain was granted on October 20, 1866, and he was given command of Troop B, 6th Cavalry, a post he would hold for the next nine years. He arrived in Arizona Territory in 1876 when his company reported to Fort Lowell.

While at Huachuca, Whitside and some fellow officers invested in mining ventures, including the Copper Queen Mine in Bisbee. He helped organize a water company that would pipe fresh water from Carr and Miller Canyons in the Huachuca Mountains, across the San Pedro River valley, to the community of Tombstone. A Tombstone newspaper reported in December 1880 that Whitside had "effected the organization of a company in the East for the purpose of bringing water into this [Tombstone] district from the Huachuca Mountains, the purpose of which company is to supply all the hoisting works of the district and also a sufficiency for running any steam mills that may be erected here. A large capital has been subscribed and 36 miles of 15-inch pipe has already been ordered."¹⁶

On March 25, 1881, Captain Whitside began a leave of absence, after which he would begin recruiting duty in Washington, D.C., Rochester, New York, and Chicago, Illinois. In December 1883 Whitside and his family returned to Arizona to be stationed for less than a year at Fort Apache.

With a promotion to Major in March 1885, came reassignment from his regiment of 26 years and a new billet as a squadron commander in the 7th Cavalry stationed at Fort Meade in Dakota Territory. From there he went to Fort Riley, Kansas, until November 1890. In the winter of 1890 he would find himself back in the thick of the action, riding at the head of his squadron in the last battle of the Indian Wars at Wounded Knee.

It was Whitside's squadron composed of four troops of the 7th Cavalry with two Hotchkiss guns that found and surrounded Big Foot's Band. The Indians were taken to Whitside's camp on Wounded Knee, and the major requested reinforcements. These arrived on the morning of December 29 in the form of the remainder of the 7th Cavalry regiment under Colonel G. A. Forsyth

who took command. When the soldiers attempted to disarm the Cheyennes, general fighting broke out in what would be remembered as the battle of Wounded Knee. One officer, six NCOs, and 18 privates were killed; 36 Americans wounded; and over 100 Indians killed.

In July 1895, Whitside was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, first with the 3d Cavalry and then with the 5th. In 1898, with the onset of the Spanish-American War, he was promoted to Colonel and put in command of the 10th Cavalry on October 16, 1898. He commanded the

Department of Santiago and Puerto Principe, Cuba, for the first six months of 1900 and the Department of Eastern Cuba to November 15, 1900. He was appointed Brigadier General of U.S. Volunteers on January 3, 1901, and commanded the District of Santiago, Cuba, until May 21, 1902. He received a regular army promotion to Brigadier General in 1902 and, at his own request, was placed on the retirement list on June 9, 1902, after 40 years of service. He died two years later of “acute indigestion,” on December 15, 1904, in Washington, D.C.



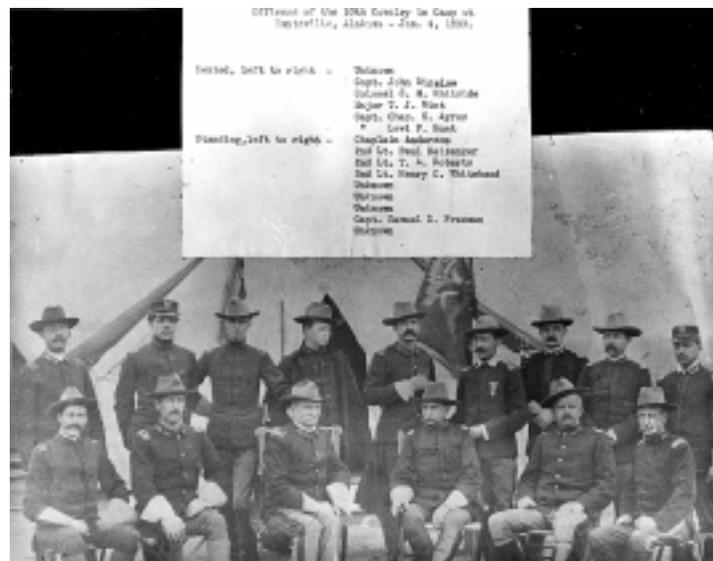
Samuel Whitside sitting at desk outside 6th Cavalry headquarters in 1862.



Major Whitside and fellow officers when he commanded troops of the 7th Cavalry in South Dakota. Photo courtesy Whitside Collection, Fort Huachuca Museum.

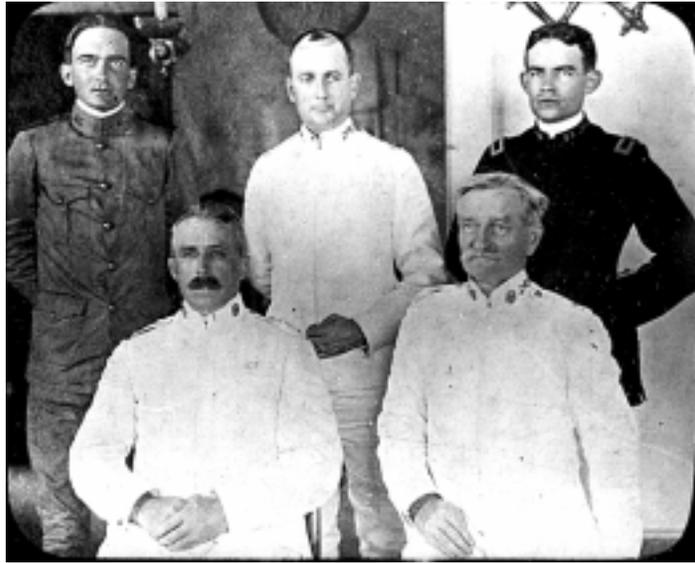


Colonel Whitside (seated on the right) and other staff officers in Cuba. His son Warren W. Whitside, later an Army colonel, is on the right.



Officers of the 10th Cavalry in Camp at Huntsville, Alabama, 4 January 1899. Seated, left to right: Unknown, Capt. John Bigelow, Colonel S.M. Whitside, Major T.J. Wint, Capt. Chas. G. Ayres, Capt. Levi P. Hunt.

Standing, left to right: Chaplain Anderson, 2d Lt. Paul Reisenger, 2d Lt. T.A. Roberts, 2d Lt. Henry C. Whitehead, Unknown, Unknown, Unknown, Capt. Samuel D. Freeman, Unknown.



Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood and Brig. Gen. S. M. Whitside seated.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF CUBA
HAVANA

To the President of the United States, September 26, 1900,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:-

It gives me great pleasure to invite your favorable attention to the application of Col. S. M. Whitside for appointment as Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers.

Col. Whitside has a long and distinguished career, characterized by faithful, honorable and highly meritorious services. Of his services during the past year and a half, I can speak from personal observation and knowledge. He has discharged with singular ability and success the difficult and arduous duties devolving upon the commanding officer of the Department of Santiago and Puerto Principe. His administration of affairs in this province, since he succeeded me in command, has been successful in every way. A condition of excellent order has prevailed; life and property have been secure and steady progress has been made in all directions. The discipline of officers and men has been excellent. The work entrusted to him has been of a difficult character and any lack of judgment, ability or of strict attention to duty would have been followed by more or less trouble in the province. I sincerely recommend him for the position referred to.

The condition of sanitation has been most excellent. The Eastern ^{provinces} have this year been absolutely free from yellow fever. The work has been hard and the results have been most satisfactory. A recognition, such as requested, would be a fitting tribute to a most deserving officer.

A true copy:

Very respectfully,
[Signature] Leonard Wood,
Major General,
Commanding Division of Cuba.
At Camp, 10th Cavalry.

A true copy of a letter recommending Colonel S.M. Whitside to appointment to Brigadier General of Volunteers, from Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood.



Brig. Gen. Samuel Whitside in his home shortly after 1900. Photo courtesy Whitside Collection, Fort Huachuca Museum.



Col. Samuel Marmaduke Whitside.



Whitside, Col. Samuel M., at his desk in Cuba in October 1900. Photo courtesy Whitside Collection.



Whitside, Samuel M.,

Roll Call: The First Wife at Huachuca—Caroline P. Whitside

In 1878 a woman was setting up housekeeping in a little known canyon in the Huachuca Mountains. Caroline P. McGavock (1845-1936) was born in Nashville, Tennessee, into one of the old plantation families. At the age of 23 she married an Army officer and Civil War veteran. He was Samuel M. Whitside, who as a captain founded and commanded Camp Huachuca in 1877. She followed him to this remote outpost and was the first Anglo woman known to live in Huachuca Canyon.

A son was born to Mrs. Whitside in April 1879 but died a little more than six months later and was buried in the new cemetery. The infant mortality rate was high on the frontier. Most of the time medical attention was unavailable and the living conditions were unhealthy. Only three of the seven children she bore survived infancy.

But life was to improve for Carrie Whitside. In the ensuing years her husband reached the rank of Brigadier General and, by the turn of the century, was the military governor of Santiago and Puerto Principe provinces during the American occupation of Cuba. Despite the hardships she endured, she lived to be 91 years, dying in 1936 at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C.



Whitside, Carrie McGavock at age 21, taken in 1866, 2 1/2 years before her marriage.

Mourning Hearts

There has been a cemetery at Huachuca as long as there has been a Fort Huachuca, a testimony to the cold fact that a soldier's calling often involves the ultimate sacrifice and a reminder of the unforgiving environs of the Apache frontier. Death was not far behind that blue-clad column of 6th Cavalry troopers that snaked into Huachuca Canyon on 3 March 1877 to begin a military settlement. Before a year had elapsed, Private Thomas P. Kelly of Company B, 6th Cavalry, became the first casualty. He was buried in a plot near the present day southwest corner of Grierson and Mizner Avenues.

Even the commanding officer was not to be spared the tragic loss that accompanied a time and place bereft of medical knowledge. The 20-month-old son of Caroline Whitside, the wife of Captain Samuel M. Whitside, the founder and first commander of Camp Huachuca, was buried in the makeshift graveyard in December 1880. Fourteen others would join Private Kelly and the baby Dallas Whitside in the rocky ground before it was decided, for reasons unexplained, to move the cemetery to its present site on 18 May 1883.

In those early days it became the final resting place for not only soldiers and their families, but for those other teamsters, packers, construction workers and other civilian settlers seeking community in an isolated corner of Arizona Territory. One wonders how U.S. Navy seaman Juan Cortes found himself in 1882 on such decidedly dry land; or why Private Willie Shepherd, a veteran of the Confederate 25th Virginia Infantry Battalion, sought in August 1929 the company of so many blue-coated Yankees.

Easier to explain are those graves of children, many of which bear the names of renowned officers. Infant mortality rates were high at the end of the 19th century because of widespread diseases for which there were no known inoculations. Victims included Elsie Patch, the 19-month-old daughter of 4th cavalryman and Post Quartermaster, Alexander Patch. She died in July 1887. Her twin brother, Joseph Dorst Patch, would survive to command the 80th Infantry Division during heavy fighting in World War II, and an older brother, Alexander, Jr., would command Seventh U.S. Army during the same war. In the case of Caroline Whitside alone, only three survived of the seven children that she bore.

Maj. Gen. Henry W. Lawton, who led the pursuit of Geronimo in 1886 out of Fort Huachuca and who gained distinction in the Philippines, also lost a daughter, Annie, who died in April 1887.

Fort Huachuca's unique history is reflected in the character of the cemetery which contains graves of many Apache Scouts and their families. The markers bear colorful names like Shorten Bread, and his son buried by his side, Shorten Bread Jr. The names were the result of the thick-tongued American soldiers' inability to pronounce their actual names.

Chaplain Louis A. Carter is there. Carter was the long-time chaplain to the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 25th and 24th Infantry. He is remembered for both the spiritual and educational impact he had on his charges. Former commanders lie there: Maj. Julius W. Mason¹⁷ (1882), Col. Edwin Hardy (1942-45), Maj. Gen. Emil Lenzer (1955-57), Col. Clarence A. Mette, Jr. (1967), Col. George E. Green (1971-72), Maj. Gen. Francis F. Uhrhane (1960-63) and Maj. Gen. Benjamin H. Pochyla (1963-66).

There are the "Unknowns," bodies brought in from the wilderness for a decent burial. There is one mass grave of 76 unknowns who were reinterred from the cemetery at old Fort San

Carlos in 1928 when that place was scheduled to be flooded by the backwash from the Coolidge Dam. They are believed to be the victims of an Apache raid in the latter part of the 19th century. Seventeen other cavalymen and Indian Scouts whose identity is known were also brought in from San Carlos.

Isolated off to one corner of the burial ground are the graves of two murderers both convicted during World War II. They were put there by a former post commander who did not want them near the other soldiers who had served honorably. Private James Rowe stabbed a fellow soldier in June 1942 during an argument over a pack of cigarettes. In the same month, Staff Sergeant Jerry Sykes stabbed his former girlfriend, Hazel Lee Craig, who is also buried in the cemetery.

When the post was closed in 1947 following the war, so was the cemetery. Reopened in September 1967 as an active post cemetery, it was enlarged to over seven acres in 1971 and currently has a capacity of 3,707 graves.

To honor the sacrifices of Army families, a statue was unveiled at the cemetery in November 1996 called “Mourning Hearts: A Soldier’s Family.” Sculpted by Jessica McCain and funded by the Huachuca Museum Society, it is the first monumental tribute on a U.S. Army installation to a soldier’s family.



Mourning Hearts: A Soldier’s Family, Jessica McCain, 1996.

Roll Call: Dan O’Leary—First Army Civilian at Huachuca

Dan O’Leary was a civilian scout for the U.S. Army and the first civilian employee at Camp Huachuca. He was said to have spoken the Apache language fluently. He made \$100 per month, while the four packers who worked for the post made \$60 per month plus rations. A blacksmith rounded out the civilian workforce and he was paid \$4 per day. For his part in the Tonto Basin Campaign of 1872-3, O’Leary was recommended, along with other civilian scouts and interpreters, for award of the Medal of Honor by Department Commander Brig. Gen. George Crook. The general did not know that the award was for military personnel only.

Author Dan Thrapp, who has done a lot of research on the scouts, says, “He was a dead shot, a good companion, had an Irish sense of humor and playfulness, and the warm heart that traditionally dwells in a son of Erin. On various occasions O’Leary was known to have raised some Indian waif, and to have done it with a kindness that the youngsters never forgot. Judging from bits of tales that have come down to us, they ever after looked up to Dan with an open trustfulness and, quite possibly, admiration.” O’Leary is credited as the man who warned miner Ed Schieffelin that all he would find around here would be his tombstone, giving that community its colorful name.¹⁸

In 1877 he wrote a description of the new camp to which he had been assigned with his Walapais Scouts and it was published in the *Prescott Miner*.

We left [Camp] Lowell and marched out to the Cienega, ...After passing to the other side of the Whetstone mountains, we struck the valley of Barbercombi [Babocomari] creek, and fine grass all along....

I am satisfied that in two or three months from now all danger from hostile Indians will have ceased. The presence of the military here [at Camp Huachuca] is a guaranty of safety to those who desire to settle up the country. Lieutenants Hanna and Rucker keep the country well scouted, and are able and willing to look out for this portion of Arizona, and woe to the redskin that wanders down in this vicinity, for argus eyes are on the look out for him, and it would be well for him to arrange his worldly affairs ere he takes to the war-path....

A small party of our Hualpais [Walapais] are out all the time looking for signs of hostiles, but as yet have found none. This is about the only unpleasant feature for the Hualpais. There is plenty of game here, and good fishing in the San Pedro; parties go down there occasionally and supply the whole camp with fish. No danger of any person’s hair getting stiff here for the want of grease, as there are plenty of bears in the mountains, and not a few have contributed towards supplying hair-oil and meat for the garrison.... Occasionally the Hualpais get on the track of some Mexican passing through to Tucson to sell mescal and

*other articles, and chase them up, and are much disappointed that they are not Apaches...*¹⁹



Ed Schieffelin

Roll Call: Tom J. Jeffords—Huachuca Trader

Thomas J. Jeffords was one of the most famous frontiersmen in the Southwest. He was the only white man trusted by Cochise, leader of the Chiricahua Apaches, and it was through Jeffords that Cochise was persuaded to make a peace treaty with General Otis O. Howard in 1872. In return for his services, Jeffords was made Indian Agent for the Dragoon-Chiricahua Apaches, and later, in 1880, he became Post Trader and Postmaster at Fort Huachuca.

Jeffords was the second postmaster of Fort Huachuca, from May 6, 1880, to January 17, 1884. During the same period he was post trader of the fort. He replaced Frederick Austin who had run afoul of Captain Whitside's proscription against selling liquor to the soldiers.

Jeffords came from the east to New Mexico in 1859 and, during the Civil War, carried dispatches for General Carlton at Tucson. Though he was later known everywhere as "Captain" Jeffords, this must have been an honorary title, because he appears never to have been a commissioned officer in the regular Army.

His famed acquaintance with Cochise began when, after 14 of his men had been killed when he was superintendent of mails from Mesilla to Tucson, Jeffords rode alone to Cochise Stronghold in the Dragoons to negotiate with the Apache chief. The friendship that thereafter developed between them was climaxed by Jeffords being made the Apache's blood-brother. After that Jefford's mail riders and stages were never again molested. Cochise named Jeffords "Chicasaw"

(brother) and the Indians called him the Apache equivalent for “Sandy Whiskers.”

It was Tom Jeffords who persuaded Cochise to attend the peace parley with General Howard that ended Cochise’s war on the U.S. Army. Cochise made peace in 1872, a peace which he faithfully kept.

At Cochise’s insistence, Jeffords became Indian Agent of the Sulphur Springs Indian Reservation. In telling of the death of Cochise on June 8, 1874, Jeffords related, “Cochise died here and was buried at the mouth of the canyon overlooking Sulphur spring Valley. After burial the Apaches rode their ponies back and forth over the area about the grave, completely obliterating it.”

Sometime after he left his job as post trader at Camp Huachuca, he settled at Owls Head Camp, 45 miles south of Florence in Pinal County. Jeffords died in Tucson, Arizona, on 19 February 1914 at 82 years of age.



Thomas Jonathan Jeffords

Voices: “The Country is Rapidly Settling Up”

The area is described at length in *Hinton’s Handbook of Arizona*, a 1877 publication, that depended upon “a careful and conscientious examination of all sources of information, verified by actual observation and examination.” One of Hinton’s correspondents wrote for his handbook:

We scouted around the southern base of the Huachuca mountains—this portion of country it is needless to describe, as it is (at present) outside our jurisdiction. This country is much better for farming and cattle raising than we have heretofore given it credit for, and there is

land sufficient for farming and grazing for many an emigrant.

The account continues—

*Of Camp Huachuca and vicinity, it is reported that the country is rapidly settling up for miles around the point where the troops are stationed. The military have a garden down at old Camp Wallen where they produce vegetables for the camp. Everything grows not only very large, but with wonderful rapidity, and is unexcelled in delicacy of flavor by similar productions elsewhere. Beets and carrots root down over two feet, and the corn grows so high there that it is not unusual to find stalks where the ears are from six to seven feet from the ground. The surrounding mountains are full of mineral. Several very rich discoveries have just been made, both in the Huachuca and Mule mountains. One lead shows over seventy percent copper, and is very rich in silver. There are traces of several old mines which have been worked, but prospectors are taking hold of new discoveries. Here nature has placed side by side one of the richest valleys and mineral producing belts in the Territory, so that the miner and farmer may walk hand in hand.*²⁰



The first train between Tucson and Nogales, probably by way of Patagonia, in 1881. Photo courtesy: Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, California.

Apache Campaigns: Indian Scouts at Camp Huachuca

Apache Scout companies were made up of twenty-five Indians with a white officer in command and often direction was given by a civilian chief of scouts. In 1877 and 1878 there were as many as 600 Indian Scouts in the U.S. Army. By the time of the 1885-6 Geronimo campaigns, that number had dropped to 200.

First Lieutenant Augustin Gabriel Tassin²¹ was a commander of Indian Scouts at Hua-

chuca in 1879. He had led a company of White Mountain Apaches on a scout with the unlikely dual mission of finding the renegade chief Juh, while at the same time preparing an illustrated report for the Smithsonian on the flora and fauna of Arizona. Later he wrote about the qualities and methods of Apache scouts on the trail.

...I marched, knee-deep in the Gila sands, ...to Camp Thomas, thirty-five miles above the agency, presented each man [scout] with a Springfield rifle of the latest pattern and forty rounds of ammunition on behalf of the United States, and put the whole concern into military uniform by purchasing twenty-five yards of coarse red flannel from the post trader, which, being divided among them, they wrapped turban-wise around their foreheads in such an artistic, business-like manner, that it transformed them with almost miraculous rapidity from a set of rather mild-mannered cut-throats into as hard-looking a set of blood-thirsty scoundrels as probably the world had ever seen, —so much so that I was afraid of them myself.

* * *

On a trail, hot or cold, the scouts go first in single file, Indian fashion, followed by the rest of the command....

Generally, however, the Apaches march with no semblance of regularity; individual fancy alone governs. To the trained soldier, accustomed to the tactics of civilized warfare, the loose, straggling, war-path methods of the Apache scouts appear at first sight startling, if not contemptible; but he soon realized that a more perfect eclairneur does not exist.

On breaking up a bivouac to take up the march there is no falling-in single or double ranks, no breaking of arms-stacks, roll-call, or other delaying formalities. The last mule being packed and ready for the start, the chief of scouts gives a short, jerky order, ... "Get," and the Apaches start as if shot from a gun, rapidly covering the ground in a rough, shambling gait, which in the long run abolishes distance in a manner wonderful to behold. They go by twos, by threes, scattered by clumps and groups to every point of the compass; but whether singly or in clusters, they move onward indefatigably, with vision as keen as a hawk's tread as untiring and stealthy as a panther, and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them.

* * *

Each wore a loosely fitting shirt of red, white, or gray stuff, generally of calico, in some gaudy figure, or the woolen one issued to white soldiers. This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the moccasins, which last are the most important articles of Apache apparel. In a fight or on a long march they discard all else, but always retain the moccasins. Before leaving [Fort] Thomas I had procured a lot of fresh rawhides from the agency, and my scouts had been hard at work at the shoemaking business. The Indian to be fitted stands erect upon the ground, while a companion traces with a sharp knife the outlines of the sole of his foot upon a piece of rawhide. The legging is made of soft buckskin attached to the sole and reaching to mid-thigh. For convenience in marching it is allowed to hang in folds below the knee. The rawhide sole is prolonged beyond the great toe, and turned upward in a shield, which protects from cactus and sharp stones.

In addition to his rifle the Indian scout carries a canteen full of water, a butcher knife, an awl in leather case, and a pair of tweezers; and a leather belt holding forty rounds of metallic ammunition encircles his waist. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind, and he uses the tweezers to pick out each and every hair appearing upon his face.

Many among them carry, strapped at the waist, little buckskin bags of had-dentin, or sacred meal, with which to offer morning and evening sacrifice to the sun or other deity.

Others are provided with amulets of lightning-riven twigs, pieces of quartz crystal, petrified wood, concretionary sandstone, galena, or chalchihuitls, or fetiches, representing some of their countless planetary gods of kan, which are regarded as "dead medicine" for frustrating the designs of the enemy or warding off arrows and bullets in the heat of action, —from which may be inferred that the idea of a personal God is pre-eminent in Apache mythology, for each has one personal to himself.

The rate of speed attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles an hour on foot, or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered, and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of some ten or fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke, and stretch out in the sunlight, basking like lizards.

* * *

All the scouts paint their faces while on the march with red ocker, deer's blood, or the juice of roasted mescal, for the double purpose of protecting them from the wind and sun, as well as distinctive ornamentation. The ornamentation is a matter of taste and tribal obligation. The other part of the operation is one of necessity, for it is a well known fact that dirt and grease protect the skin against inclement weather. An Indian seldom washes unless he can grease himself afterwards; and with him in many instances grease takes the place of clothing, for he knows the necessity of an equality of the activity of the skin and the calls upon it, and why, when exposure is very great, the pores should be defended.

When the command reaches camp, the scouts build in a trice all kinds of rude shelter. Those that have the army dog tents up them upon frameworks of willow or cottonwood saplings; others less fortunate, improvise domiciles of branches covered with grass, or of stones and boards covered with gunny sacks. Before these are finished, smoke curls gracefully towards the sky from crackling embers, in front of which, transfixed on wooden spits, are the heads, hearts, and livers of the choddi (deer) killed on the march.

* * *

...My scouts were occupied in preparing their beds for the night. Grass was pulled by handfuls, laid upon the ground, and covered with one blanket, another serving as cover. They generally sleep with their feet pointed towards little fires, which they claim are warm, while the big ones built by the white soldiers are so hot that they drive people away from them, and besides, attract the attention of a lurking enemy.

All this time scouts are posted on knolls commanding every possible line of approach. The Apache dreads surprise. It is his own private mode of destroying an enemy, and knowing what he himself can do, he ascribes to his foe—no matter how insignificant may be his numbers—the same daring, recklessness, agility, and subtlety possessed by himself.

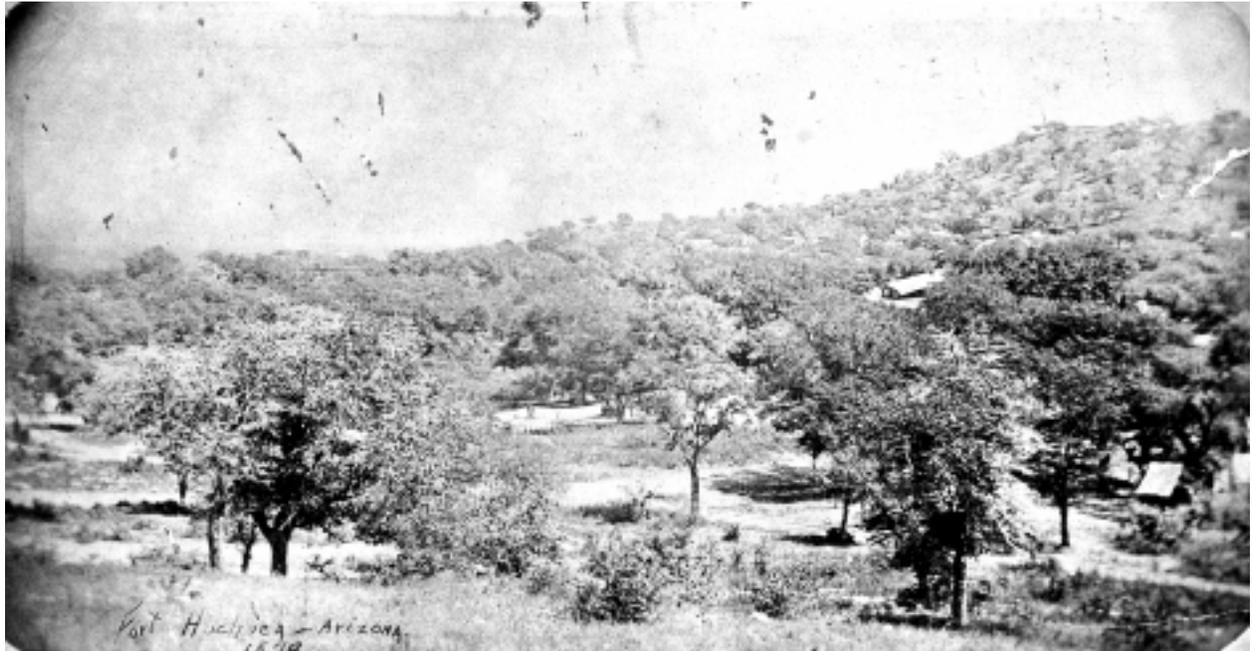
The two great points of superiority of the savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country, and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. Though the rays of the sun pour down from the zenith, or the scorching sirocco blow from the south, the Apache scout trudges along as unconcerned as he was when the cold rain or snow of winter chilled his white comrade to the marrow. He finds food, and pretty good food, too, where the white man would starve. Knowing the habits of wild animals from his earliest youth, he can catch turkeys, quail, rabbits, doves, or field mice, which supply him with meat, in addition to the flesh of a horse or mule that has dropped exhausted on the march, and of which he is

exceedingly fond.

*The stunted oak growing on mountain slopes furnishes acorns; the Spanish bayonet a fruit that, when roasted, looks and tastes something like the banana. The whole region of Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico is marked with varieties of the cactus, producing fruit and seeds with which he varies his menu. The broad leaves and stalks of the mescal are roasted between hot stones, and the product is rich in saccharine matter, and extremely pleasant to the taste. The wild potato and the bulb of the tule are found in the damp mountain meadows, and he raids the nest of the ground bee for its store of honey in common with the bear. Sunflower seeds pounded between two stones are rich and nutritious.... He boils the sweet, soft inner bark of the pine with the seeds of wild grasses and wild pumpkins and the gum of the mesquite into savory stews, which may not be very appetizing to an Anglo-Saxon's vitiated taste, but are more than welcome to an Indian. The nimble cactus rat is very much the thing in his...bills of fare, for the pleasure it gives him in the primary catching is enhanced in the subsequent eating of the succulent, silver-robed little rodent.*²²



*Apache Indian scouts at Huachuca in 1879. At the extreme left is sergeant Edward Murphy.
Photo courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Leng.*



Fort Huachuca in 1879. Photo courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Leng.

Apache Campaigns: A Fort Huachuca Patrol



Robert Hanna, 6th Cavalry, at Fort Bayard, New Mexico in 1886. He brought Camp Huachuca's first Company of Indian Scouts in May 1877 and commanded them for a year. He was with Whitside in March 1877 when he founded the camp at Huachuca.

On 2 September 1877, six months after the founding of Camp Huachuca, some 310 Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apaches fled the hated San Carlos Agency in Arizona. They were led by one of the most respected Apache leaders, Victorio.

Patrols were mounted from the various stations in Arizona and New Mexico territories to track down the renegades. Second Lieutenant Hanna²³ was already in the field. He had with him at the time “three noncommissioned officers, twenty-one men and all available Apache scouts” who were searching for Indians who had boldly stolen the horse of Chief Scout Dan O’Leary from Camp Huachuca on the evening of 18 August. He now turned his attention to Victorio.

“I went into Fort Thomas to telegraph the Department Commander when I received word of the outbreak of the Warm Springs Indians and joined Major Tupper in pursuit. We had now about sixty Indians having been joined by twenty San Carlos Police. [and reinforced on 25 August by Lieut. Rucker and 18 men of H and L companies, 6th Cavalry and Company C, Indian Scouts.] The renegades had been warned that we were after them. Sept. 4th we left the Gila and about noon met a party of White Mountain Indian Scouts returning from a fight that they had with the renegades, who when deserting the reservation, had stolen many horses.

“From the 4th to the 9th of Sep. we traveled from daylight to sundown, camping where night found us, stopping only once a day for water and to cook. On the 8th our scouts overtook the renegades near evening near the San Francisco River, New Mexico, and had a running fight over ten miles until long after dark. Twelve hostiles killed and thirteen captured. In the darkness of the night it is probable that many more were killed and wounded who were not found. Pionsenay (the renegade chief) and his band had been on the reservation long before the outbreak. A captured squaw says the renegades are trying to make their way to a stronghold they have in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico where they have often defeated Mexican forces.

“My command was exhausted and short on rations. I found my movements retarded by an insufficient number of packers and need more. Some Hualpai scouts report to me in their recent fights, many of their arms, the old three band fifty calibre musket, would not eject the shells.

Hanna concluded his report by calling attention to “the zeal and fidelity of the judgement displayed by the Chief of Scouts, O’Leary, and also the Hualpai scouts.” They had traveled 702 miles.²⁴



“Fort Huachuca, Arizona, Roll Call at sundown, while on scout.” Photo courtesy Gatewood Collection, Arizona Historical Society, Tucson.

Timeline

In **1877** the Southern Pacific Railroad and Western Union reach Fort Yuma. The regular Army is ordered to quell disturbances caused by railroad strikes. On 2 August Lt. John Anthony Rucker and civilian scout Jack Dunn file a silver claim near today’s Bisbee, Arizona. They later took on a partner named George Warren. The Nez Perce Indians led by Chief Joseph were defeated. A Socialist Labor party was formed. 2d Lt. Henry O. Flipper became the first black to graduate from West Point. Prospector Ed Schlieffelin is told by soldiers at Camp Huachuca that all he will find in the area is “his tombstone.” The capital was moved from Tucson back to Prescott. On 12 March George W. McCrary replaced Cameron as Secretary of War. Mark Twain published *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

In **1878** the Army began experiments with the telephone, patented two years before by Alexander Graham Bell, extending a line from Washington, D.C., to Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory. British troops fighting in the Afghan War dyed their white drill with curry powder or mud to give them some camouflage from native marksmen, the resultant color becoming known as “khaki” or “dust colored.” The Army brought relief supplies to those suffering from yellow fever along the lower Mississippi. The first bicycle was manufactured in the U.S. Gen. Sherman founded the Military Service Institution to promote the exchange of ideas about military science and history. The Russo-Turkish War ended. Edison’s phonograph was patented. Congress passed an act prohibiting the Army to be used in law enforcement, as a posse comitatus or an emergency force. Doroteo Arango was born in Durango, Mexico; later he would go by the name of Pancho Villa. Famed topographical engineer John C. Fremont, known as the “Pathfinder,” was appointed territorial governor in Arizona. Visitors to Foster’s Saloon in Tucson could now obtain St. Louis and Milwaukee lager on draft. The Army was experimenting in Dakota Territory with homing pigeons. On 11 July in White River Canyon in the Swisshelm Mountains of Arizona, 2d Lt. John A. Rucker and 1st Lt. Austin Henely, both of the 6th Cavalry,

drowned trying to cross a flood-swollen river. The site will become known as Rucker Canyon.

In 1879 the Army was divided into three territorial divisions—the Atlantic, the Missouri, and the Pacific. Under these divisions were eight divisions which in turn had a total of eleven districts. The United Service journal began publication and featured military subjects. Ibsen published *A Doll's House*. The National Guard Association was established. A Ute uprising was aborted. The incandescent light bulb was invented by Thomas Edison. Blond Mary opened a brothel in Tombstone; she was followed by Rowdy Kate Lowe, Dutch Annie Crazy Horse Lil, Madame Moustache and Big Nosed Kate. Capt. Richard H. Pratt opened a school for Indian children at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. F. L. Austin advertised his sutler's store at Huachuca in the Tucson newspapers. The British were under siege by the Zulus at Rorke's Drift. The Greeks fought for and won their independence against the Turks. On 10 December Alexander Ramsey replaced McCrary as Secretary of War.

Voices from the Canyon: Corporal Fitzgerald Takes His Discharge

Corporal William R. Fitzgerald was a five-year veteran of B Company, 6th Cavalry, on November 28, 1878, when he was called to report to Captain Whiteside at headquarters. Fitzgerald was one of the troopers who helped to establish Camp Huachuca and now his enlistment was up. He was being discharged. He described the interview he had with his commander:

Capt. S.M. Whiteside [sic] bid me good morning, and took me by the hand and said, "Corporal, you have been in my troop for five years. You have made a good soldier. Your time is up. I wish you would reenlist in my Troop, but that is for you to decide. Here is your discharge, and I have given you a good one. You deserve all that I have written on it and more too. Your character is excellent in every respect." And then the dear old commander said, "Now you stay in camp until tomorrow and I will send you to Tucson with an escort."

The next day I bid farewell to a troop of as splendid men as ever wore the uniform of Uncle Sam, and my troop officers, fine big hearted men. As I rode away I could not keep the tears from flowing.²⁵

Fitzgerald became a minister and settled in Arkansas.

Apache Campaigns: Victorio

Victorio (or Beduiat) was the leader of the "Red Paint People" ("Tcihene" in Apache) who called the Black Range in New Mexico home. This eastern subgroup of the Chiricahua Apaches were also variously known as the Mimbres Apaches or Warm Springs Apache after their headquarters at Ojo Caliente.

Government Indian agents reneged on promises to settle them on a reservation at Ojo Caliente and instead shuttled them to Fort Tularosa in 1872 and to the overcrowded San Carlos in 1876, where they were kept at the malarial subagency of Camp Goodwin. Inadequate rationing was always a source of trouble. In addition to being hungry, they were restless. They were unhappy being away from their home country. These factors were enough to make them skittish in 1877 and Chiricahua agent Tom Jeffords warned that the Warm Springs people were ready to

bolt.

They may have been further motivated by the Chiricahua renegade Pionsenay who loitered with his warriors around the edges of the agency, always just out of the reach of pursuing troops. Indian agent Ezra Hoag said of the Warm Springs band, "Pionsenay wields a great influence over all of them, and they fear him worse than the devil."²⁶

Victorio led his people in a breakout from San Carlos on 2 September 1877. They fled into Mexico. But eventually, facing starvation and hounded by soldiers and Indian police, they surrendered at Fort Wingate.

The Indians lost 56 people in various skirmishes along the way. From Wingate they were moved to Ojo Caliente, their old home, until the Indian Bureau ordered them sent back to San Carlos. Victorio bridled at the thought and led 80 men back to the mountains, while the women and children headed for San Carlos. On the trip back to Fort Apache, a little girl was severely burned by a campfire. She was adopted and cared for by the post surgeon at Fort Apache, Dr. Walter Reed.

Jason Betzinez, a Warm Springs Apache, was born in 1860 and as a youth campaigned with Victorio, Nana, Loco and Geronimo. His story is published as *I Fought With Geronimo*. He had known Victorio since childhood and believed that the chief of the Warm Springs band "stood head and shoulders above the several war chiefs such as Mangas, Cochise, and Geronimo who have bigger names with the white people." Betzinez acknowledged that both Victorio and especially Nana were getting on in years, "but together they caused more fear among the settlers and killed more people in a shorter time than any other Apaches."

As the afternoon of 25 May 1879 began, Captain Charles D. Beyer rode out of Fort Bayard, N.M., at the head of a column of 9th Cavalrymen, 46 enlisted men in all, Lieut. Henry H. Wright, a civilian guide named Foster, and two Navaho scouts. It was the beginning of a 19-day, 369-mile travail that would bring them up against the formidable Warm Springs Apache war chief Victorio. They would not all return.

They made between 18 and 36 miles per day, depending on the terrain, their march being slowed by grass and forest fires started by the Indians for that purpose. The grass fires also made it difficult to graze their horses.

By the third day out, in the region where the Gila River is joined by the Diamond Creek, the trail got warm. Reported sightings, butchered cattle, stolen horses and burros, and, finally at 3:30 in the afternoon of 27 May, a recently abandoned Indian camp. Moving onward and up the Mimbres Mountains, the patrol made its way through burning forest and underbrush, and on 29 May made contact. Here is Captain Beyers entry for that fateful day.

Left Camp at 6:30 A.M. continued up Canon until 7:30 A.M. Ascended the Mimbres Mountains, reached the summit at 9 o'clock crossed and continued down ridge of mountain spur going N and N.E. left ridge at 10 A.M. and entered Canon, having on its left high ridges, or rather mountains, found small pools of water and fresh Indian signs. deployed skirmish line and left the Canon, taking to an open ridge to our right and front at 10:50 discovered two horses about half a mile distant, grazing, and a few moments afterwards discovered the Indians on a rock peak about 400 yards to our left and front (very high and steep) busily engaged building up breastworks, at same instant an Indian on the peak, whom I afterwards learned was Victorio, called out in Apache "Hoca, Hoca"—(which Hostensoya one of the Navajo Scouts who understood Apache said was "Come here, Come here") at same time raising a white flag and crying out in Apache (and interpreted by Hostensoya) that I should

also raise a flag, as he, Victorio, wanted to have a talk with the officer commanding the troops. I ordered a halt, and advancing about 50 yards in front of my skirmishers, I placed a white handkerchief on a stick, told the Navajo Indian to tell Victorio I was ready for a talk with him. Victorio would not consent to have a talk unless I came up to his Camp and breastworks, (where we could see and count 16 warriors) which I refused to do not trusting to his promise that I should not be harmed. I tried to get him to meet me half way which he declined to do. He then made a harangue, and all that could be gathered from it was, to the effect that he, Victorio, and his people were poor, that they did not want to fight my soldiers, and all they wanted was to be let alone. Victorio finally wound up his harangue by waving a lance around and over his head and taking down his flag of truce. Not having any faith in Victorio and convinced that he only made use of his flag to get the women and children out of the way, and as during all the time that the parley lasted his men continued to erect new breastworks, I did not hesitate to move my skirmishers, under Lieut. Wright, half way up the mountain and within 200 yards of Victorio's works where the line halted waiting for the orders to advance to the attack, when the Indians were first discovered I placed a small detachment of skirmishers between the Indians and their herd, and during the parley, Mr. Foster and a detail of 5 mounted men quietly captured the herd consisting of 12 horses, 2 mules and 2 Burros, without the Indians perceiving the movement. At 11:50 I ordered the right skirmishers under Sergeant Delimar, Company "I" Ninth Cavalry to move a little more forward and move to the right so as to flank the Indians, all of which was quietly executed at 1:55 A.M. I gave the order to advance, the firing began, hotly returned by the Indians, the line kept advancing, the men seeking shelter from tree to tree and after about half an hour sharp fighting, during which time the right skirmishers, under Sergeant —, had gotten well around and to the rear of the position held by the Indians, the latter abandoned their works and camp, and retreated down a ridge that put out in rear of their Camp, and scattered, my men gaining the position from which they had driven the Indians a few minutes after they had retreated. The Indians being afoot, they left no trail and consequently they could not be pursued. In the works occupied by the Indians (and which a determined body of men could have held against five times the strength of my command) sufficient evidence was found to indicate that a number were wounded, and in two places, signs that at least two were seriously if not mortally wounded. All the plunder, which was considerable, found in the Camp, consisting of blankets, skins, hides, baskets, meat and mescal and such other plunder as is usually found in an Indian Camp, I had destroyed by fire.

My loss during the affair was Private Frank Dorsey, Company "I", 9th Cavalry killed, and Private George H. Moore Company "I", seriously wounded and John Scott, Company "I", 9th Cavalry slightly wounded. One Horse killed and one wounded (since died).

The following named officers and men deserve special mention for gallantry and bravery displayed, viz.—2" Lieut. Henry H. Wright, 9th Cavalry, Mr. John A. Foster, Citizen, Sergeant Delemar — Company "I", 9th Cavalry, Sergeant George Lyman, Thomas Boyne, Corporal Isam Malry Co. "I", 9th Cavalry, and Private Ridgely Company "I", 9th Cavy, also Hostensoya Navajo Scout.

Private Frank Dorsey Company "I", 9th Cavy was buried near to where he fell and his grave marked.²⁷

The Indians had scattered. Although Beyers's scout would continue for the next two weeks and find some signs, they would not in that time encounter any of Victorio's band. But it

would not be the last time that Captain Beyer, the men of the 9th Cavalry, or the U.S. Army would grapple with those determined warriors with deadly results.

For their work they had captured 12 horses, two mules and two burros. In the fight they had lost one private killed, and two wounded. They had lost two horses, one which had broken down was killed to keep it from falling into enemy hands.

After turning himself in, along with 12 other warriors, on 30 June 1879 to agent Samuel A. Russell, Victorio traveled to Ojo Caliente and then to Tularosa where the Mescaleros were living, in search of a home for his people. The Indian agent at Tularosa was making efforts to have the balance of the Warm Springs families transferred there when Victorio was threatened by arrest and trial in Silver City. In frustration, Victorio pulled on the agent's beard. Then he fled on 21 August 1879, taking with him some of his Warm Springs warriors and some Mescalero and Chiricahua allies, estimated at between 40 and 100 men. For the next thirteen months, the search for Victorio's war party would consume the U.S. Army, especially the black troopers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry in New Mexico.

Lieutenant George Washington Smith led a chase force as far as the Rio Grande, but could not overtake the swifter Apaches. Smith was a veteran of the Civil War who had earned, for his bravery, the brevet rank of lieutenant colonel. He had left the Army after the war. In 1873 he rejoined the Army as a second lieutenant with the 9th Cavalry.

On 6 September 1879 a party estimated at sixty hit Ojo Caliente, killing all eight herd guards from Troop E, Ninth Cavalry, and running off forty-six horses. For the next two months Victorio used the familiar mountains of southwestern New Mexico to cover his movements, occasionally making his presence known by leaving a dead citizen behind.

A young Warm Springs Apache who would later narrate a history of his people, James Kaylaykla, described the first days of the Victorio outbreak and explained some of the Apache tactics.

In September of 1879, Victorio, supposedly in Mexico, raided the cavalry at Ojo Caliente. The officers, with Negro soldiers, were at our old adobe building, across the Canada Alamosa from Warm Springs. The chief stationed men on the cliffs to roll rocks upon pursuers before dashing through the water gap and stampeding the horses down the river. As Victorio had hoped, not a shot was fired. Those who attempted pursuit were stopped by a shower of rocks. No living target was visible; not a warrior got a scratch. The cavalry did not have enough mounts to follow.

A week or so later the chief achieved a similar victory over a group of civilians north of Ojo Caliente on the Percha. He made a swift attack, and a swift retreat. Several White Eyes were killed and not a single warrior wounded. Colonel Dudley went in pursuit of our chief. Victorio chose the place of combat carefully. With boulders for protection and a mountain at his back, he let a few men be seen to lure the cavalry to attack. The officers should have known it was a trap, for they had been the victims of ambush many times. But they took the bait and were driven back. Dudley waited for reinforcements, and this merely gave more of Victorio's men time to join their chief.

When the attack began, Victorio, as was his custom, killed the horses first. Without exposing themselves to fire, the men waited their chances before risking bullets, and throughout the day killed the soldiers. All who ventured within easy range were killed. The rest hid

until darkness and retreated.

The chief secured a few more mounts, a good store of ammunition, and the rations and clothing of the dead. Only shirts and ammunition belts were taken, for our men had no use for the other articles of dress. With his pack train, Victorio turned toward the Warm Spring, with cavalry at his heels. The rear guard kept up a continual fight, keeping far enough ahead and taking advantage of cover to pick off the soldiers as they advanced. They did not give the chief time to stop and cache any of his supplies. Like the quail that pretends to be wounded in order to lure pursuers away from his hidden family, the chief crossed the border into Mexico. The cavalry was at that time forbidden to cross the line and turned back.

Nana meanwhile came to our retreat. He took us and also a number of small bands who had been concealed as we had, and headed for the Big Bend country in Texas. There was less cover in those mountains, and fewer caches than in the Black Range and Mogollons. Victorio's object in going was to draw the cavalry from our old haunts. For weeks we fled from one range to another, crossing the open plains at night, with a strong advance guard preceding the women and children and warriors bringing up the rear. Children rode tied to horses and to adults.

Horses move long distances at a fast walk or a slow trot, not at the gallop. They can maintain a pace of five or six miles an hour half the night. When ours became exhausted we changed mounts, preferably to ranch horses roped out as we went. Our tired ones were loose-herded with us, or if we had had them long, they followed....

* * *

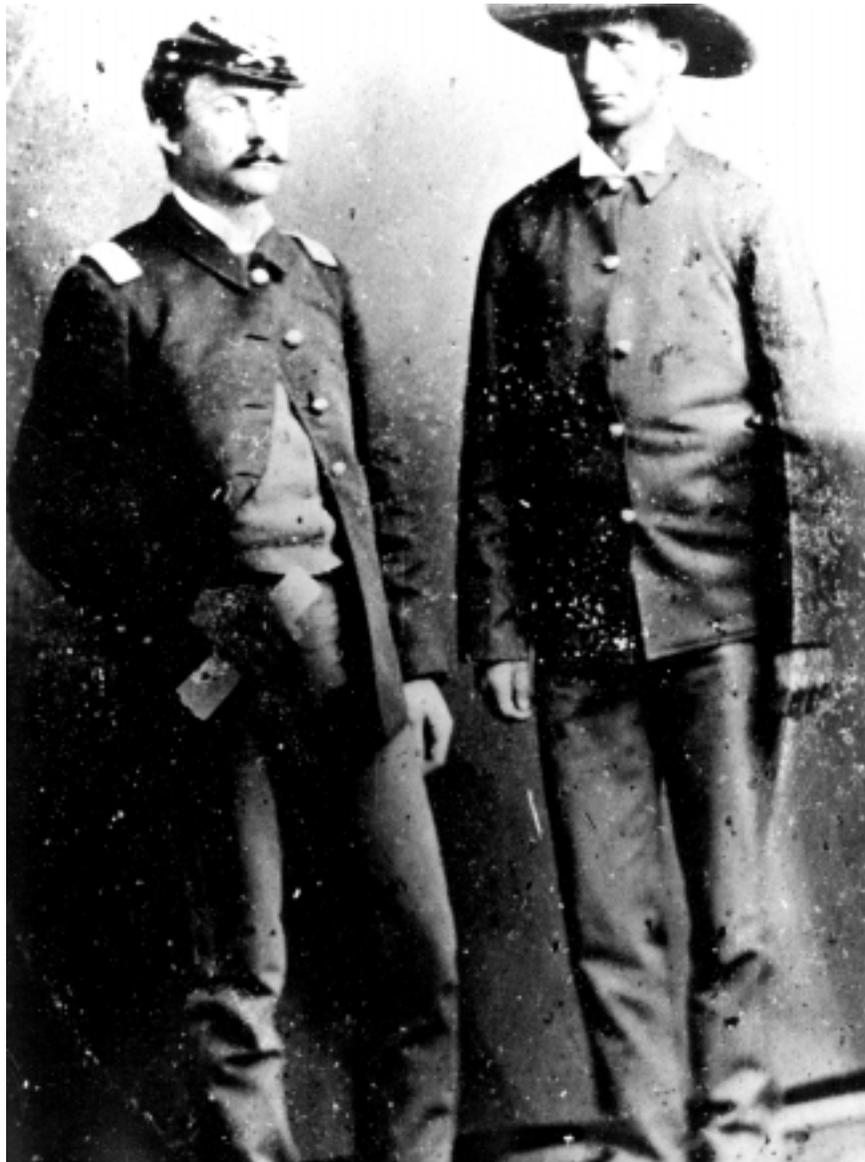
When we were near a Mexican village Victorio forbade his men to drink the mescal which the inhabitants invariably gave to Apaches who would get drunk and be murdered. Our chief had seen Juh's warriors so betrayed. Tiswin, an undistilled drink, made of corn, and about as strong as beer, was made by the women, but an excess of it was intoxicating, but there was seldom enough for that. Nana supported Victorio in his opposition to the use of fiery Mexican liquor....

* * *

We were essentially a mountain people, moving from one chain to another, following the ridges as best we could. If there were no mountains we took cover in arroyos, but survival on the desert and plains was much more difficult. I think we may have invented trench warfare, and we infinitely preferred a mountain at our backs. I doubt that any people ever excelled us as mountain climbers. Scaling walls was taken for granted. When closely pursued we killed our horses and scaled cliffs no enemy could climb. Men tied ropes to women and children and lifted them from ledge to ledge until they could take cover or escape. If the women and children could go ahead the warriors picked off the scouts, who always preceded the cavalry. We moved at night only when forced to do so and never fought in the darkness unless attacked. There was a belief that he who kills at night must walk in darkness through the Place of the Dead. I cannot say that all Apaches believed this, but many did. Like White Eyes, we had skeptics among us.²⁸

The Army was quick to respond. Second Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood with 20 Indian Scouts and 15 troopers was sent from Fort Apache to screen the San Carlos agency should the Indians attempt to get in touch with their families there. From Fort Bowie came Lieut. Augustus P. Blocksom with a small detachment of soldiers and Company C, Indian Scouts. Lieut. Guy V. Henry took some men from the Sixth Cavalry and Company D, Indian Scouts, to patrol the San

Pedro Valley east of Fort Huachuca. Capt. Tullius C. Tupper would watch the countryside around Fort Grant. But Victorio would not bother with Arizona. He confined his raids to New Mexico and Chihuahua which he knew so well.



Charles B. Gatewood and M.F. Goodwin in 1880.



Augustus Perry Blocksom graduated from West Point in 1877 and joined the 6th Cavalry at Camp Thomas on 1 January 1878. He commanded an Indian Scout company and was in the field until September 1880. He was breveted for his actions at Ash Creek on 7 May 1880. He was promoted to captain in 1894, was wounded at San Juan Hill on 1 July 1898, shipped out to the China Relief Expedition in 1900, and served in the Philippines. He eventually commanded the 6th Cavalry as a colonel, was promoted to brigadier general in 1917, and served on a special mission to France. He commanded the Hawaiian Department until 1918. He was advanced to major general on the retired list in 1930 and died in Miami, Florida in 1931.

Guy Vernor Henry graduated from the military academy in 1861 and served in the Civil War as an artillery officer and colonel of the 40th Massachusetts Infantry. He received brevets to colonel in the regular army and brigadier general of volunteers. He transferred to the cavalry in 1870, and served with General Crook at the Battle of the Rosebud. There he was severely wounded, his face disfigured. He was promoted to major in the 9th Cavalry in New Mexico.

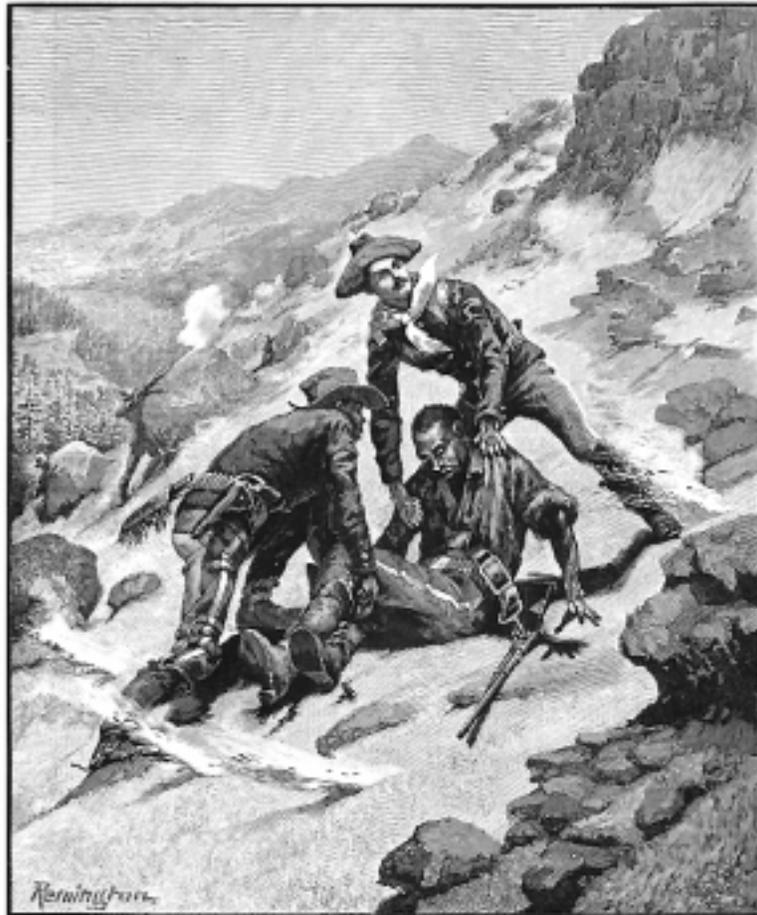


Lieutenant Gatewood with his Apache scouts. Civilian Sam Bowman stands behind him. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC88220.



Apache Indian Scouts at Fort Wingate.

When Captain Byron Dawson led a column of Ninth cavalrymen and forty-six Navaho scouts into rocky Las Animas canyon on 18 September, they found themselves in a deadly crossfire. They had blundered into a Victorio ambush, 150-strong. They were pinned down and sent a courier back for help. A relief column under Capt. Charles D. Beyer, fifty men made up mostly of civilians from nearby Hillsboro, but they could do no better than Dawson in driving off the Apaches. At nightfall, the Americans withdrew from the canyon. Ordered by Capt. Beyer to retreat, Second Lieut. Matthias W. Day²⁹ first went back to rescue one of his wounded soldiers, exposing himself for a full 200 yards to a heated enemy fire. Gatewood wrote of the incident, saying Day “declined to retreat and leave his wounded behind, but carried a disabled soldier away under a heavy fire, for which offense the commanding officer...wanted to have him tried by court martial, and for which the Congress of the United States gave him a gold medal [the Medal of Honor].”³⁰ Also recognized for removing “a wounded comrade, under heavy fire, to a place of safety,” was Sergeant John Denny, who dashed to the rescue of the pinned down Private Freeland and carried him out on his back.



“The Rescue of Corporal Scott,” Frederic Remington.

Maj. Morrow reported the incident on 23 September to headquarters:

[First Lieut. Byron] Dawson, [Lieut.] Wright and [Second Lieut. Matthias W.] Day, struck Victoria's trail at head of Sierra Blanca Canon two days old on sixteenth. Followed it to head of Las Animas River, where on the eighteenth they run upon the Indians who held a strong position. Troops were virtually caught in a trap. Capt. Hooker with his company, and [First Lieut. William H.] Hugo's came up and took part in the fight. After fighting all day the troops were compelled to withdraw under cover of darkness with a loss of five men killed and one wounded, and thirty-two horses killed and six wounded. I have sent [Second Lieut. Augustus Perry] Blocksom and Gatewood with their Apache scouts, and [Second Lieut. Robert T.] Emmet with his Navajos to the scene of action, and follow immediately myself with all available men of the post. My cavalry will be principally dismounted....³¹

In the fight, Victorio was clearly the winner. The Apaches captured the American supplies, killed two Navaho scouts, a civilian, and five soldiers. Two enlisted men were wounded. Fifty-three government horses or mules were lost.

The Army responded by sending Indian Scouts under Lieuts. Gatewood and Blocksom with their scouts, just arrived at Fort Bayard as reinforcements from Arizona, into the field. After several days of combing the Mimbres Mountains, they struck the trail of the hostiles. Gatewood described the action in an article appearing in *The Great Divide*."

Cutting loose from our pack trains we followed that trail for three nights, each man carrying his rations and equipments. We laid over in the daytime. It rained every minute of the time, and as we dared to build only very small fires to do our cooking by, there was no chance to dry our clothing and the few blankets in the party. The only part of the little we had to eat not spoiled by the rain was the bacon. The second day we found some jerked horse meat and the third an old abandoned government mule. From the time his throat was cut by a scout till a stew of bacon and mule was simmering, very few minutes elapsed. By the fourth day we were far into the Black Range. It had ceased raining.

Just before sundown our scouts in advance located Mr. Victorio and his "outfit" encamped in a deep canyon. They saw each other about the same time, and the fun began. The firing, of course, brought up those in rear "double quick." From the small number of scouts first seen, the hostiles thought themselves already the victors and became quite saucy and facetious, daring them to come closer and even inviting them to supper. My first sergeant, Dick, answered, "We are coming," and when old Vic's braves saw forty odd scouts and as many soldiers come tumbling down the side of the canyon into their camp, they stayed not on the order of their going. Darkness aided their flight. Result: two bucks and a squaw on their side; on our side, nothing. They managed to drive their stock away.

Early next morning, as we had just finished breakfast, a single shot rang out down the canyon, then a volley, suddenly increasing into more shots and more volleys, with sounds of command, all doubled and trebled in reverberations up the valley, until it was one roar of pandemonium that was enough to set a nervous man wild. I didn't believe there was a sane man in the country, except the Corporal, who coolly informed me after awhile that I was sitting on the wrong side of a rock and pointed out to me the folly of protecting a rock.³²

Victorio's Indians had attacked Maj. Morrow's camp a mile away from where Gatewood was breakfasting. The lieutenant raced his men to the scene. There, several soldiers had been killed and an unknown number of Indians wounded. The hostiles retreated to the safety of the

mountains, firing at Morrow's men as they tried to retake their stock from a canyon.



Albert Payson Morrow, a sergeant major during the Civil War, received a commission in the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry and was wounded at the Dinwiddie Court House in March 1865. He was commissioned a captain in the 7th Cavalry in 1866, transferred to the 9th Cavalry in 1867, and toured Europe as an official observer at French Army maneuvers. He was an aide to Gen. William T. Sherman in 1881. In 1883 he rejoined his regiment, the 6th Cavalry, at Fort Huachuca and assumed command of the post as a lieutenant colonel from July to September 1883. In October he was court-martialed for being drunk on duty and was dismissed from the service, despite a defense that claimed he was suffering from nervous prostration as a result of suffering from the intense pain of his Civil War wound and not getting any sleep. On one occasion for which he was charged with drunkenness, he claimed to be under the influence of morphia prescribed by the Post Surgeon Gardiner. He was eventually promoted to colonel of the 3d Cavalry, retired in 1892, and died in 1911 at Gainesville, Florida.

In their circuit, the Apaches ambushed a civilian force from Mesilla on 13 October 1879, killing all eleven men and capturing a women and child, before disappearing into the Florida Mountains. Lieut. Blocksom was reported by the press to have skirmished with them on 22

October. Major Morrow was on their heels from Palomas Lake, along with Gatewood leading Company A, Indian Scouts. Gatewood described the march which was taking toward the border.

... We marched in the broiling heat all day in a southeasterly direction, and about dark found a small tank of water in the rocks near the foot of the Good sight Mountains, which furnished perhaps half a pint to each man and animal. There we camped for the night. All next day the command plodded along through sand and heat, across the desert north of the Guzman Mountains, twenty miles perhaps from Janos. Here the very plain trail ran between two parallel ridges, covered with bushes and rocks, and a line of warriors in each ridge waited for us to come within easy range. But our scouts were not deceived. The full moon had just arisen, and in that clear atmosphere one could see a man at considerable distance. Some of our scouts succeeded in getting to the rear of one of the lines and a volley, followed by the advance of dismounted soldiers, caused a precipitate evacuation of their strong position. They rallied on a higher ridge, a few hundred yards further on, but the Apaches can't stand close quarters; they broke and ran, as they always will. Our men steadily advanced into a rougher and more broken mountain region. The Indians seemed to have plenty of ammunition and the whole top of the mountain was a fringe of fire flashes. Nearer and nearer to the top of the ridge approached the flashes from our Springfield carbines and the reports from their Winchesters above were so frequent as to be almost a continuous roar. Suddenly the firing ceased; the rumbling and crashing of large stones down the mountainside could be heard; the line had run against a palisade of solid rock, twenty feet high or more, which had not been noticed. The hostiles were rolling heavy stones down among our men, but luckily none were hurt, though several had been killed and several more wounded during the heaviest fusillade. Unable to reach the enemy, Morrow withdrew behind a small ridge.

Gatewood, with six scouts to his front, attempted to flank the enemy position but was driven back by a strong counterattack. He continues his account:

The men were too exhausted from thirst, fatigue and want of sleep to do any more climbing. When they halted, every man lay down, and most of them went to sleep. The Colonel concluded the best thing was to take his command to water. It was now about 2 o'clock in the morning and very cold, being the 28th of October. Officers were ordered quietly to wake up their men and conduct them to the rear, where our animals had been left. This was not easy. Many men showed symptoms of that wild insanity produced by great thirst. It was [still] dark when we reached the [water]. Some of the scouts had gone on in advance, and had built large fires along the little stream that ran from the spring. White, colored and red men, horses and mules, all rushed pell-mell for the water. They drank of it, they rolled in it, and they got out of it and returned to it. They wept and cheered and danced in it, and the mud they made seemed to make no difference in drinking. In seventy-six hours, from Polomas to [this stream], they had marched 115 miles on the small allowance of water indicated, besides making the fight at night in the Guzman Mountains.³³

Maj. A. P. Morrow and his task force of the Ninth Cavalry had harried Victorio into the supposed safety of Mexico. Morrow followed across the border, but by the time his command came to grips with the Indians at the Corralitos River on 27 October, the fight Gatewood describes in the foregoing paragraphs, they were too exhausted to do more than fight them to a stand off. Morrow had to return to Fort Bayard to replenish mounts and supplies. The command turned back, riding into Fort Bayard on 3 November.

Now Victorio became a problem for the Mexican military, reinforcing his band with

discontented Mescaleros from Tularosa and the Sierra del Carmen Mountains of Coahuila, Mexico, his force grew to as many as 150 men. He ambushed Mexicans bound out of Carrizal, killing twenty-six in two separate parties. When General Geronimo Trevino mounted an operation against him on 28 December, Victorio led his men back across the border into the U.S. The Americans were guarding against this possibility, with General Carr leading troops out of Fort Bowie and Brevet Major General Edward Hatch, commanding the District of New Mexico, personally concentrating his entire Ninth Cavalry in the southern part of New Mexico. But to no avail. By 10 January 1880 Victorio's Apaches were reported to be back in the Black Range.

Chasing them were Maj. Morrow with five companies of the Ninth Cavalry and Indian Scouts. He found them on the Rio Puerco on 12 January. The Indians and cavalry exchanged fire all afternoon until dusk. Sergeant Gross was killed and two other soldiers wounded. Apache casualties were unknown. Victorio broke off and headed for the San Mateo Mountains, northeast of Fort Bayard.

In the San Mateos several days later they had another fight with Morrow and killed Lieut. J. Hansell French, Ninth Cavalry, and wounded two scouts.

Never giving up the trail, Maj. Morrow's force followed Victorio across the Rio Grande and into the San Andres Mountains on 3 February. At a canyon northeast of Aleman's Well the hostiles were waiting for them, deployed along both sides of the canyon in "squads of fifteen or twenty men."³⁴ Morrow was unable to dislodge them from their rocky positions and during the fighting the next day, Victorio pulled out. The Americans did not follow this time. They were almost out of ammunition and supplies.

This left only Capt. L. H. Rucker's company to keep on the trail and they were badly beaten back in a canyon ambush, losing their rations and bed rolls to the Indians.

These seeming setbacks caused alarm among the citizenry and the press who were calling for more troops to be put in the field. Colonel Hatch explained some of the difficulties in a 25 February report from Ojo Caliente:

Major Morrow's command shows that the work performed by the troops is most arduous, horses worn to mere shadows, men nearly without boots, shoes and clothing.... When following the Indians in the Black Range the horses were without anything to eat five days except what they nibbled from Pinon pines. Going without food so long was nearly as disastrous as the fearful march into Mexico of 79 hours without water.... Morrow deserves great credit for the persistency with which he has kept up the pursuit.... The Indians are certainly as strong as any command Major Morrow has had in action. ...The Indians select mountains for their fighting ground and positions almost impregnable usually throwing up some rifle pits where nature has not furnished them and skillfully devising loop-holes.... The Indians are thoroughly armed and as an evidence they are abundantly supplied with ammunition their fire in action is incessant, and nearly all the horses and mules they abandon on the march are shot. It is estimated they have killed from 600 to 1,000 since the outbreak. When the animal becomes too foot sore to go further the Indians shoot him....³⁵

Colonel Edward Hatch, commanding the 9th Military District (New Mexico) took personal charge of the campaign in February 1880. He was reinforced by five troops of the Tenth Cavalry out of the Texas Rio Grande posts led by Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson, and by two troops of the Sixth Cavalry and two Indian Scout companies from the Department of Arizona. By 31 March he was ready to bring all of these troops to bear on Victorio who was reported to be in Hembrillo Canyon.



Edward Hatch. Photo courtesy U.S. Army Military History Institute.

Lieut. Thomas Cruse was with Lieut. Gatewood's Indian Scouts out of Fort Bowie in February 1880 and remembered the Victorio campaign out of all others as taking "the prize." He learned his lessons in the tactics of the southwest on the march from Fort Bowie, Arizona, to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and wrote about trail discipline:

...The horses and mules were always loose-herded, that is, without lariats or picket ropes. Upon arrival in the designated camp they were at once turned loose, watered, and sent out on the grazing grounds, probably a mile from camp. The Scouts would have preceded us and carefully reconnoitered all the vicinity, especially the suspicious-looking localities.

As soon as the herd with its soldier guard reached the grazing grounds, those Indians came into camp. Very soon, others who had rested a little and had something to eat and especially some hard-boiled coffee, would go out and occupy favorable positions to keep a keen lookout all over the country until darkness fell. Then the herd was brought in for water and grooming and turned loose again, nearer to camp for the night, in a different place and different direction from where they had been during the afternoon.

The animals would graze a bit, then quiet down and go to rest. After supper Sam Bowman and the Scouts would come to Gatewood's bedding roll (he never had a tent of any kind) and after a discussion would decide on the next day's march, and what especially to watch out for, and exchange the latest news of the hostiles. The Indians were always invited to tell what was their opinion of the situation.

The hostile Apache is quite different from the Comanche, Sioux, Cheyenne, or other Indian. He never attacks at night,³⁶ but he is deadly poison in choosing to attack at early daybreak, or as the command is saddling up to move out. So we all slept securely until dawn. Then the Scouts, who had eaten an hour before, moved out quietly in groups of three or four. They went on foot (because, contrary to the belief of many, the Apache is not a "Horse Indian" and our Scouts were not mounted) spreading out in fan shape for some three or four

miles on each side of the trail that we were to follow.

About the same time the herd was brought in, caught up, and groomed. Then we had breakfast, bedding was rolled and delivered to the packers, and by five-thirty or six o'clock the command was on the road. The train came along as soon as the packs were on, sometimes a half-hour later, to overtake the command at the first authorized halt. But with hostiles known to be in that vicinity, the pack train was kept close to the command and with a strong rear guard at all times.³⁷



*Cruse, Thomas, Brig. Gen., 1897. Photo from Arizona Historical Society. Thomas Cruse graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1879 and joined the 6th Cavalry at Fort Apache, Arizona Territory. In command of an Indian Scout company, he saw action repeatedly during the 1880 Victorio campaign and again during the 1881 fight at Cibicu. He took time out from his Indian fighting to marry Beatrice Cottrell in Kentucky, returning with his bride to Fort Apache. He took part in the Big Dry Wash engagement on 17 July 1882, earning the Medal of Honor for rescuing a wounded soldier under fire. He was eventually promoted to brigadier general in 1916 and retired in January 1918. His memoirs, *Apache Days and After*, give a action-packed picture of service on the Mexican border during the Apache campaigns. He died in 1943.*

Assistant Acting Surgeon Dorsey McPherson was riding with the Gatewood-Cruse column and, in a letter to his fiancée, described their movements in late March and early April.

I want to tell you about the little adventures we have had since we left Bayard. We left on the morning of the 18th [March 1880] with our whole command and a wagon-train with supplies for this camp. Our first day out was uneventful as the country was comparatively thickly settled and consequently not dangerous. Our second day's march was to Old Fort Cummings, an abandoned Post. It is situated at the mouth of the famous Cooks Canyon, noted for Indian depredations in '68 and earlier.

Cruse and I explored the country about the Post and found over a hundred graves of people killed by the Apaches. Our next day was to McEvers Ranch.

* * *

The Command left McEvers early and marched in the usual manner, the guide, Sam Bowman, with the Scouts in advance about 500 yards, Lieut. Wright who accompanied us happened to be ahead with the guide. After traveling until noon, then stopping for to rest for ten minutes, we started. Gatewood and I were riding in front of the Command when I thought I saw a lot of mounted Indians ahead of us and called Gatewood's attention to them; but he thought it was a herd stampeded. We were soon convinced that I was right, by being called by the guide to hurry up, that we had run into a band of hostiles. So the command was given to gallop.

I never felt so much like fighting in my life and I don't believe I ever enjoyed a circus more. We had a running fight lasting two hours. The Indians made for the Black Range of mountains, and we pressed them hard, firing from our horses. The hostiles were compelled to abandon their horses and split up into small parties and hide.

By this time our stock was played, so gave up the chase. We captured all their horses. We didn't have a man wounded or killed, so went into camp happy. This occurred within a mile and a half of Hillsboro. We all turned in, feeling awfully tired, and I thought surely we would have a night's sleep. But about twelve o'clock, a courier arrived bringing news that the Indians had jumped a ranch near McEvers and killed three men. Lieut. Cruse and I, with 15 men and 18 Indian Scouts were ordered to proceed at once to the ranch and kill or capture the hostiles who were supposed to be still there.

We were in our saddles in 15 minutes after the order was given and we started off at a gallop and traveled that way until daylight when we reached the scene. Sometime I will describe the whole affair to you, but I cannot tonight. We did not catch the Indians although we chased them from 12 o'clock last night until 5 o'clock this morning.

* * *

[2 April 1880] We are encamped a few miles below Polomas [N.M.] on the Rio Grande at the mouth of Las Animas. We went into Polomas last Thursday, and on Friday we moved down here to await reinforcements. We have had several Indian scares since our arrival here, but no fighting. On last Sunday Lieut. Cruse and I with five men went a few miles from Camp and buried two (2) men who had been killed by Indians a few days before. Oh, what a sad sight it was! I don't think I ever hated Indians so much as I do since I saw those two young handsones shot to pieces. They were strangers from Missouri on their way to Silver City. They were ambushed but fought well considering they were armed only with pistols. We found their horses at least half a mile apart, but the men died together. One of

them had eleven bullet holes in him and we trailed them half a mile by their blood. Can you imagine their sufferings? They looked like brothers. The same day the Indians killed them they also attacked some Mexicans, killing five and capturing two children. The Indians also killed the mail driver on the Jornada, taking all the mail and destroying it. And I sometimes think that my last letter to you was among it. They still have the buckboard and drive around in state.

Our troops are concentrating rapidly at Polomas. There are four companies of Cavalry, and Lieut. Mills with his Indian Scouts, Major Morrow with the 3rd Battalion, and 63 Indian Scouts, will be in this evening. Two hundred and fifty Cavalrymen from Texas will make the 4th Battalion and operate on the other side of the San Andreas. If numbers will effect anything I can't see how Vic can get away for there will be over 1,000 troops altogether. However, Vic may divide into small numbers and it will be like looking for a needle in a haystack.³⁸

The first to the scene on 8 April were 100 Ninth cavalrymen from Fort Stanton under Capt. Henry Carroll. This force was pinned down by the superior firepower of the Apaches. Capt. Curwen B. McLellan,³⁹ leading the two troops of Sixth Cavalry, 125 men, and Indian Scouts came to their rescue and the combined commands drove the Apaches from their positions in the canyon.

Col. Hatch was on his way, riding with more Ninth Cavalry under the command of Maj. Morrow, and he just missed the retreating Apaches who had skillfully sidestepped them in the mountains. In the Hembrillo Canyon fight, Capt. Carroll and seven enlisted men were wounded. One dead Apache was found on the field.

Lieut. Thomas Cruse later wrote a detailed account of Hatch's April 1880 campaign against Victorio.

General Hatch had made an excellent plan for corralling Victorio. It must have worked perfectly, except for an unpredictable accident to the Ninth Cavalry column from Fort Stanton.

It must be understood that this wild section was almost terra incognita to any but the Indians. A few important points, such as springs and water holes and peaks, were known to a few hardy frontiersmen and Army men, but often their situation was conjectural, indefinite.

It had been a very dry winter, and all over Arizona [and New Mexico] some of the most dependable water holes had failed. So a column on the march might easily find itself in trouble.

Captain Carroll was in charge of the Ninth Cavalry troops which were to operate out of Fort Stanton, in conjunction with General Hatch's main command from Cuchillo Negro. Carroll's orders were to march west across the malpais, the "bad country," to get into the San Andres Range opposite Three Rivers.... His duty was to block all trails leading northward from San Nicolas Springs. This on April 6.

On April 7 Carroll was to move toward Victorio's camp, in a canon the location of which General Hatch knew. Captain McLellan and his command was to move directly from Aleman's Well on the ancient Jornada del Muerto. By a night march of twenty-five miles he could close in on the same locality at daylight of April 7.

General Hatch, with his four troops, moved out from Aleman's Well in a southeast direction, to get into the San Andres and cut the trails leading into Old Mexico. He was then to

come northward and close in on the hostile camp if the Indians had not left.

Pursuant to orders, Carroll camped on the evening of April 5 at the Malpais Spring—which flowed water beautifully clear and cool, but dangerously charged with gypsum. As a result of watering here, nearly all of Carroll's horses and half his men were deathly ill before morning. So he hastily broke camp and moved into the mountains. He expected to find a spring where he had camped the fall before, while on a scout against these same Indians. But when he reached the locality, not a drop of water was found there.

With much difficulty he moved southward, to reach a canon where he was assured there was plenty of water and, at about six o'clock, totally exhausted, he entered Memtrillo [Hembrillo] Canon, where the water was. But in this very canon was Victorio's camp! Memtrillo Canon was the object of our entire expedition and the concentrated attack scheduled for the next day.

At first the Indians seemed inclined to retreat, but apparently they soon discovered that something was wrong with Carroll's command. So they took a favorable position between Carroll and the water and a hot fight began—this just before dark. Carroll and several of his men were wounded—two mortally—in trying to reach the spring. The Indians never let them get to it. Some daring soldiers did creep down and secure a few canteens of water from the damp bed of the small stream, but the main portion of the soldiers and all of the horses and mules got not a drop. They were soon in dire straits from weakness and thirst.

Early the next morning, the Indians took the aggressive and surrounded the command, shooting into it from every direction and especially covering the water. In the meantime our command—McLellan's—had marched from Aleman's and just at daylight reached the edge of a steep bluff. From the edge of this, as the mists cleared, we could see a pretty valley, surrounded by rough peaks with three deep canons converging into it. Our guides said we were at Memtrillo Canon, the location of Victorio's camp. As we waited for a little more light before descending into the valley, we were amazed to hear crashing volleys carrying from far away in the valley. It was still too hazy to determine the exact location of the shooting or what it was all about.

Finally, McLellan directed Lieutenants Touey and Gatewood to take the Scouts and twenty troopers and go cautiously down into the valley. In a few minutes one of the men ran back, reporting that the Indians had some white men corralled and were firing on them, so our entire command deployed as skirmishers and rushed into the valley.

We soon communicated with the beleaguered force and much to our surprise found it was Carroll's command and that it must get water at once.

We formed for attack and at about nine o'clock drove the Indians back. Now water could be obtained, if yet under heavy fire from peaks and bluffs overlooking the spring. Gatewood and others were much puzzled at the large number of hostiles present, as it was well known that Victorio never at any time had over seventy-five warriors, while here we found at least two hundred ranged around us. At about ten o'clock McLellan determined on a frontal attack to clear the spring. Gatewood and his Scouts were directed to go quietly up one of the canons leading to the south. He was to turn a ridge that covered the spring and from which the hostiles kept up a hot fire on anyone who showed himself.

Touey and myself were to take charge of all the enlisted men and, when Gatewood had gained his objective, advance in skirmish formation and capture the bluff. McLellan—the

dour old Scot!—added:

“I want you to get it too!”

Soon we heard firing from Gatewood’s direction, and I ordered our Number One’s to rush. I went with them. Then we dropped and the Number Two’s came rushing past us. We fired steadily at the crest—perhaps six hundred yards distant—and the Indians presented us with everything they had in stock! They had plenty of men scattered along that crest too!

Having covered about four hundred and fifty of the six hundred yards, the line was halted and we rested for ten minutes, lying down behind such cover as the ground afforded. I passed the word along that at the command the advance was to be continued on the run, the men firing at will until the hostile line was reached. There would be no halts for any purpose.

When we rose to make the rush, only a few scattering shots met us and we gained the objective to find it abandoned. But at once terrific firing broke out where Gatewood and the Scouts were.

It developed that, when we halted preparatory to charging, the Indians had begun to withdraw on the run. This movement was plainly seen from Gatewood’s position and he turned on them, speeding their flight until they were hidden in sheltering canons.

The only dead Indians found on the field were four on his front and three of these were Mescaleros from the Agency near Tularosa, about thirty miles to the east. The presence of these Agency Indians explained Victorio’s augmented force.

Carroll and his men had been posted to watch the water hole and a canon that led from the spring toward the White Sands and the Mescalero Agency. So he got several shots into a detachment mounted on ponies and rapidly moving in that direction.

Carroll’s thirst-frenzied men rushed to the little stream, to throw themselves in it and along it and drink and drink again, as if they would never get their fill. The wounded were quickly brought down, shelters erected, wounds washed and bandaged, and dinner served.

At the very first shot McLellan had promptly rushed off two couriers to catch General Hatch and his column and inform him of the location of the Indians and Carroll’s plight. The couriers, going cautiously, overtook Hatch just as he entered the mountains from the comparatively level Jornada del Muerto. Here, once more, fate played against him; instead of proceeding about a mile farther and coming up the trail in the mountains as he had intended, he turned back to regain the plain and, moving rapidly (to prevent another Custer massacre, as he thought), reached Memtrillo Canon about noon—after all the hostiles had left. Had he chosen the trail he would have met Victorio with all his warriors, women and children, the band short of ammunition. It is probable the campaign would have ended right there. A reconnaissance some days later showed the two trails only a short distance apart and parallel, Victorio’s party going south and General Hatch’s command going north, both moving rapidly.

However, Hatch had no assurance that McLellan and Carroll could drive off the hostiles, nor could the couriers give him an accurate statement concerning the number of Indians and condition of Carroll’s command, as we did not know the situation when they left us. They could only say that Carroll had been surrounded all night.

The General was greatly disappointed at the failure of his well-laid plans, but at once sent out reconnaissance parties to scout the country and couriers to notify the settlers concerning the probable trail of the hostiles.⁴⁰

James Kaywaykla was a Warm Springs Apache, a nephew of Victorio, who was a child at

the time of the 1880 battle of Tres Castillo in which Victorio and many of the tribe were killed. He said he was ten years before he knew that people died in other ways than violently. He lived until 1963. He “learned the history of my people about the fires at night.” He could relate them “word for word...long before [he] understood the significance of them.” The Apache’s historical tradition is oral and subject to transformation and myth-making. But possibly no more so than the reminiscences of soldiers who write their stories down years later. Kaywaykla narrated those campfire stories to anthropologist Eve Ball, a neighbor and long-time friend of the Apaches on the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico. They give us a viewpoint from the Apache side. Kaywaykla here relates how Victorio slipped by Col. Hatch coming up to the fight at Hembrillo Canyon.

The troops were easily beaten back until more cavalry came in from the Tularosa Basin. Nana took the women and children up the arroyo and around a point to the Jornada. The trail was very rocky and there was little dust to warn us of the coming of an enemy until they were almost upon us. As the cavalry rounded a point of rocks pretty well lined with mesquite, Grandfather [Nana] set the people east, following a rocky ledge, to the shelter of an arroyo. While they were concealing themselves and their horses, the boys hastily did what they could to cover our trail. Fortunately, unshod hoofs make little noise and leave few traces of their passing. Taking advantage of every clump of vegetation, every rock, our people stood with hands ready to press the nostrils of our horses so that they would not betray our position. Mother took off Chenleh’s cradle and handed it to Grandmother, freeing her to use her rifle. If the baby had opened her mouth to make a sound it would have been necessary to smother her cries, for the ears of scouts are good.

There we waited anxiously until the scouts had passed. I think we could not have been more than a quarter of a mile off the trail, and it seems impossible that our presence was not detected. Not one even glanced in our direction. It was not long before the Blue Coats came into sight. It was a very large detachment, several companies. We learned later that it was commanded by Colonel Hatch, and that he had been sent to cut off our retreat. Nana did not wait long in hiding. He anticipated that the cavalry would follow Victorio, and that our band, being of less importance, might be of secondary interest. Over the Jornada we rushed, that trail which my people had made a terror to invaders. After a long ride the line stopped. Men broke the lock at the well, drew water in a bucket, and we drank. When the horses had finished we mounted again. I do not remember having crossed the Rio Bravo, for I slept much of the time. I think we got no real rest until we were in a canyon of the Black Range. If, as people believed, Grandfather could sleep in the saddle, it could not have been very satisfying sleep. When we reached the cave in the Floridas two or three weeks later he really rested for two days.⁴¹

Recognizing that the Tularosa reservation was a gathering place for hostiles in need of refitting, Col. Hatch determined to deprive the reservation Indians of their weapons and horses. To accomplish this, soldiers under Hatch and Grierson converged upon the agency on 12 April and began to round up the Apaches in the vicinity. On 16 April they had collected about 320 when the shooting started and most of the Indians bolted for the mountains with Grierson’s cavalry in pursuit. A few of the Mescaleros were shot down in the chase. Most returned to the reservation under the cover of nightfall. It was estimated that between thirty and fifty joined up with Victorio. The Army failed to fully disarm the Indians, but they did station a reinforced guard around the agency which effectively kept the hostiles from having free access to their homebase.

These entries from 10th Cavalry records show the level of activity in 1880:

Co. K—Sculptured Tanks, Guadalupe Mountains, April, 1880. Left Salada Water Holes, Texas, April 1st, arrived at Black River Falls, N.M. Marched thence northward through the Guadalupe Mountains by way of Guadalupe Creek to the Rio Panasco in the Sacramento Mountains, thence to the agency and took part in the disarming and dismounting the Mescalero Indians. April 9th struck the camp of a small party of Mescaleros at Shakehand Springs, New Mexico. Killed one buck, captured four squaws and one child, released from captivity a small Mexican boy aged 11. Captured 21 head of horses and mules, and destroyed their camp. Distance marched, 417 1/2 miles.

Company A—Near old Fort Quitman, Texas, August, 1880. Left Eagle Springs, Texas, August 2nd and marched to Van Horn's Wells. August 3rd, marched to Devil's Race Course. August 4th, marched to Rattlesnake Springs; 6th, 7th, and 8th, engaged in scouting and picketing the passes of the Sierra Diablo. August 10th, marched to Ash Springs. August 11th, discovered and followed trail of Victoria's band of Apaches from 8:00 P.M. until 11:45 A.M. of the 12th, when, after marching and reaching the Rio Grande, the pursuit ended by reason of the enemy crossing the river into Mexico. Distance marched by company and detachments, 748 miles.

Company G—Sulphur Water Hole, Texas, August, 1880. Left Eagle Springs, Texas, August 3rd, arriving at Van Horn, Texas, the same night; August 4th, 5th, marched to Rattlesnake Springs, Texas. August 6th, engaged with hostile Indians near Rattlesnake Springs. No casualties. August 7th, marched to Sulphur Water Hole, Texas. August 3rd, Private Julius London, one of the party of scouts, was engaged and wounded in action with hostile Apaches near Eagle Springs, Texas. Distance marched 1,256 miles.

Company H—Near Hot Springs, Texas, August, 1880. August 1st, engaged in furnishing pickets and scouts from Eagle Springs, Texas. August 3rd, Corporal A. Weaver, with Private Brent of H Company, and a small detail from other companies, while on picket at Alamo Springs, discovered Victoria's band of Indians after they had crossed the Rio Grande and had an engagement and running fight for fifteen miles. August 3rd, left Eagle Springs in pursuit of Victoria's band. Marched to Van Horn and thence to Devil's Race Course, thence across to the Rattlesnake Springs. August 6th, participated in an engagement with Victoria's band with Companies B, C and G, under command of Captain L.H. Carpenter, the Indians being repulsed and fleeing to the mountains. Private Wesley Hardy missing in action. Distance marched by company and detachments, 1,250 miles.⁴²

Victorio was active in the Black and Mogollon Ranges. Meanwhile, a raiding party under Washington, possibly Victorio's son, was reported as far west as the San Carlos reservation where their families were living. They left a trail of death and destruction, even attacking some Chiricahuas under Juh and Geronimo who were then living on the reservation. The motive for the raid is unclear. It may have been an attempt to take some of their families from the reservation, or it may have been a revenge raid to punish those Apaches who were fighting as scouts on the side of the Americans. After a fight with Arizona troops sent after them, they scattered into the Burro Mountains and eventually regained Victorio's main band, then twenty miles south of Hillsboro.

Cruse gives details of their fight with U.S. troops.

Captain Kramer, with Lieutenant Blocksom and a few Indian Scouts, was camped near rocky Canon, waiting for [the raiders], but the Indian was practically all night reaching him.

Washington, in the meantime, had moved rapidly to the Gila River. At daylight he opened fire on several camps of Indians located at the Sub-Agency, killed several people and got some fresh ponies, but no ammunition or other supplies. Then at about ten o'clock his hostiles streamed back across Ash Creek Flat. At two that afternoon they clashed with Kramer's outfit and killed Sergeant Griffin, a veteran of the Civil War and a fine man. But Kramer soon had them on the run and pursued until darkness came and the hostiles lost themselves in the adjacent mountains. The next day Washington's raiders struck a big wagon train near Clifton, Arizona, killed all the drivers, captured a fine remount of mules, and proceeded south into the Burro Mountains. This was on the trail leading to the Janos Valley in Mexico, near where Lordsburg now stands.⁴³

Hatch's Ninth Cavalry, with Maj. Morrow commanding a squadron, kept up the hunt, wearing out horses and men in the process.

A fight took place between a detachment of the Ninth Cavalry led by Sergeant George Jordan, Troop K, and Victorio's Indians on 14 May 1880. It was described by Jordan, who won a Medal of Honor for his part in the action.

On the 11th of May I was ordered to Old Fort Tularosa with a detachment of twenty-five men of the Ninth Cavalry for the purpose of protecting the town of Tularosa, just outside the fort. Besides our own rations, we had extra rations for the rest of the regiment which was pursuing Victoria's band of Apaches. On the Second day out we struck the foothills of the mountains, where our advance guard met two troops of Mexican cavalry. The captain of one of them told me that it would be impossible for me to get through with the small body of men I had, and advised me to return to the regiment. I replied that my orders were to go through and that I intended to do so, notwithstanding the fact that large bodies of hostiles were still roaming about outside the Mescalero Agency. After leaving our Mexican friends we pushed along with our wagon-train bringing up the rear, until that evening we struck the Barlow and Sanders stage station, where we went into camp. At the station all was excitement. The people were throwing up breastworks and digging trenches in the expectation of an attack by the Indians. My command, being dismounted cavalry, was pretty well exhausted from our day's march over the mountains and we were all ready for a good night's rest; but within an hour after our arrival at the station, and just before sundown, a rider from Tularosa came in and wanted to see the commander of the soldiers. He told me that the Indians were in the town and that he wanted me to march the men the remainder of the distance to save the women and children from a horrible fate.

My men were in bad condition for a march, but I explained to them the situation as the rider had put it before me, and that I would leave it to them whether they wanted to continue the march that night or not. They all said that they would go on as far as they could. We then had supper, after which each man bathed his feet so as to refresh himself, and at about 8 o'clock we started to the rescue. But our progress was slow. Besides the poor condition of the men we were hampered by our wagon train in that rough country. Once one of the wagons was upset as the train was coming down a steep hill and we lost valuable time righting it. About 6 o'clock in the morning we came in sight of the town, and I deployed the men and advanced quickly toward it, believing that the Indians were already there. We stealthily approached the town and had gotten to within a half mile of it before the people discovered us. When they recognized us as troops they came out of their houses waving towels and handker-

chiefs for joy.

Upon our arrival in the town we found that only a few straggling Indians had gotten there ahead of us and had killed an old man in a cornfield. The people gave us shelter, and after we had rested up a bit we began making a stockade out of an old corral, and also a temporary fort close to the timber.

On the evening of the 14th, while I was standing outside the fort conversing with one of the citizens, the Indians came upon us unexpectedly and attacked. This citizen was telling me that the Indians had killed his brother that very morning and wanted me to go out and attack them. I could not do this, as my orders were to protect the people in the town. It was then that the Indians surprised and fired fully 100 shots into us before we could gain the shelter of the fort. As the Indians' rifles began to crack the people rushed to the fort and stockade, all reaching it in safety except our teamsters and two soldiers who were herding the mules and about 500 head of cattle. The bloodthirsty savages tried time and again to enter works, but we repulsed them each time, and when they finally saw that we were masters of the situation they turned their attention to the stock and tried to run it off. Realizing that they would be likely to kill the herders I sent out a detail of ten men to their assistance. Keeping under cover of the timber, the men quickly made their way to the herders and drove the Indians away, thus saving the men and stock. The whole action was short but exciting while it lasted, and after it was all over the townspeople congratulated us for having repulsed a band of more than 100 redskins.

Our little detachment was somewhat of a surprise to the Indians, for they did not expect to see any troops in the town, and when we repulsed them they made up their minds that the main body of the troops was in the vicinity and would pursue them as soon as they heard of the encounter. The remainder of the regiment did arrive the next morning, and two squadrons at once went in pursuit, but the wily redskins did not stop until they reached the mountains. There they had encounters with the troops and were finally driven into Old Mexico.⁴⁴

On 24 May an Indian Scout company, under civilian scout "Captain" H. K. Parker, happened upon Victorio near the headwaters of the Palomas River. Parker's plan was to have a scout named Sergeant Jim, with thirty men, to flank the camp on the high side, while he and eleven marksmen would take the exposed flank, and Sergeant Jack Long, with twenty scouts, would circle behind the camp. The attack was to open with Jim's group at daybreak. Parker later reported the details of the engagement.

The Indians had a sentry out on the side next to Jim's position, and Jim selected a man to kill him, while the balance fired down into the camp. According to orders, Sergeant Jim opened fire at daylight, and the hostiles broke up [to] the position held by Captain Parker. A galling fire sent them back into the canyon and they ran down it, gathering together as they ran, when they came plumb upon Sergeant Jack Long's command and received a fire that drove them pell mell back to their camp. The hostiles then commenced fortifying, supposing that they were surrounded, being fired upon from all sides; those who got into the fortifications fought desperately until night. Many were killed before they could reach the fortifications.⁴⁵

According to Parker, thirty hostiles were killed and Victorio himself wounded in the leg. Other accounts reported as many as sixty hostiles killed and maybe as few as ten. There were no friendly casualties. Seventy-four Apache horses were taken. In any case, Victorio had suffered his first major defeat. The scouts, nearly out of water and ammunition, had to break off the battle, and the wounded Victorio raced his band toward Mexico.

Maj. Morrow's force twice made contact with the fleeing Apaches, once on 5 June when four troops of the 9th Cavalry hit the Indians at Cook's Canyon, killing ten and wounding three. The son of Victorio was said to be one of those killed. But they escaped across the border, estimated to be 160-strong.

Now the theater of battle would shift from New Mexico to West Texas, the area along the Rio Grande guarded by Forts Quitman, Davis and Stockton, and manned by eight troops of Grierson's Tenth Cavalry and four companies of the black Twenty-fourth Infantry. Grierson had convinced his chain of command that, rather than send his men to New Mexico to reinforce Hatch there, it would be wiser to keep them in Texas, not only to protect the border, but to interdict Victorio as he attempted to cross into Texas and regain the Mescalero reservation.

This he did by spreading his troops along the border at water holes frequented by the Apaches. Grierson had foreseen the Apache intentions. When the pressure by 500 Mexican troops became too much, they did cross the border into Texas in late July 1880, only to find themselves the quarry on the American side.

It was at one of the crucial waterholes that the ablest Apache war leader would meet one of the U.S. Army's best commanders. Grierson had staked out a spring at Tenaja de los Palms in Quitman Canyon with a small detachment numbering two officers and twenty-one men. Also along was his 20-year-old son Robert. When he became aware of the approach of Victorio and his 150 warriors on 30 July, he sent a messenger to Quitman and Eagle Springs for reinforcements. Meanwhile, a charge led by Lieut. Leighton Finley, a romantic Virginian who called himself "The Stroller," knocked the Indians off balance long enough for reinforcements to gain the field. Victorio, seeing his numerical advantage, attacked Grierson's position and would have overrun it in time, but the reinforcements came upon the field dramatically and drove off the Apaches.



General Benjamin H. Grierson in 1863. Photo courtesy the Grierson Collection. Benjamin Henry Grierson, the renowned Civil War cavalryman who hated horses, became a major general of volunteers during that war. He took command of the 10th Cavalry, the Buffalo Soldiers, in July 1866, leading that famous regiment through the Indian Wars. He commanded the Department of Arizona in 1888. He was promoted to brigadier general in April 1890 and retired a few months later. He died in 1911 in Omena, Michigan.

In his official report Grierson tersely described the event which very nearly cost him his life:

...[I] sent orders to Capt. [Charles D.] Viele at Eagle Springs, and Captain [Nicholas] Nolan at Quitman to proceed immediately to that place. At four A.M. a detachment of thirteen men under [Second] Lt. [Leighton] Finley reported to me, previously to which I had but seven men, including three teamsters. At about nine A.M. the Indians were observed approaching

*rapidly in force. They were vigorously repulsed and our position held until the arrival of Capt. Viele at about eleven A.M. with his company and a part of Company G, Tenth Cavalry, and upon his approach a sharp action took place between the troops and the Indians, in which the latter were severely punished and [First] Lieut. [Samuel R.] Colladay wounded and one man of Company E killed and eight animals. In the entire engagement, which lasted about three hours, seven Indians were killed and many wounded. Upon the approach of Capt. Nolan's Company, the Indians fled rapidly to the Rio Grande, none having gone north. The Mexican troops returned to the Rio Grande opposite Quitman on the twenty-eighth, being entirely out of supplies. They are now moving down the River and are opposite here.*⁴⁶

In a letter to his wife, he gave his reasoning for his decision to make the stand at Tenaja de los Palmos against four-to-one odds.

*It may seem to have been a very rash and dangerous undertaking to get ready to fight Victorio and his hundred Indians with only (at first) seven men, but I had looked the ground over well before going into camp, and saw clearly what a strong position I had, and with what ease it could be fortified. I decided immediately what to do, and it turned out to be the best thing that could possibly have been done under the circumstances.... If I had not made my stand as I did, Victorio and his whole outfit would have gotten through without a fight, and we would have had only the uncertain chance of pursuit.*⁴⁷

His son Robert, just out of school and looking for adventure, kept a diary of the trip. Like most 20-year-olds on school vacation, he had his priorities. He wrote, "We've got a good supply of beer along. [The post trader] gave us a dozen bottles, and we had more than that before."⁴⁸ Here is Robert's diary description of that fateful morning, perhaps more adventure than he had expected.

*The vedettes holloed: "Here come the Indians!!" We made for our posts immediately. The Indians came through a canyon in the hills S.E. of camp & got within half a mile before we saw them. Their intention was to cross northward. After considering for a while Papa had Lt. Finley and ten men charge after a party of them who'd crossed the road—couldn't tell how many Indians there were at first—they kept coming through the hills. Several Indians hid in a hollow till Lt. F. passed, & then fired on his party—he had them on both sides of him & poured it into them thick & vice versa. The rifles sounded splendidly and you could hear the balls singing. Just as Lt. Finley was about to dislodge the Indians from behind a ledge, Capt. Viele's and Lt. Colladay's companies came & in the smoke and dust took F. for Indians & fired on him. F. thought they were troops at first, but when they fired he thought they were Indians and returned the fire. He concluded that if all those were Indians he'd better get back to our fortifications & ordered his men mounted & charged back to camp & lots of Indians following howling like coyotes. Lt. F.'s party killed two Indians & one of his men had his horse killed and the same man had his finger grazed by a ball. All got back about the same time except the dismounted man—he got along as best he could—the Indians were nearly on him—he turned & fired his revolver & this checked them some. We then let fly from our fortifications at the Indians about 300 yds. off & golly!! you ought to've seen 'em turn tail & strike for the hills. If this man had only got back with the rest we could have waited till the Indians got very close to us before firing and would have played hob with them (they supposed that Lt. F.'s party was the whole force). As it was the sons of guns nearly jumped out of their skins getting away.*⁴⁹

On 4 August Victorio's Apaches brushed past Grierson's skirmish line and headed north.

Grierson was moving north with them, shielding his movements by keeping mountains between them. Both forces were making for Rattlesnake Springs. Grierson and the troop commander, Capt. Charles Delavan Viele, got there first, marching from three a.m. until midnight and traveling sixty-five miles in that time. He set up an ambush, putting a company on each side of the waterholes.

The Apaches were wary, staying just out of range. The troops impatiently opened fire without being able to reach their targets. In so doing they gave away the ambush and their strength. Victorio was emboldened to make an attack to wrest the invaluable waterholes away from the Americans. But at this time Lieut. Thaddeus Winfield Jones leading Companies H and B, 10th Cavalry, arrived upon the field and drove the Indians into unassailable defensive positions among the rocky walls of the canyon. While the two sides waited each other out, a supply train came into view eight miles to the southeast. The train was escorted by Capt. J. C. Gilmore with soldiers from the Twenty-fourth Infantry who were riding in the wagons. Victorio, tempted by a seemingly defenseless target, swept down on them but was surprised by the infantrymen concealed in the wagons. He suffered a man killed and others wounded. Victorio was now desperate for water and beat a retreat toward the Carrizo Mountains.

In the fight at Rattlesnake Springs, Grierson lost one killed and four wounded.

Grierson had other mountainous waterholes covered. Captain Nicholas Nolan was in the Carrizos; Capt. Louis Henry Carpenter was at Sulphur Springs; and Capt. Thomas Coverly Lebo was scouting the countryside in between. Lebo made contact on 9 August, capturing much of the Indians' camp equipment. Victorio's band split into small groups to infiltrate back into Mexico.

A few days later, on 2 August, they tried again, this time succeeding in penetrating the skirmish line. They made for the Mescalero reservation, traveling along the western slopes of the Sierra Diablo range. Grierson with two troops of the Tenth was in hot pursuit. He travelled 65 miles in 21 hours, the goal being Rattlesnake Springs where he was joined by two more troops. They fortified their position at the spring and on 6 August fought off an Apache attack. There were no casualties on either side. Turning to an easier target, Victorio's men hit an Army supply train eight miles to the east, but the infantry escort was able to hold them off until Grierson rode to the rescue. Twice repulsed in one afternoon, Victorio withdrew into Mexico.

In September 1880 an unprecedented combined U.S.-Mexican operation was begun when Col. Eugene A. Carr, with almost the entire Sixth Cavalry regiment from Arizona, Col. George P. Buell commanding infantry and cavalry from New Mexico, and Col. Joaquin Terrezas in charge of a Mexican force of 350 headed for the Candelaria Mountains to find Victorio. Col. Grierson remained in his screening position along the American side of the Rio Grande.⁵⁰

But the combined operation was short lived and became a Mexican campaign when Col. Terrezas sent the U.S. troops back, registering an objection to the presence of Apache Scouts. Victorio had gone further south than anticipated, making supply difficult for the Americans. And some have suggested that Terrezas did not want to risk his political ambitions by sharing credit for any success with foreign troops. As it turned out, he did not need any help. On 15 October 1880 he cornered Victorio's band in the Tres Castillos Mountains, killing 62, including their leader. One of the Warm Springs Apaches would later say, "We found the chief with his own knife in his heart. His ammunition belt was empty. Behind rocks we found three of his men who had died by their own knives, as had Victorio."⁵¹

Only a few of the Warm Springs Apaches managed to escape, in small groups or singly. Some gathered around Nana, the chief who, despite being in the neighborhood of seventy years

old, would sound the final battle cry of the Warm Springs people. Others filtered back to the Mescalero Reservation in New Mexico. Nana and at least fifteen warriors gathered their strength in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Chihuahua. After making plans and establishing rendezvous points and food caches, Nana led his fifteen men, and about twenty-five Mescaleros who joined up, on a raid in southwestern New Mexico and Mexico in July and August 1881 that would tax the experienced black cavalymen of the Ninth Cavalry.

Apache Jason Betzinez claimed to be well informed about Nana, his father's first cousin, and here describes him:

In his youth Nanay was a tall, well-built man, so strong that he could shoot an arrow clear through a steer. I have seen him do it on the Warm Springs reservation even after he was old. He had been a proud, fearless warrior under Mangas and Victorio, a fighter who was able to stand up against anyone who tried to overpower him. He also had a friendly nature being well liked by our Mexican neighbors near Warm Springs as well as by his own people. Like most of the Warm Springs band he was inclined by nature to be peaceful. This all changed when he went on the warpath with Victorio in 1879. He was filled with a bitter hatred of his enemies which transformed him into a perfect tiger, overcoming his infirmities of age and muscular stiffness.⁵²

A fellow tribesman said of Nana that "no one could have believed him to be the fiercest and most implacable of all Apaches, but that was the verdict of my people. Certainly he was considered the shrewdest in military strategy, surpassing Victorio himself. ...No young warrior excelled him in endurance, and at that time neither his age nor his broken foot seemed to handicap him."⁵³ Kaytenna was his second in command.



John F. Guilfoyle. Photo courtesy U.S. Military Academy.

On 17 July Nana's force ran upon a small detachment of Indian Scouts led by 28-year-old 2d Lieut. John F. Guilfoyle and Chief of Scouts Frank Bennett. The NCO of Company B of Scouts was a Chiricahua named Chihuahua. Chief Packer Burgess was wounded in the hip in the Alamo Canyon ambush. This had a tripwire effect, and Guilfoyle and Nana's paths would cross many more times in the washes and heights of New Mexico.

After killing three Mexicans, one a woman, near White Sands, they exchanged gunfire with Guilfoyle who now had with him 20 cavalymen from Company L, 9th Cavalry, without any loss to either side. The lieutenant kept close on their trail and jumped the Apaches again on 25 July. This time they captured the Indian camp and reported killing two Indians, although no bodies were found, only blood stains.

Nana continued his raids, killing three citizens on one occasion and four Mexicans in the foothills of the San Mateos on another. Nana caught a civilian posse napping at Red Canyon and killed one and wounded seven others. But more importantly, he was again on horseback, having taken thirty-eight mounts.

The black cavalymen caught up with the band again on 3 August at Monica Springs in the San Mateos, inflicting some unsure casualties before the hostiles melted away into the wilderness. Guilfoyle's detachment was now exhausted, his supplies and mounts depleted, and he had to retire from the field to refit.

The theater was up in arms, with Colonel Hatch directing eight troops of cavalry, eight companies of infantry, and two companies of Indian scouts. Hatch thought Nana had about 70 men with him, but it was probably closer to 40.

A fight developed on 12 August when Capt. Charles Parker overtook the hostiles twenty-five miles west of Sabinal, near Carrizo Canyon. The soldiers lost one killed, three wounded, and one missing. During the fight Sergeant Thomas Shaw displayed extraordinary courage under fire and was cited by Parker. He was awarded the Medal of Honor. Nana lost four of his men before breaking off.



Gustavus Valois. Photo courtesy U.S. Army Military History Institute.

On 16 August another fight between Nana and Lieut. Gustavus Valois, with Troop I, Ninth Cavalry, took place along the Cuchillo Negro River. Valois, a Prussian and Civil War captain, started over after the war as a private in the 5th Cavalry. Two enlisted men were killed, six horses cut down, and 23-year-old 2d Lieut. George R. Burnett was hit twice while rescuing one of his men. Burnett received a Medal of Honor for his action. First Sergeant Moses Williams and Private Augustus Walley answered his call for volunteers to act as a rear guard to

cover the withdrawal of Lieut. Valois. Both black troopers received the Medal of Honor for the heroic actions on that day. Like Burnett, Private Walley galloped to rescue of his downed “bunky,” bringing him back to safety under heavy fire. Burnett would later write in 1890 an account of the affair at the request of an enlisted man who he also felt deserved the medal.

I have the honor to submit for your respectful consideration the following endorsement of the application of Francis Augustus Walley Troop “I” 9th Cav’y for a “Medal of Honor” for meritorious service against hostile Apaches Indians in the Cuchillo Negro Mountains N.M. Aug 16, 1881. It affords me much pleasure as an eye witness—to bear testimony to the truthfulness of the statements contained therein—it is but a brief extract of the valuable and meritorious services rendered by Francis Walley during the campaign in question. Unfortunately owing to the lapse of time many incidents and details have escaped my memory. Suffice [it] however to relate one area—the coolness and daring of which, impressed me so at the time that I remember it as distinctly as if it had occurred only yesterday. While the detachment under my command was making a mounted charge to relieve Lt. Valois—whom the Indians had almost completely surrounded, having killed ten (10) of his horses and wounded several of his men—the horse of Pvt Burton became unmanageable and was carrying him directly into the Indians line; to avoid this Pvt Burton dropped out of the saddle when within about one hundred yards from the enemy’s position, and lay prone and inactive. As the Indians were constantly keeping up a heavy fire, I presumed of course he had been struck. My charge drove them back—temporarily—and Lt Valois feeling convinced that they were too strong for us ordered us to fall back and take up another position. As we were proceeding to do so, Pvt Burton—whom we all supposed to be dead—called to us not to leave him. I immediately called for volunteers to go to this assistance, but Pvt Walley had anticipated me and galloping rapidly over to where Pvt Burton was lying, quickly dismounted, assisted him in the saddle and (unintelligible) him and joined the troop in the most unconcerned manner. The Indians having observed the movement opened a concentrated fire on them and it was a source of anxiety to me that they escaped unhurt considering the shortness of the range. I might cite numerous minor instances of Francis Walley’s gallantry and bravery on this and other campaigns for he was always to the front, ready, willing and anxious to do his full duty—and even more but I am content myself with the above, adding that during a period of nearly two (2) years, while under my immediate command—whether in the garrison or field—I always found Francis Walley a thoroughly reliable, trustworthy, and efficient soldier and during his services with us for over 18 years I never knew him to receive even as a simple rebuke and I have always heard him spoken of in terms of praise by my brother officers and I venture the assertion that no young soldier is better known in the region. In consideration of these circumstances it affords me the greatest pleasure to recommend Francis Augustus Walley Troop “I” 9th Cav’y for a “Medal of Honor” for conspicuous bravery in the field.⁵⁴

As they were escaping from this battle, Nana ran into 2d Lieut. Charles W. Taylor leading another Ninth Cavalry detachment and had to abandon some of his horses and his booty. Nana headed for the Black Range.

On 19 August in Gavilan Canyon near McEver’s Ranch Nana fought hotly with a 18-man patrol led by Lieut. George Washington Smith, Ninth Cavalry, and a posse of civilians. A eyewitness described many of the civilians to be half-drunk. They were led by mine superintendent George W. Daly who accused Smith of not trying hard enough to ride down the Indians. While Smith preferred to cautiously send his scouts into a narrow defile, Daly was impatient at the delay and led his now dwindled civilian posse headlong into the canyon and a carefully laid Apache ambush. Smith tried to overtake Daly. The lieutenant had survived a more numerous foe and greater firepower at Chickamauga and Jonesboro, but none more deadly. When the Apaches opened up with a withering cross fire, Daly, Smith, three other cavalymen, and a civilian were

Roll Call: Signal Sergeant Will Barnes

The Signal Corps played an important role in Arizona's development, operating thousands of miles of telegraph lines, providing a national weather service, and, in 1886, establishing a unique heliograph network. Notable among these signalmen was Sgt. Will C. Barnes. Later a prominent Arizonan, cattleman, and author, he first came to Fort Apache in 1879 as a private. During the Indian uprisings in 1881, he risked his life to climb an outlying mesa and signal the undermanned fort of the return of the main body. Time and again he alone ventured into enemy-infested areas to repair cut telegraph lines and carry dispatches. For his conspicuous gallantry, he was awarded the Medal of Honor.

Twenty-one-year-old Will Croft Barnes was selling sheet music in San Francisco in 1879 when he joined the U.S. Army Signal Corps. It was not easy to get into the Signal Corps at that time since it had recently become a branch and the chance for quick promotion to the noncommissioned ranks were good. A recruit could become a sergeant in as little as six months, and two lieutenants were commissioned each year from the pool of NCOs. Barnes asked for and received the aid of his congressman in getting into the Army's Signal Corps. In 1880 he was assigned to Fort Apache, Arizona, where he succeeded Surgeon Walter Reed as weather observer. By 1881 he was a sergeant.

Barnes told his mother in a letter home that the Apaches called the signalmen the "iron paper men," a reference to their use of the telegraph which was on occasion demonstrated to the Indians.⁵⁹ In his *Reminiscences*, Barnes recalled some of his duties.

It was no uncommon matter for a message of a thousand words to be filed by the Commanding Officer for transmission to District Headquarters at Whipple Barracks, Prescott. Almost every day some Arizona post reported an Indian scare, with frequent killings by raids of Victorio's band.... These raids kept the troops of nearly all southern Arizona and New Mexico posts in constant field service. Every raid was reported to each post commander in order that they might all be fully conversant with Indian activities. It was a busy wire.... An unusually bold raid would bring a general order from the Department Commander keeping every operator at his key constantly until the situation was relieved. Several times I put in thirty-six hours straight time at the key—not working, of course, but ready at any moment to answer a call.⁶⁰

Weather reporting was now an important part of the signalman's duties and Barnes had to make daily reports to Washington to coincide with the capital's time zone. This meant getting up early in the morning to get off the report to Chief Signal Officer Myer, called "Old Probabilities" for his attention to weather prognostication.

There could be no fudging on this business. The instruments had to be read at 3:39 [a.m.], the report made out and put into code all ready for the call signals which came over the wire from El Paso, Texas, at exactly 4 a.m. If you weren't there to answer, you had a painful few moments of wire conference with the Chief Operator, ...a commissioned officer. Yuma was the most westerly station we had, and it sent the first report. Then, each man, listening to his fellows, picked up the report in his turn, ticked off his ten or fifteen cipher words, signed his initials, got the "O.K." from El Paso, and went back to bed.

This happened four times every blasted day, rain or shine, peace or war, Indians or no Indians, unless the line was down; which it often was. Even then, we had to record the

weather and make our report by mail. The last word in our code message at 9 p.m. was our prognostication, "fair," or "foul," as to the ruling weather for the next twenty-four hours. Prescott was at one end of a branch wire from the main line, Apache at the other. It was some five hundred miles around that vast U, and about one hundred and fifty across its upper end. I soon discovered that during an average period if it was clear and lovely at Apache, and Prescott predicted "foul" for the next twenty-four hours at that place, it was safe to predict "fair for Apache that time, but to make it "foul" for the next day's prophecy. Nearly all storms came from the west, and the rule generally held good during the seasons when storms were to be expected....

The slender strand of wire which connected Fort Apache with the outside world in 1880 was very primitive. To the Apaches it was an exceedingly mysterious affair. The poles were mostly cottonwood saplings, wired to cedar stubs set in the ground. One pole in fifty, perhaps, could be called straight. The rest were as crooked as a ram's horn.... With trees falling across it and other accidents, the wire was down about as many days as it was up.⁶¹

Colonel Eugene Asa Carr, commanding Fort Apache and the 6th Cavalry, was ordered to arrest an Apache medicine man, Nokaydelklinne, whose preaching of an Apache rising was stirring up trouble. Colonel Carr took Nokaydelklinne into custody and was returning to Fort Apache on August 31, 1881, when he was surrounded by a large force of Apaches at Cibicu Creek. In the ensuing melee, many of the Apache scouts with the column mutinied. Eleven soldiers and seven civilians were killed, including several warriors.

Barnes was back at Fort Apache when the battle of Cibicu Creek was taking place. The fort, largely undefended with Carr's column in the field, feared an Apache attack. The telegraph lines were out again, probably cut by hostile Indians, and the post was out of touch with the network of Army posts. Rumors were being heard that Carr's entire column had been wiped out, leaving the small garrison at Fort Apache anxious about an attack. Barnes volunteered to man an outlying mesa from which he could get a better view of the surrounding countryside and search for a sign of Colonel Carr and his men. Threatened on all sides by hostile Indians, he remained in position and with a signal flag alerted the fort to the return of Carr's column. He was then sent through hostile territory to relay news of the battle and ask for reinforcements. It was at a time when few couriers were ever found alive again.

An account of Barnes' actions was set down in later years by Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Cruse, who as a lieutenant was stationed with the Signal sergeant at Fort Apache in 1881 and was a member of Colonel Carr's force.

[Major] Cochran [acting commander at Fort Apache in Carr's absence] at last yielded to the plea that some of the harried, retreating troops might be saved by prompt assistance, which a signal from Barnes would enable him to give. So the Sergeant slipped out of the post, carrying a good pair of field glasses, a revolver, and a small red signal flag.

He thought he was being very careful—so much so that the hostiles did not see him. Actually, as the Apaches told us afterward, his every move was marked. But the Indians were curious; and, since they felt that he could be killed at will, they let him go onto the mesa simply to learn what he was about. Too, it was their idea that if the soldier were not fired upon, others might be encouraged to venture out and their bag would be the larger.

Barnes went slowly and painfully to the mesa and there got out of the Indians' view. When an hour passed without sight of him some of the hostiles moved to the slope opposite the post and started climbing to find and kill him. But he appeared suddenly on the very edge of

the mesa, his red flag signaling:

“Column in sight on trail. Seemingly all there. Am sure of General Carr.”

The hostiles climbing toward him sighted us at the same moment and were so astonished that they fled without firing a shot at Barnes.

At exactly this moment another party of hostiles was massacring and burning four Mormons caught at the top of Seven Mile Hill. This party also found a Sergeant and his repair men working on the telegraph line near Black River and killed them all that afternoon.⁶²

Sergeant Barnes adopted the two orphaned sons of the Apache scout Deadshot who was executed for his part in the mutiny at Cibicu. One of the grandsons of Deadshot would become the first sergeant of Indian scouts at Fort Huachuca. After leaving the Army, Barnes became a cattleman in Holbrook, Arizona, was elected to Arizona's 18th Territorial Legislative Assembly, and wrote a number of books, including his *Reminiscences* and *Arizona Place Names*, which is still the standard reference work today on geographic names.

With the cattle business waning after the turn of the century, Barnes took a position in 1907 with the Forestry Department to develop and preserve grazing lands. In 1928 he worked for the U.S. Geographic Board. Retiring from government service in 1930, he and his wife Edith Talbot Barnes settled in Phoenix where Barnes died in 1936.



Will Croft Barnes

Apache Campaigns: Cibecu

The unbearable conditions on the San Carlos reservation had been somewhat alleviated between 1879 and 1880 when control reverted temporarily to the military and Capt. Adna R. Chaffee brought honest administration back. But it was still overcrowded with tribes, bands and factions within them nursing age-old grudges. They had plenty of time on their hands to do so, and enough tiswin, an Apache drink made from corn, to refire fading passions for revenge.

From 1880-82 Arizona's population doubled and the white man began to encroach upon reservation lands, lured by mining and agricultural pursuits. As 1880 began, General Willcox had in the Arizona department two full regiments, the Sixth Cavalry and the Twelfth Infantry, two companies of the Eighth Infantry, and four companies of Indian Scouts. Companies under Lieut. Gatewood, Maj. Anson Mills, and Capt. Curwen B. McLellan would be absent during the year, reinforcing the beleaguered Ninth Cavalry in New Mexico where Victorio was on the loose.

The situation was explosive and the man to ignite it was a White Mountain Apache shaman named Nakaidoklini who introduced a mystical religion that envisioned a time when the Apache dead would rise and the whites would be exterminated. It was a vision that excited the White Mountain Apaches in the summer of 1881 and brought them together to dance and listen to the promises of Nakaidoklini.

It was a vision, however, which was only threatening to San Carlos agent J. C. Tiffany who ordered Col. Eugene A. Carr, commanding the Sixth Cavalry, out of Fort Apache, to arrest the medicine man. Carr, called "War Eagle" by the Indians, carried a scar from a Mescalero Apache arrow dating from 1854 service in Texas. Artist Frederic Remington said that "Carr would rather be a Colonel of Cavalry than Czar of Russia."



Eugena Asa Carr graduated from West Point in 1850, serving with the Mounted Rifles in Kansas, the Indian Territory and Texas. He was wounded in an 1854 battle with Mescalero Apaches. During the Civil War he became a colonel of the 3d Illinois Cavalry and a brigadier general of volunteers. He received the Medal of Honor for his bravery at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, on 7 March 1862. After the war he became a major in the 5th Cavalry, campaigning against Cheyennes and Sioux. As a colonel he commanded the 6th Cavalry and joined them at Camp Lowell, Arizona, in April 1879. He was often in the field after Victorio and in July 1881 he led two cavalry troops to arrest the medicine man Noch-ay-del-klinne at Cibicu, resulting in a desperate fight and withdrawal to Fort Apache. He served at the Pine Ridge campaign in South Dakota and got in on the fighting at Wounded Knee. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1892 and retired in 1893. He died in Washington, D.C. in 1910. Carr Peak in the Huachuca Mountains is named for him.

Arresting the Apache spiritual leader was a job that Carr thought was dangerous and probably unnecessary but Tiffany prevailed upon his boss, Bvt. Maj. Gen. Orlando B. Willcox at Fort Whipple, and Willcox ordered Carr to make the arrest.

On 30 August Carr, with two troops of cavalry (85 men) and twenty-three White Mountain scouts, rode into Nakaidoklini's village thirty miles northwest of Fort Apache on Cibicu Creek. They arrested him amidst the rising hostility of his followers. As the column rode back to the fort, they were flanked by as many as 100 angry White Mountain Apaches. When they made camp for the night, the Indians attacked and were joined by some of the White Mountain Apache Scouts. In the melee, Capt. Edmund C. Hentig was shot in the back. Four other soldiers were killed and four wounded, two mortally. Most of the cavalry horses were lost. Col. Carr, under the cover of darkness, withdrew his bloodied command from the encirclement. He managed to make Fort Apache on the afternoon of 31 August.

Lieut. Thomas Cruse, called by the Apaches "Raw Virgin Lieutenant," was commanding the White Mountain Scouts at the Cibicu battle and later penned a detailed account.

I led Noch-ay-del-Klinne toward an inclosure the packers had made. Then Captain Hentig got up from the ground. He had been sitting there watching Livingstone, his striker, spread the damp bedding to air. With Carter's yell about the Indians, Hentig moved toward the ford where a considerable number of Apaches, mounted and dismounted, were moving. Hentig was unarmed, for his pistol still hung on his saddle.

As he started toward the ford Hentig began to yell at the oncoming Indians:

"U-ka-she! U-ka-she! Get away! Get away!"

The bulk of the Indians slackened pace, but one came on and Hentig caught him by the arm, saying "U-ka-she!" again.

But this man was a Scout, Sergeant Dandy Jim. He told Hentig that he was a soldier and Hentig let him go on. Perhaps a minute of quiet ensued; then—it seemed to me that all hell broke loose!

A mounted Indian wearing a beaded "Niagra Falls" cap lifted his Winchester high overhead and waved it as he yelled to the Apaches about him. Sanchez was one of these and with three or four others lifted rifles and fired. Instantly, at least a hundred other shots roared.

Dandy Jim the Sergeant shot Captain Hentig, killing him instantly. Livingstone the striker, shaking one of Hentig's blankets, died without so much as turning, eight bullets going through his body.

My Scouts were taking a hand, too, but I had my back to them, arranging for a herd guard. I knew of their part in the fight only afterward.

With the first shot, Sergeant McDonald sent a bullet into the Medicine Man, who dropped and sprawled motionless, his wife falling across him, beginning the death wail. McDonald went down with a wound in his leg, and Sergeant Mose jumped to me, crying out to be protected against the soldiers.

The American soldier shows best in a tight spot! Near Hentig's body Sergeant Bowman sat quietly down and began to fire into the milling Indians. Bowman soon cleared a space for himself! General Carr, appearing as unruffled as if in his own quarters, ignoring the bullets that whined around him from no more than fifty feet distant, began to give his orders for clearing the little plateau.

Noch-ay-del-Klinne's pony appeared now, most belatedly, ridden at a tearing gallop by the Medicine Man's son. This boy of sixteen or thereabout came charging through the Indians

and straight at us—doubtless heading for where he knew his father had been. Naturally, he was killed promptly by the troopers, to whom he was merely an advancing Indian. His pony was caught by one of our packers.

The boy's mother saw him killed and came to her feet with a scream. She ran as if to get out of our camp, and nobody hindered her. But as she passed Hentig's saddle she stooped and snatched up his pistol. She was brandishing it at a trooper when he fired in self-defense.

Under General Carr's orders the Cavalry began to advance upon the Indians, who gave back. Stanton and Troop E, preparing to dismount when the shooting began, had dropped hastily to the ground and deployed to fight. The Indians in retreat carried off about forty of D Troop horses and my five pack mules, which had been loosed to graze. The Apaches killed the soldier on herd guard as they ran off the stock.

Stanton's men were sweeping the Indians—and my Scouts—out of the bushes on the creek and across the stream to the bluffs beyond. Adjutant Carter, taking command of Hentig's troop, forced the hostiles on that side toward the ford. Very soon the troopers' circle of fire was so widened that danger of any overwhelming rush by the Indians was past for the moment.

I stepped over to General Carr to report the death of Noch-ay-del-klinne at Sergeant McDonald's hand and to ask for further orders. It was then I learned of the treachery of the Scouts.

It is difficult to describe the first of this Cibicu fight in any detail; description would be misleading as to time. Practically all that happened occurred explosively, almost simultaneously. Not more than five minutes had elapsed, since my first report to the General, when I stood beside him for the second time.

General Carr assigned me to defend the side of our little mesa farthest from the creek. So I gathered up the Chief of Scouts, three or four packers, and the three men left alive of my herd guard. We pushed out upon the plain a couple of hundred yards, from the packs which marked our camp. It was feared that the hostiles might rush us, horseback, from that side. We went out to stop any such charge.

All this time hostiles were pouring a never-ceasing rifle fire into the camp, at three or four hundred yards' range. Occasionally they made a hit. Dr. McCreery, regardless of personal exposure—there was a brave soldier for you!—gathered in the dead and wounded and attended them under a cottonwood just under the slope of the creek bottom.

About five o'clock some of the men thought they saw Captain Hentig move, although the doctor had examined him and pronounced him dead. Hentig's body was a hundred feet in front of Carter's line, so Carter and two troopers rushed out and brought Hentig in. The hostiles loosed a terrific fire on the party, mortally wounded Private Bird, and hit the other soldier as they regained the line. Carter turned the body and the wounded man over to other troopers. Then he ran back after Bird and brought him in under the heaviest firing I had ever listened to. Bird died about an hour later.

By this time more than six hundred Indians were raining lead at us from every vantage point that the terrain afforded—except on my side of the line. Out on the plain, two hundred yards distant, Stanton's horse and four pack mules grazed quietly. The horse had full equipment, for it had jerked loose from the horse holders when burned by a bullet. I was seized with the impulse to recover those animals, for it was quiet on our side and I knew that we would be in sore need of transportation for our return to Apache. So, leaving the others to

cover us, the Sergeant of the Guard and I crept out to the far side of the animals. I snatched at the bridle reins of Stanton's horse, but he snorted and galloped down the draw towards the ford and the hostiles, instead of our own camp. Some twenty Indians had been watching us and as we started running toward our line, they banged away with everything they had and I was never so "thoroughly surrounded" by bullets in my life.

We regained the line unhurt, but the hostiles and our side together made such a racket that General Carr demanded the reason. He was not pleased with us when he knew the risk we had taken.

During this time the Medicine Man had been left where he had fallen, Mose was clinging close to General Carr for fear of being mistaken for a hostile, Sergeant McDonald was under the bluff with the surgeon, and the Sergeant of the Guard and his men (Sergeant Smith, Troop D, who died on the retired list in 1926) were out on our line. Suddenly the Medicine Man revived and began to crawl on hands and knees. He had moved in this weird position for several yards when a trumpeter of Troop D yelled:

"Why, he's not dead!"

He rushed forward, jammed his revolver against Noch-ay-del-Klinne's head, and fired.

During the first fifteen minutes of the action, while General Carr was engaged in disposing his troops for defense, he had forgotten his fifteen-year-old son Clarke, who had come on the march with us. Suddenly he remembered that he had not seen Clarke since the first shot, when the boy was seated on the ground not more than fifty feet from the Scouts. The General's emotion was apparent when he called the boy's name, then turned to the bystanders and asked if they knew where he was. There was an ominous silence for a second, then Clarke answered calmly:

"Here I am! What do you want?"

I think that Clarke was the only person in the whole command who got the slightest degree of enjoyment out of the whole fight. He had a small Winchester .44 and had got to shoot it to his heart's content with none to say "Don't!"

** * **

Finally, the shadows began to lengthen, and the sun set over the rim of Black River. The firing grew sporadic, then ceased altogether. We had a chance to take stock of our situation. We discovered that we were very tired and amazingly hungry. First we gathered the dead—except for Private Sondregger, D Troop cook. Just before the firing began, Sondregger started through the bushes to get water from the creek. He turned to come back with his full kettles when the shooting started and he collided with the hostiles on their backward sweep. They shot him, but he was still alive when Stanton with E Troop swept through the creek bottom.

To one of the troopers he said that his name was not Sondregger, but something else; and to notify his people of his death. He died before Dr. McCreery knew that he was there, or could attend to him. When we were gathering up the dead, a detail was sent to bring in Sondregger, but after several minutes' search returned and reported that on account of the darkness in the willow thickets they could not find the body.

All the others were brought in, including the Medicine Man and his family; a large grave was dug and lined with pack mantas. Captain Hentig was wrapped in his bedding roll. I think Carter repeated one of the prayers for the dead, then the grave was covered over, the General's tent was pitched over the mound, and taps sounded. In the circumstances, it was

all that we could do.

Our loss at Cibicu, considering the number engaged, was very heavy, as follows: Killed, Captain E. C. Hentig, Privates Sullivan, Miller, Livingstone, Bird, Sondegros and Sondregger; mortally wounded, Foran, who died enroute to Apache; wounded, Sergeant McDonald (leg) and Private Berry (shoulder).

When the fight started we had sixty-eight white men, including packers. We faced, at first, about three hundred hostiles. An hour later the Indian numbers increased to about five hundred. By sunset there were approximately eight hundred, apparently surrounding us with an unbreakable cordon.

* * *

When I turned out at reveille of September 1, 1881, we began to take stock in various ways. Everyone speculated concerning the number of Indians killed in the fight. This we never did decide exactly, but as nearly as we could determine about eighteen were killed and as many wounded. Six of my Scouts died at Cibicu. These were the renegades who turned against us there.

* * *

I have always believed that if the hostiles had owned one leader of consequence they would have annihilated us....⁶³

The march back to Fort Apache was a harrowing one and only the darkness saved the column from annihilation.

The Apaches were enraged enough at the loss of their spiritual leader to even attack the fort itself on 1 September. The attackers took possession of some outlying buildings, wounded an infantry officer, and shot the horse on which Col. Carr was riding, before they were repulsed. They also had cut the telegraph lines to the fort, leaving it unable to communicate with departmental headquarters for four days.

Lieut. Cruse described the only seige of a U.S. military installation in the Southwest since Navahos attacked Fort Defiance decades earlier. The Apaches were gathering in great numbers around the post.

We let their wild shots go without reply. General Carr had distributed his force to defend Apache easily. McGowan and his Infantry made a line from the reservoir to the sawmill and pump house, across the valley of the White River east fork. It was a very thin line, the intervals between men three or four yards. Lieutenant Gordon, who had been First Lieutenant of Troop D under Hentig, stepped up to replace the dead man. He had part of his troop along White River.

At the back of the barracks, covering wooded country that was rough and gashed with arroyos, Stanton had his line. My line extended from the target range road to the hospital. We covered the trails to San Carlos, the Cibicu, and other points.

McGowan was given the open country and long range because of his Infantry rifles. Stanton's was the most dangerous sector because the rough country before him was ideal in Apache eyes for attack.

The forenoon dragged by, with only those ragged volleys at long range. Noon passed. Near two o'clock some hostiles worked up fairly close to Stanton's front in the brush. They began to fire furiously, but overshot. The bullets kicked up little geysers of dust on the parade

ground between officers' quarters and barracks on the far side.

This was only to draw attention to that line. A mounted party of fifty-odd Indians jumped into sight below the sawmill, five hundred yards from McGowan's position. They charged the post trader's buildings, whooping and shooting and waving their guns as they came.

Old McGowan was a veteran of the famous California Column and he had been stationed in Arizona and New Mexico throughout the Civil War. He was an old hand at this business and now he held his men quiet, watching for the precise point at which the charge would be too far advanced for easy retreat. Then he gave his orders and three nicely spaced volleys crashed into the hostiles. That band fairly evaporated, those unhit whirling their mounts to get back to cover. McGowan was troubled no more that day.

The Apaches tried a blow at my line, soon after their repulse by McGowan. We noted twenty or more Indians worming their way uphill toward the hospital, which stood on a point somewhat isolated from the other buildings of the post. When they had got into easy range my detachment opened up sharply, and with the rattle of our fire and the hum of our bullets around them they lost all interest in the hospital and scurried for cover.

Beyond the reservoir another sheltered party of the hostiles loosed a heavy volley that whined high over Stanton's line and struck eight hundred yards away near the Adjutant's office. Lieutenant Gordon fell with a severe wound in his leg. He remarked grimly that he had got his bullet and billet on the same day; his wound and his advancement to command of Troop D.

The firing continued, now light, now heavy, during all the afternoon. We let them shoot away their ammunition without often trying a shot, because of the extreme range and the excellent cover they had. About sundown they sent a crashing volley into the post from across White River, in the rear of our officers' quarters. In spite of the hail of bullets dropping we lost no men from that fire, but two or three were slightly wounded.

With darkness all shooting stopped. We kept an alert watch during the night, merely as routine. For a few of us expected the Apaches to break their custom and try an attack, even on the isolated post trader's buildings or hospital.

Next day there was not an Apache in sight....⁶⁴

Reinforcements were rushed to the Arizona theater. Troops from Fort Wingate in New Mexico were sent to Apache and six troops of the Fourth Cavalry under Colonel Ranald Mackenzie were transferred from Colorado. Troops were also moved from California. General Sherman in Washington fumed, "I want this annual Apache stampede to end right now, and to effect that result will send every available man in the whole Army if necessary."⁶⁵ John Clum said that "twenty-two companies of troops—eleven from New Mexico, and eleven from California (which included three batteries of artillery) were rushed into Arizona."⁶⁶

The troop buildup convinced most of the fugitive Apaches to return to the reservation. The five Apache Scouts in Carr's command who had mutinied were court-martialed. Sergeant Dandy Jim, who shot Capt. Hentig, Sergeant Dead Shot and Private Skippy were sentenced to death. They were hung on 3 March 1882. Two others were jailed at Alcatraz. Carr and his superior Willcox officially argued over who was at fault for what the press had mistakenly called a massacre. Carr had to face a court of inquiry that found him, in the summer of 1882, guilty "only" of errors of judgment. Apparently the squabble did not damage Carr's career for he was promoted to Brigadier General and subsequently placed on the retired list in February 1893.



An 1881 photo of a cavalry camp near the San Carlos Indian Reservation on the banks of the Gila River, Arizona.



“Camp Kitchen,” 1881. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo SC 89090.



Apache Indian Scouts, with two prisoners, that were hung at Globe, Arizona.



Fort Apache in 1875. It was first named Camp Ord, then Camp Mogollon, then Camp Thomas, and finally Fort Apache. It is near the site of the Cibicu Creek fight of 30 August 1881.



1881.09.00.001 Coyotero Apache warriors, with Chief Alchesay (sitting on viewer's left, and

*Toggy-Snoggy at upper right. Cibicu hostiles, September 1881.
Deadshot, Apache scout.*

Timeline

In **1880** the leading smoking tobacco in the U.S. was Bull Durham. The American population numbered 50,166,000, with 40,440 living in Arizona territory. Gold was discovered in Alaska. James A. Garfield was elected president. There were 93,262 miles of railway in the U.S. The country was for the first time producing more steel than Great Britain. With troops from Fort Huachuca, on 9 August Capt. Whitside was out looking for a reported filibustering expedition heading for Mexico. John N. Irwin was appointed governor of Arizona territory. In early October President Hayes and General Sherman visited Arizona. When somebody said all that Arizona needs is less heat and more water, Sherman was reported to have replied, "That's all Hell needs." One hundred thirty-four soldiers/citizens voted in Huachuca precinct in the 1880 general election. They voted at Tom Jeffords sutler's store. The British and the Boers were at war in December in South Africa.

In **1881** the *Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevsky appeared. Chinese immigration was regulated with the signing of a treaty with China. Army Regulations for 1881 called for schools to be established at all posts, garrisons and permanent camps. Under the post commander, the schools employed soldiers to teach at an extra-duty pay of 35 cents per day. President Garfield was assassinated and succeeded by Chester Arthur. Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor* was published and strongly criticized U.S. Indian policy. The book caused Lt. James Parker, a participant in the Apache Campaigns, to write: "If the author of *A Century of Dishonor* had seen as I saw in 1885 in peaceful, quiet farming settlements a reign of horror, caused by a raid of murderous devils who went on the warpath for no reason, except that they wanted a murder debauch, as a white man goes on a drunken debauch; if she had seen women and children huddled together in houses, shaking with terror, afraid even to go to sleep lest they should suffer the same fate as their husbands, fathers and brothers, she never would have written that book."⁶⁷ President Arthur said, "We have to deal with appalling fact that though thousands of lives have been sacrificed and hundreds of millions of dollars expended in the attempt to solve the Indian problem, it has until within the past few years seemed scarcely nearer a solution than it was half a century ago." Clara Barton, who nursed soldiers in the Civil War, organized the American Red Cross. John P. Clum, former Army Signal Corps sergeant, Apache Indian agent, and now editor and owner of the *Tombstone Epitaph* was elected mayor in Tombstone. Army surgeon George N. Sternberg discovered the pneumonia-causing germ. Phoenix became an incorporated city. At 11 a.m. on 20 March the first transcontinental train to cross the U.S. arrived in Tucson. Notorious outlaw Billy the Kid was shot by Sheriff Pat Garrett in Lincoln County, New Mexico. The Earps and the Clantons and McLowry's shot it out at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone. On 5 March Robert T. Lincoln replaced Ramsey as Secretary of War. The U.S. Army School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry was established at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Roll Call: Lieut. Col. George A. Forsyth

Lieutenant Colonel George A. Forsyth (1837-1915), known throughout the Army as

“Sandy,” enlisted as a private in the Chicago Dragoons during the Civil War, was commissioned, wounded four times, and ended the war as a brevet colonel. He was on Phil Sheridan’s staff in the Wilderness campaign and his courage and intelligence impressed the future general of the Army. As Sheridan’s protege, he received a regular army major’s commission in the 9th Cavalry.

Leading a company of frontier scouts in September 1868, he was twice wounded at Beecher’s Island, Colorado, while engaged in a desperate fight with hundreds of Cheyennes, Brule Sioux and Northern Arapahos. Forsyth’s cool leadership allowed his men to hold out for a week when the siege was lifted by a relief column of the 10th Cavalry.

Forsyth was no stranger to Apache warfare. On April 23, 1882, he led four troops of the 4th Cavalry, along with Indians scouts, against Geronimo and many other war chiefs in Horse-shoe Canyon of the Peloncillos Mountains. In the hard fought struggle he lost five dead and seven wounded.

Newly married at the age of forty-eight to Natalie Beaumont, daughter of the Major commanding Fort Bowie, he commanded the 4th Cavalry and Fort Huachuca during two crucial stretches of the Geronimo campaign, June 21 to December 12, 1885, when Colonel Royall was on leave back east; and after the Colonel’s retirement, from July 31, 1886, to February 28, 1888.

A man of action (few men in the Army had absorbed as much lead as he had in the pursuit of his profession), he also possessed a respect for scholarship in military science. Lieut. John Bigelow described Forsyth’s personal library at Fort Huachuca. “The afternoon I devoted to looking over the military works in the general’s [he is using his brevet rank] library, most of them French and German, which he procured from abroad. Such an opportunity for professional reading does not present itself often on the frontier. It might and it should, however, present itself in the house of every officer.”⁶⁸

Colonel Forsyth, late in the Geronimo campaign, personally lead a squadron into Mexico to put additional pressure on the Indians, but, unlike other leaders who jostled for a position in the spotlight of the Geronimo campaign, left the field and the glory to his subordinate, Captain Lawton.

“Fighting Sandy” Forsyth, the Beecher Island hero, finished up the last few years of an illustrious career as commander of the Southern District, 4th Cavalry, and Fort Huachuca, playing poker and the stock market on a now tranquil frontier. In April 1888 Lt. Col. Forsyth found himself in trouble for financial improprieties. He was found guilty of financial irregularities by a general court-martial at Fort Huachuca and sentenced to be dismissed from the service. Reviewing officials recommended clemency and the President reduced the punishment to suspension from command and half-pay for three years.

He was placed on the retired list in 1890 and died twenty-five years later in Rockport, Massachusetts.



George A. Forsyth wrote two books about his experiences campaigning in the West. The Story of a Soldier and Thrilling Days in Army Life were published in 1900. He lived out his final days in Rockport, Mass., dying in 1915.



Lt. Col. George A. Forsyth at Fort Lowell in 1884. Photo courtesy Arizona Historical Society, Tucson.

Apache Campaigns: Stein's Pass and Horseshoe Canyon

On 30 September 1881, Maj. James Biddle⁶⁹ at the head of a squadron of cavalry, was riding to bring in a surrendered band of White Mountain Apaches. But they sought refuge at Camp Goodwin, the subagency of San Carlos where the Chiricahuas were quartered. Seventy-four Chiricahuas, led by Juh, Nachez, Geronimo, and Chato, thought that Biddle's soldiers were coming for them and lit out for Mexico.

After Cochise's death in 1874, chieftanship of the Chiricahuas fell to his son Nachez. An elder brother, Taza, died in 1876 during a trip to Washington, D.C. Nachez was nowhere near the leader that his father had been. In fact he was considered to be a bit dim. So he would rely for military counsel upon a Bedonkohe Apache who had married into the Chiricahuas. His name was Geronimo. There were a number of other Apache lieutenants who would be prominent in the fighting of the 1880s. They were Chihuahua, Ulzanna, Juh, Loco, Kaytennae, Benito, Zele, Noglee, Chato, and Mangas.

General Willcox, operating out of Fort Thomas, put together a pursuit force consisting of Company D, Indian Scouts; G, First Cavalry; A and F, Sixth Cavalry; and a detachment of the Eighth Infantry. He chased them along the western side of the Pinaleno Mountains, where, at Cedar Springs on 2 October, the Apaches fought a day-long rearguard action to allow their women and children time to escape southward. The Americans lost three men killed and three wounded.

Under the cover of darkness, the warriors cut the throats of their dogs and light-colored horses, stole new horses from a nearby ranch, then made their way to the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico where they combined with Nana's small band of surviving Warm Springs Apaches.

They were determined to break Loco and his Warm Springs Apaches from the Camp Goodwin agency to join their escapade. Loco was a Warm Springs leader who bore the facial disfiguration from a fight with a grizzly bear and also walked with a limp as a result of that battle which he is said to have won. He couniled peace with the whites. According to Apache history, he was called "Loco" or the "Crazy One" because he trusted the white man.⁷⁰ The Army learned of the renegades' plans in January 1882 and went on the alert. Col. Mackenzie commanding in New Mexico, placed Lt. Col. George A. Forsyth with a squadron of six troops of the Fourth Cavalry along the Southern Pacific Railroad. In Arizona, Fort Huachuca and Fort Bowie increased their patrols. But the precautions were for naught. Juh, Nachez, Geronimo, Chihuahua, and Chato led their raiders past the Army's defenses and attacked the Camp Goodwin subagency on 19 April, killing the police chief there, Albert D. Sterling. Loco and several hundred other Chiricahuas now had no choice but to join the war party. They had as many as 175 warriors.



Chato, Chiricahua Apache



Chihuahua, Chiricahua Apache

The Apaches left in their wake along the Gila valley between 30 and 50 dead ranchers or miners. In one attack on the George H. Stevens' ranch, they killed seven men, a woman, and two children. One of the children was roasted alive, the other thrown into a patch of cactus. A Safford newspaper, like other papers of the time, not noted for fidelity to facts, reported the atrocity:

Little Stanislaus Mestas, aged nine years [reported that] the Indians attacked our camp whilst we were all asleep. My father and five other men...attempted to get their guns, but were too late. The Indians rushed in from all sides and overpowered them before a shot could be fired.... An Indian put the muzzle of his gun against the head of one man and fired, blowing his brains against the floor and walls. I saw them kill my mother and two little brothers by beating their brains out with stones. They took my father and tortured him most dreadfully. He begged them to spare him, but they only tortured him the more. When they were tired of torturing him one of them split his head with an axe. An Indian squaw, wife of one of the four friendly Apache herders who worked with us, saved my life by holding me behind here and begging them to spare me.... They soon were sorry that they spared me, for they sent a party back to the house to kill me, but the squaw begged so hard for me that they said they would go back and tell the chief that they could not find me....⁷¹

The hostiles missed running into the General of the Army, William T. Sherman, who was on his way to Grant with a small escort as a part of his tour of the department. An hour behind the hostiles was Lieut. Col. George W. Schofield out of Fort Thomas with two companies of the

Sixth Cavalry.

Their course brought them into the Peloncillo Range which separates Arizona and New Mexico. Here, in Horseshoe Canyon on 23 April 1882, they ran into patrols from Lieut. Col. George Alexander Forsyth's squadron, five troops [C, G, F, M and H] of the Fourth Cavalry and Indian Scouts. The battle was pitched and Forsyth lost five dead and seven wounded before the Apaches melted away, heading for Mexico. Forsyth, relying on a the interrogation of a captured squaw, reported that thirteen of the enemy had been killed.

On the morning of 23 April, Forsyth ordered Lieutenant D.N. McDonald, one of his 4th Cavalry officers, to reconnoiter the southeast end of the Stein's Pass range to see if he could cut any Indian trails. His patrol was made up of six mounted scouts from Fort Craig, two enlisted men, and Yuma Bill, an Apache scout who was considered their most experienced and reliable man. Forsyth also had a six-man dismounted patrol of Indian scouts combing the foothills of the range.

McDonald first struck a trail of about ten Indians walking north toward the Gila River. About an hour later, McDonald sent one of his enlisted men back to the main force with the word that he had discovered another fifteen Indians on the trail, leading a mule and two horses.

When McDonald was about 16 miles from the main column, having moved around the southern tip of the range and moving in a northwesterly direction up the west side, he was ambushed. Forsyth later wrote that he "saw one of the Indian scouts, still nearly a mile away, riding at full speed for our column, lashing his horse at every stride and digging his heels into his sides with desperate energy, his long black hair waving wildly behind him, as he came towards us." The messenger breathlessly reported the ambush which killed Yuma Bill and three other scouts. McDonald was in a desperate situation trying to hold off the attacking hostiles. Forsyth said the command reacted immediately. "Instantly the bugles rang out, 'Left turn, trot,' and a few seconds later, 'Gallop,' and the command was speeding to the rescue."

They rode at the gallop "en echelon," five troops almost abreast, for sixteen miles through arroyas, mesquite and creosote, sending up a large cloud of sand. Lieutenant Mason shouted to Forsyth that they would kill the horses at this pace. He had confidence in the horses procured for his regiment and answered, "They must live till we reach McDonald." As they neared the base of the Peloncillo range, they spotted McDonald racing toward them, waving his carbine. The lieutenant later related his adventure and it was published in Forsyth's account. He begins:

I was ordered to take my six apache scouts, including Yuma Bill, who was given me at my especial request, together with a corporal from my own troop, strike directly into the mountains, and search for a fresh trail of the hostiles, while the main command pushed out of the foot hills and across the plain toward Richmond, a little settlement on the Gila River. Risk of the few for the good of the many in the military service is good for the many, but occasionally tough on the few. However, we struck into the heart of the range almost due north, and soon discovered the old Indian trail. It ran through the heaviest part of the mountains, passing over terribly rough places and through narrow gorges, where the chances for an ambuscade were so great that I experienced considerable difficulty in compelling the scouts to go forward. I changed the usual Indian tactics of following trail in file to sending one Indian, Yuma Bill, ahead, and scattering the rest right and left about one hundred yards apart, while I rode within a few yards of Bill, watching them all, and indicating to the flankers, when the trail led into a particularly dangerous place, to sweep our around and try to look in behind the position as far as possible to discover if an ambuscade were laid. All such movements were made at

the best gait possible, considering the rough and rugged country we were passing over, and wherever we could do so we advanced rapidly from cover to cover, so as to lessen the danger of being hit by the bullet of any lurking foe.

Our manner of advance had been determined after a thorough consultation, and I had impressed it on the minds of the Indian scouts that my way was better than their own, as it was now nearly impossible for the Apaches to conceal themselves so as entirely to cover our approach and pick off more than one or two of our party, while, on the contrary, if we kept pretty well bunched they might get all of us. After we had gone some twelve miles on the trail we found a transverse ridge lying across the pathway, which ridge rose to a considerable height, and was capped with a rock palisade extending as far as we could see to the right and left, and this effectually cut off all flanking movements; but the trail at our front and centre ran through a gradually deepening and narrowing gorge between solid rock, until at the upper end the sides were quite high. Just beyond the top there floated the faintest, thinnest mist of smoke in the atmosphere, which would not be noticed by a tenderfoot, and which I could barely distinguish even my eagle-eyed scouts had called my attention to it.

Yuma Bill and those nearest us said that the Apaches were up there in an ambuscade that they had laid for us; that there was no doubt about it; that a band of them had camped and cooked there the night before, and, on our approach being discovered, they put out and covered their fires, but had left a few faint indications behind them. It was not possible for us to get a view in behind their supposed position by the use of our flanking scouts, so the only approach was the narrow defile in front through which the trail led, and to follow it probably meant death to some of us, as the hostiles were supposed to be lying to the right and left of it on top of the high rocks, and would let us pass in and enclose us on all sides before opening fire.

To my order to go on, and explanation that a soldier had to risk his life if necessary to carry out his orders, they most solemnly demurred; neither would any single one consent to go through and develop the position on my promise to make all available dispositions to cover his retreat should he discover the enemy's position without being killed. I had sent off my corporal with a despatch, and he had not yet returned, so I was alone with the six Indians; and as neither force nor persuasion would avail, I finally taunted them as cowards and squaws, telling them that if they dared not go, their commander would, and that he, for one, was not afraid of the Chiricahua Apaches. It being evident that a man would have no chance mounted, I dismounted and gave my bridle-rein to one of the scouts, and instructed them to watch and give me what protection they could; but if I was killed, or so badly wounded as to be unable to get back to them, to keep together and defend themselves, and work back to the cavalry command. After most carefully examining my arms, with my carbine in hand, cocked and ready to fire at a flash, with a great show of boldness I struck out on the trail, indulging in a little parting bravado that I could whip the whole Apache tribe.

Advancing into the defile, I soon lost sight of the scouts, and as I approached the summit, only a few yards at most could be seen either to the front or rear, as the trail ran through a deep and narrow passage with many turns and angles. Constantly expecting to hear the sharp crack of a rifle, I tried to see in front, behind, and above, lest a hideous Apache should quietly poke his gun over the edge of the chasm and shoot me in the back. So, with every nerve strained to the utmost tension, I cautiously crept from angle to angle, crowding in against one side to avoid a downward shot, yet frequently glancing at the top of the opposite

side of the defile to see if the muzzle of a gun or an ugly Apache face might show in that direction. Finally, reaching a point only a few feet from the mouth of the passage, I took shelter behind a projecting angle and peeped through the mouth or doorway, realizing that the passage ended abruptly at the end of the perpendicular walls, and that just beyond was a pretty little circular opening with a nearly smooth floor, walled in in every direction, the rocks decreasing in height as they approached the further side, finally falling away and leaving an open passage out right opposite my position. I could also see scattered about this circular basin several small mounds of ashes, showing where the Indian camp-fires had been. At this moment I was startled by the cracking of a twig under foot to the rear. Whirling instantly with cocked carbine, I saw Yuma Bill, his hand upheld in warning, who had become ashamed and followed me on the trail.

He advanced cautiously, furtively glancing around in every direction, closed in behind me and took a look at the little basin, and said, below his breath, "Apache there; want you to come out." Whispering, "Be ready to shoot Bill; I see if Apache here," I quickly crossed the space to the mouth of the defile, and then thrusting my head forward, I took one sweeping glance around. A few heaps of ashes, some Indian belongings used in camping scattered among the surrounding rocks—that was all. Bill came across to where I was, and I then stepped out several paces into the open, watching for a sign of the enemy. None appeared. In a moment I said, "Bill, me no believe Apache here." He sprang up on a projecting ledge, and looking across the open, said: "Yes, no Apache here—him gone. I see him trail go over there." An examination gave us a plain view of the trail going out of this basin, and with the eye we could follow it nearly a mile ahead, showing a different color in that soil, so unused to the footsteps of men. Examining the ground in the vicinity, Bill told me that the Apaches had lain in ambush here, but seeing the smoke from their campfires still hung over the place, had abandoned it.

Resuming our march, we followed the trail with flankers out as at first; within three miles, however, it grew larger by the addition of other Indians, and my scouts grew frightened and difficult to handle. The two Mojave Indians, especially the old one, Moh-kay-nay-hah (Mountain Deer Killer), were stampeded, and had such an influence over the younger one, Quay-day-lay-thay-go (Blood), that they lingered behind, and were of no use. It occurred to me, though, that in case we were attacked they would probably go back to the cavalry and give the alarm. On reaching the top of the first high ridge on the eastern side of the range we could distinguish the trail for a considerable distance. It seemed to lead down the mountain-side towards the foot-hills, as if tending towards the great Gila Plain, in a northeasterly direction, where we could see the line of the Gila River as it flowed down from the mountains in New Mexico into Arizona. Turning to Bill, I said: "Bill, Apaches cross plain to Gila River to kill people in settlements!" "Me think so, too," was the reply.

The patrol continued to follow the Indians' trail and in the process met up with two very frightened prospectors. Eventually they spotted two Indians about a half-mile to their front. As they followed them, riding five abreast and trying to keep out of sight, they rode into an ambushade.

...It then seemed to occur to Yuma Bill that he had not looked over the rock; or he may have heard some noise, for he jerked his face to suddenly and quickly to the front that he came near striking it against mine as I was leaning looking to the right. I believe that the portion of a second that I gained in suddenly jerking my face out of the way and his looking over the top

of the rock as quickly as he did saved my life, for in a flash I saw poked over the rock a thick array of gun-barrels, with twelve or fifteen Indian heads and faces showing behind them. At the same instant Bill cried out, in an intense shriek, as if it was one word, the sentence, "Watch out, Lieutenant McDonald!" Throwing myself forward on my horse's neck, I grasped the reins close to the bit on each side to turn him away, and then came the volley, and with the smoke in my face and eyes I threw my horse's head to the left-about, over the bodies of the three dead Yumas, that had been riding on my left, and had not fallen under his feet. I knew, from an exclamation, that Bill had been struck, and somehow was conscious that he had not fallen from his saddle. I heard the corporal, who, being a little behind and lower down the slope, had not been exposed to the volley, wheel to the rear and call, "Come on, Lieutenant," and I galloped after him, the three troop horses that the dead scouts had ridden whirling and running abreast of me, as they had been drilled to do in the troop, and we made for a moment a correct set of fours, in retreat; but realizing that it would not do to go so rapidly, I called to the corporal to watch out for his horse, and began pulling in on my own, fearing he would fall in the descent and cripple both me and himself. Old Don was a splendid animal, but hard-mouthed, and I pulled so hard that I actually sprung one branch of a fine steel bit before I could stop him. When I had gotten, say, fifty yards away I came to a quick halt and wheeled left-about, getting a bullet through my hat as I did it, and another singed my jaw and neck.

At this moment a tremendous volley belched forth from just behind the rock, and I realized that there was another and much larger body of Indians lying there. Still, I took aim and fired at the Indians who were on top of the big rock shooting at us, and instantly they jumped, rolled and tumbled off in all directions, seeking safety; for Indians hunt cover always if it can be had. Just as I turned to face the enemy I saw a sight that I shall never forget. Yuma Bill had stopped and turned almost simultaneously with myself—possibly a second sooner. As his horse halted, facing the foe, he rose upright in his stirrups, standing straight as an arrow, every nerve and muscle at full tension, his big eyes blazing, and his long black hair floating behind him, even his horse standing with the glory of the battle on him (and it is glorious, if cruel), with arched neck and fiery eyes, in an expectant attitude, ready to leap, but nevertheless standing stock-still, I saw Bill's long rifle come up swift and steady, but I saw no more. I was closing the breech-block of my carbine and raising it to my shoulder. I heard the report of Bill's gun, and immediately came the heavy volley I have mentioned, followed by my own shot, and the disappearance of the Indians on the rocks in front of me.

It was time to wheel now, and as I closed in my second cartridge I turned to the right-about looking for Bill. There stood his horse with his neck distended and blood pouring from several wounds, Bill still in the saddle, but drooping forward, his head turning downward by the side of his horse's neck. I saw his head touch the tip of the horse's mane, which was towards me, and I suppose he fell on his head, but I did not see him leave the saddle, for my horse turned and again dashed to the rear, and during the next three or four hundred yards splinters of rocks and gravel struck us both, thrown up by the hot fire of the Apaches. Catching up with the corporal, we turned again at 700 yards distance, and paused to see their location and judge of their number. I pulled out my watch and looked at the hour. We estimated the hostiles at 150, and saw that we had only struck the first point of the ambush. We had no time to linger, so I signalled the two Mojave scouts to join us, which they did. Then we came once more upon the two mining prospectors, who had heard the firing, and were again running around as before, moaning and crying. We put them upon the horses of

the dead scouts, which had followed us, after I had taken my carbine and knocked a little sense into them, telling them to go to Lordsburg, and then I picked out a good position on which to build rifle-pits, when suddenly the young Mojave scout called my attention to some Indians running towards us through some mesquite-bushes. We first thought them hostiles, and were about to fire, when, to our delight, we saw that they were some of our own Indian scouts.

The old medicine-man, our oldest Mojave scout, was almost paralyzed with fear, and as the six scouts reached us he made the sign dead and continued to talk to them for a few seconds, and then these scouts, who had come to our rescue on hearing the firing, went all to pieces with fear, and began running around in the wildest excitement. Seeing that it would not take many seconds for them to become demoralized beyond control, I set in cursing roundly and abusing them for cowards, telling them to fight and kill the Apaches and not behave like squaws. Suddenly the largest Indian stripped off his blouse, and, naked to his gee-string, ejaculated, in stentorian tones, "I fight and kill Apache Chiricahua!" Instantly the others seemed to come to themselves, began to strip for battle, and in another moment were building rifle pits at the places pointed out to them, with all possible energy. This big Indian told me that the command was away from the mountains, well out in the plain. I then mounted Quaday-lay-thay-go on Jumping-Jack, our troop race horse, which I had with me, and told him to find the command and tell General Forsyth our situation and bring the troops to our aid. Then I rearranged my Indians in their rifle pits and had them build me one.

Meanwhile the hostiles, having despoiled and mutilated the bodies of the dead scouts, brought them out to where Yuma Bill lay dead, and building a hot fire of dead amole-bushes, proceeded to have a wild dance around the roasting bodies of their enemies, occasionally running towards us, yelling and taunting us, and daring us to come out and fight them. I made a little speech to my scouts on the folly of being scared, and told them, holding up a single cartridge, that in case the Apaches attacked us after their dance, I wanted them to make sure each cartridge told on one of their enemies. I wound up by saying that I believed I could whip off the Apaches myself, and ordering them not to fire unless I should get up and run towards them, I crawled out 300 yards towards the Apache high carnival, and lying under a low-spreading mesquite bush, very quietly and cautiously laid up a low breastwork of flat rock that was lying near me. Presently two Indians rode out from the group, which was not a thousand yards from where I lay, to a point 800 yards from our rifle pits, and began pointing at them, talking and gesticulating, evidently about us. Raising my sights to 500 yards, I took deliberate aim at the one sitting still, looked up at the sky to see that my vision was clear, and once more scanned my sights, and seeing that I still held my gun exactly on him, I pulled the trigger slowly and steadily. A puff of smoke, a sharp report, and an Indian leaping up out of the saddle with a bounding motion similar to that of my three scouts killed at the big rock was the result, while the other one wheeled his pony and ran back at full speed, followed by the pony of his companion. My scouts saw him fall out of the saddle, and set up a perfect din of ear-splitting war-whoops as I walked back to them. In the meantime we could see a great commotion and excitement among the hostiles. As we could as yet see nothing of the troops, the scouts seemed to have made up their minds that Quah-day-lay-thay-go had either been ambushed or run away, and begged me to take the corporal and bring up the cavalry, promising faithfully that if attacked they would defend themselves from the rifle pits, and not retreat and be shot down like a band of antelope. The location of the rifle-pits was a good

one, and they could not be assailed under cover in any direction; so, taking the corporal with me, we started nearly due east; but noticing about a mile away on the plain we were heading for, a triangular-shaped mass that stood higher than the rest of the vicinity, I scented danger, so I turned our course southward, so as to pass the end of it 500 yards away. Sure enough, there sat and stood a bunch of Apaches, evidently put on watch to prevent any couriers being sent out from the rifle pits. At the moment we saw them they were very much excited about something; their ponies were tethered near them, and they were gesticulating and talking excitedly, and even the watch who had been looking in our direction must have gone back to them, and so missed seeing us. The instant they saw us, however, there was a hubbub, shots were exchanged, and mounting their ponies, on they came, some fifteen or eighteen of them. We put our horses at a good gait, going a little south of our former course to avoid losing distance by enabling them to cut across a short angle and thereby gain on us.

We soon found that we had the better mounts and that they could not overtake us, so we kept well ahead of them, stopped to breathe our animals until they were within range, took a shot at them, and pushed on again. In about three miles we came out on the plain and struck what in the language of the frontier in those parts is called a "sliyer"—that is, the hard, sun-baked bed of a depression in the soil, only a few inches below the level of the surrounding plain, that in wet weather forms a lake, and in dry times becomes a flat, smooth, crusted surface. We made for the centre, dismounted, and prepared to fight, intending to kill our horses for breastworks of necessity; but as there was not even a blade of grass to protect them and afford cover in case they followed us, I doubted if they would dare to attempt an attack in the open. They stopped and gathered in council. Suddenly we heard firing down at the lower end of the sliyer, and saw dismounted Indians coming out on it, and our pursuers began slowly turning back towards the mountains. One Indian came dashing up on the only horse I had left back at the rifle pits. I thought it was a hostile who had captured the horse and wished to deceive me, and was about to fire, when he gave the sign of friendship, and I realized he was the big Mojave scout. I asked what the firing was, and who were the Indians on the lower end of the sliyer. He told me that, hearing the report of our guns, the scouts determined to leave the pits and come to our assistance, and had been followed by the Apaches, and were now firing back at them. Happening to cast my eyes to the north over some sand hills just below the sliyer, we could see a cloud of dust coming rapidly nearer us, and realizing that there was no danger of the hostiles coming any further, I galloped across the sliyer and dashed up the hill, and just beyond and below I saw six splendid cavalry troops in beautiful order en echelon, sweeping towards us at a full gallop. Quah-day-lay-thay-go had bravely performed his mission, but at the expense of the life of our plucky racehorse Jumping Jack.⁷²

After McDonald rejoined the 4th Cavalry strike force and reported his action to the commander, Forsyth moved his troops up into position in the foothills, just out of range of the hostiles. He said, "The position occupied by the hostiles was a capital one. I found them strongly intrenched on the left side of Horse Shoe Canyon, and also in the middle of it, where there was an outlying mass of rugged rocks about four hundred feet in height, a smaller ledge of rocks about thirty feet in height connecting the two places." Leaving one troop in reserve with the horses, he sent G troop directly at the center of the enemy position, while two troops circled to the left, C and F, and two troops, M and H, to the right to flank the Indians' stronghold. He remembered that "Major Wirt⁷³ Davis opened the attack, and in about an hour, by hard work and good climbing, we compelled them to abandon their position and fall back. They then took up a second

strong position, which we again flanked them out of, and gradually drove them back into the canon and up among the high peaks of the range, some of them firing at us from points eight, twelve, and even sixteen hundred feet above us. I never saw a much more rugged place, nor one better adapted to the means of defence.”

It was a “suffocatingly hot” day in the canyon and the 4th Cavalrymen were exhausted from their climbing and they were parched. The skirmishers found a small mountain spring and interrupted their pursuit of the renegades. Forsyth related, “no sooner was it discerned by our skirmishers than it was surrounded by men with canteens, while others drank from the brim of the campaign hats, and again others threw themselves flat on their faces and lapped up the water, while others scooped up the precious fluid in their hands.” Then a volley of rifle fire rained down on them. The men scattered for cover. The colonel said, “The way that thirsty crowd broke for cover was astonishing. In ten seconds every man was covered by a rock, and thirty men were scanning the high cliffs on the opposite side of the canyon with the keenest possible interest.”⁷⁴ A few more rounds were fired at them, but the answering volley suppressed the enemy fire and no more was heard from the Indians.

When the dismounted cavalrymen had lost contact far up into the mountains, Forsyth called off the attack. The battle of Horseshoe Canyon was over by five o’clock in the afternoon. Here are the reports of the individual troop commanders.

Captain Callahan says of Troop M:

I have the honor to report that in the fight the hostile Indians on the 23d inst. my company engaged them on the right in connection with “H” Company 4” Cavalry. “M” and “H” companies were directed to take two small hills directly in out front which we did. We then crossed a plain under quite a heavy fire from the enemy and reached the hills occupied by them. We worked our way up through the rocks under the fire of the enemy and held our position until the enemy had ceased firing and were evidently fallen back over the crest of the hill.

The recall was then sounded and we fell back to our horses, which were out of range of the enemy’s fire.

The movements of “M” and “H” Companies were in the skirmish order and the view taking advantage of the rocks &c for shelter as they advanced. There were none of the men of my company killed or wounded during the advance.

On the morning of the engagement, Lt. McDonald of my company with six Indian Scouts and one (illegible)—(illegible) Officer were detached from the company and directed to trail the Indians in the vicinity of the place where the engagement took place in Steins Peak Range, the hostiles allowed Lieut. McDonald and party to approach them to within a very short distance when they poured in a volley on McDonalds party killing three outright and wounding one man (?) who was afterwards killed by the hostiles.⁷⁵

Capt. Wirt Davis commanded Troop F, 4th Cavalry, and this is his account.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of Co. “F”, 4th Cavalry, and of the left wing (Companies “C” and “F”) of the battalion of the 4th Cavalry, in the engagement with hostile Apaches (Chiricahuas) in Horseshoe Canon, Stein Peak Mountains, April 23, 1882.

After dismounting, and in compliance with instructions from Colonel Forsyth, Comdg. Battalion, I proceeded to attack and dislodge the enemy from a high and rocky hill in the centre of the Canon. Having marched to a proper distance from the hill and mountains, I

deployed Troop "F" as skirmishers, and ordered Lieut. Martin, Comdg. Troop "C," to deploy his men likewise, and to move forward in rear of Troop "F", which was done, with an interval between the Troops of one hundred yards. When the skirmishers had arrived to within two or three hundred yards of the base of the hill, the Indians opened a brisk fire from the side of it, from its crest, and from a ravine to the left of it, which was at once returned by our skirmishers. While the firing was going on, I observed a party of Indians moving down from the Mountains on my left front obviously with the intention of flanking the command. I ordered Lieut. Martin to change front so that his skirmish line would form a right angle with the left of the skirmishers of Troop "F"—This movement was promptly executed under a sharp, enfilading fire, and the skirmishers of Troop "C", opening fire upon the Indians in their front with the skirmishers of Troop "F" were engaging those in front of them, the Indians abandoned the positions they held and fled to the mountains on the right front. The hill (about 200 yards in length and 300 or 400 feet in height) was then occupied by Troop "F" while Troop "C" wheeled and swung around to the base of the hill in the valley between it and the high mountains on the left. After giving the men a rest, I ordered Troop "C" to move forward towards and up the mountain (800 or 1000 feet in height) now occupied by the Indians. These mountains were nearly at a right angle to the first position held by the enemy and from which they had been dislodged. While Troop "C" was advancing, I sent Lieut. Dickinson with ten or twelve skirmishers of Troop "F" to work his way carefully up a ridge on the left of the mountains and forming a part of them. I then moved forward with the remainder of the skirmishers of Troop "F" in the interval between Troop "C" and Lieut. Dickinson's skirmishers, and after a scattering fire from the Indians they abandoned their secure position and fled to the crags and peaks of the mountains on my right.

These mountains are from 1500 to 1800 feet higher than the hill first occupied by them. The recall having been sounded, Troops "C" and "F" were formed and marched back to their horses.

The casualties in Troop "C" were one private killed, and one Sergeant severely wounded (through the body.) There were no casualties in Troop "F".

During the engagement Lieuts. Wheeler and Dickinson, Troop "F", and Lieut. McGrath, attached to Troop "C", behaved in a zealous and creditable manner. Lieut. Martin, Comdg. Troop "C", carried out my orders promptly and gallantly. Troops "C" and "F" did their duty in a soldierly manner. Act. Assist Surg. Cockey was under a heavy fire and when the Sergeant of Troop "C" was wounded cared for him professionally. I omitted to mention that Lieut. Martin, Comdg. Troop "C", was slightly wounded in the left forearm.

The positions taken by the Indians were strong ones, and they held their first position tenaciously until driven out.⁷⁶



Wirt Davis began his career as an enlisted man in the 1st Cavalry, later to become the 4th Cavalry. He accepted a commission in his regiment during the Civil War. He was promoted to captain in 1868. In Texas and New Mexico, he was recognized for his gallantry in action on two occasions. Davis arrived with his regiment in Arizona in 1884, and led his troop out of Fort Huachuca in the Geronimo campaign. He later became colonel of the 3d Cavalry and saw service in Cuba and in the Philippines. He was retired in 1904 and advanced to brigadier general. He died in 1914 in Washington, D.C.

Another troop commander, Lieut. W. E. Wilder, gave this description of his part in the Stein's Peak battle.

I deployed [G] company as directed by the Comdg Officer, General Forsyth, about 500 yards from the face of the mountains and in front of the Indians center to act in conjunction with the four other companies which had been sent to attack the Indians by each flank. I moved to the front about 400 yards when the position of the hostiles was thoroughly developed then made a half wheel to the left and moved to the new front. Passing over a small range of foot hills and a narrow valley beyond we continued up the mountain slope driving the Indians from a succession of natural fortifications among the rocks to the top of the mountain, when the fire from the Indians ceased with the exception of an occasional shot at long range from

the crevices in the precipitous rocks in which in most places the mountains terminated.

The company was then withdrawn without molestation. We captured and killed about six horses and mules. Private Leonard of the company was severely wounded through the left instep and right leg. While the entire company composed principally of recruits acted with cool deliberation and courage I would specially mention Private Leonard, who was wounded, for marked courage and enterprise and also Private Schintger, a recruit, who assisted in rescuing the former after being wounded.⁷⁷

And finally, this report from Lieut. J. W. Martin rounds out the descriptions of the Stein's Peak fight.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operation of "C" Troop 4" Cavalry in the engagement of the 23d instant.

We attacked the enemy on the left of our line with "F" Troop 4" Cavalry, Major Davis directing the operations of both Troops. Both Troops advanced in skirmish line, "F" 100 yards in advance of "C".

The Indians opened fire from behind some large rocks on the top of a hill about four hundred yards in our front. In a few moments we observed that others were making behind a ridge on our left flank and Major Davis ordered me to form a line on his left and cover the left flank. This I did by falling back to the shelter of a ditch about thirty yards in our rear facing my line to the rear. and forming line on Davis' left nearly at right angles to his. The situation during this movement was critical we received an enfilading fire for a few moments which killed one man of my troop and wounded another. Two or three Recruits on the marching flank showed signs of wavering but owing to the exertions of Lieut. Magrath (who is attached to my troop they were rallied and in another moment the Indians broke and retreated to their left behind a ridge in front of Major Davis' line and back through the mountains to the rear.

Our line was then straightened out and advanced and in a short time all firing in our front ceased and we advanced till recall was sounded.

I think there were about fifty Indians in our front and that we probably shot two or three of them.⁷⁸

The regimental commander recalled that his casualties "were slight." He had lost one NCO, two privates and four scouts killed, and one officer and from six to eight men wounded. They had captured 30 ponies and mules, killing those that they did not need for the Indian scouts.

Forsyth believed that his regiment's marksmanship training had paid off in the battle. "In this action I first saw the good effects of our (then new) system of rifle practice. Our men were far better shots than the Indians, and kept them down and under cover almost constantly."⁷⁹

The fight at Stein's Peak (or Horseshoe Canyon) is related by Jason Betzinez, one of Loco's people who was along during the breakout.

About sunset the men who had been attacking the ranch came in with several more horses and mules. The leaders after talking among themselves announced that we would make a long night march, meeting at daylight at a certain spring or waterhole at the foot of Stein's Peak Mountains many miles to the south of us.

Night fell, dark and moonless. All through the night we rode close together, so that no one would stray away from the column. The warriors rode on all sides of us in order to keep us together but in spite of their watchfulness some members of the Warm Springs band

managed to slip away and head north for the Navajo country.

My mother, my sister, and I were riding a big mule. Now and then we could hear the voices of the wild Indians on all sides of us as they called softly to each other in the darkness. Finally I dozed. It is a wonder I didn't fall off the mule but every now and then my mother punched me to wake me up. It surely was a tiresome journey, being the second night march we had made. It was not to be the last.

By morning we were completely worn out. Or so we thought. We were to change our minds about this a few hours later when fighting began. We rested at the spring at the foot of the mountains for a little while then continued on toward the southeast. During the night we had crossed the San Simon Valley, a wide rolling plain, and by noon had reached the tip of Stein's Peak a few miles northwest of the little railroad station of Stein on the Southern Pacific. The whole band moved half way up the mountainside while a dozen warriors were sent southeast on a scouting expedition.

At this time a party of U.S. Indian Scouts moving ahead of some troops were looking for our band. Instead of finding us our reconnoitering party located them and at once attacked, killing one of the scouts. The latter though badly outnumbered put up a good fight. They set fire to the grass to tell their main body that they had met the hostile Indians.

Those of us who were watching the skirmishing from high up on the mountainside were getting restless. The real old men were hiding behind the rocks but some of us more adventurous young fellows climbed up where we could see. There was a clear view far to the north, east, and south. After about an hour we saw two troops of cavalry [there were six troops in all] approaching from the vicinity of the railroad station. This was the first chance most of us had ever had to see a real battle and we were trembling with excitement.

When the soldiers had reached a point about a mile from our hiding place our warriors stripped off their shirts and prepared for action. I heard the leaders calling all able-bodied men to assemble for battle. Of course the way Indians fought, this was all voluntary. The chiefs were not able to order any man to fight, as the officers could the soldiers. But the Indians would go into battle to keep from being shamed and to protect their families. I was still considered to be too young to fight, was without experience, and was not given a weapon. A few weeks later I was to be given more responsibility as an apprentice or helper to Geronimo.

Soon we saw our warriors moving down toward a deep U-shaped ravine. The soldiers were approaching up the canyon while our men were on the rim. The fighting began. Three of our men who were wounded were carried back up the mountainside. Maybe some were killed but I didn't see any. The firing grew very heavy, almost continuous. The soldiers fired ferocious volleys. Those of us who were watching were shivering with excitement as our men slowly withdrew under this fire. Finally toward sunset our whole band moved to the southwest side of the mountain and the firing died out. I don't think we ever found out how much damage we did to the troops.

As the wide valley to the west of us turned purple then black the Indians began getting their horses ready for another long night march. The chiefs told us to move very quietly down the mountainside, as they believed that the enemy might still be near. But we were undisturbed by anyone.

A person who has not traveled through these rough mountains at night cannot appreciate how dangerous and unpleasant such a flight can be. In addition to thorns, cactus, yucca, and other spear-like plants to scratch you, you must avoid knife-like rocks that you can't see,

holes and crevices in the ground, and cliffs of all kinds. It's a wonder we made it safely but we did. When we came down on the plain we headed toward the Southern Pacific Railroad, intending to get into the Chiricahua Mountains south of old Fort Bowie. In the darkness some Indians who got confused strayed away from the band. But by morning most of us had assembled at the designated rendezvous point and during the morning others rejoined us. By now no one dared to try for an escape or to make his way back to the San Carlos Reservation. It was too far and we were now too closely involved with the hostiles in the fight with the troops.

The Apaches when moving about like this always designate an assembly point for the end of a day's or night's journey. Such places are easily distinguishable landmarks that can be pointed out well ahead, or previously-used stopping places, such as springs, which are known to the tribe. If possible the assembly point is on high ground where we can get food, observation and avoid surprise. So it was this time. We stopped on the side of a mountain southeast of Fort Bowie. Here we rested and slept during the day, getting in shape for another night trip. By thus moving mostly at night we escaped being seen and kept ahead of the troops, who usually marched only in the daytime. While we were on this peak some of the warriors did sentinel duty, observing especially toward Fort Bowie. We half expected to see troops come out toward us but none did. Maybe they stayed in the post to protect their own women and children or were looking for us somewhere else.

That night we headed southeast through the foothills of the Chiricahua Mountains, crossing and recrossing arroyos and hills. We stayed out of the main mountain range, whose peaks exceed 9,000 feet in elevation, but we had to go through several rough canyons. It was a terrible journey. During the following day we again rested in a hiding place while some of the warriors again did sentry duty. By now we reached the frontier of Old Mexico having marched at least 70 miles in the two nights since the fight on Stein's Peak. We were somewhere east of the present site of Douglas, Arizona, headed for mountains which stood in the wide plain south of the border. So far we hadn't seen a single enemy but rode along peacefully, some of us very tired and sore from the unaccustomed long rides. After we had crossed into Mexico we began to feel safe from attack by U.S. troops, not knowing that the troop commander, hot on our trail, intended to cross the border with or without permission of higher authorities.⁸⁰

The 4th Cavalry squadron made for the Gila River where he thought the hostiles were heading. After a two-hour rest, they reached the main road to Richmond at 1:30 a.m. Here they made a dry camp and received intelligence from a civilian that the Indians had left the Gila River and were heading to Mexico. In the morning they were reinforced by Captain Gordon's troop of the 6th Cavalry and Lieutenant Gatewood's Indian scouts. They sent their wounded into Lordsburg and reversed direction, now heading for Mexico, and camping at Stein's Pass station at 9:30 p.m. on the 24th of April.

Forsyth also had a telegram sent from Lordsburg arranging for water and supplies to be positioned for them at Separ station. The water was waiting for them there. Forsyth remembered the scene.

...Our horses had travelled seventy-eight miles, sixteen at a gallop, in most intensely hot weather, and had been forty hours without water, save about a pint each at Horse Shoe Canon. We managed to procure several barrels in which to water them, and it was piteous to hear them neigh and see them plunge as they heard the water rush into the barrels from the

faucets, and they were held back until their turn came to be watered.

Despite the efforts of two men to restrain each horse, it was not an infrequent thing for them to plunge their heads in the water barrel quite up to their ears in their eagerness to slake their intolerable thirst. It was half-past one in the morning before the last animal had been watered, and then the command turned in for a much needed rest.⁸¹

On the morning of the 25th, the command resumed the pursuit, following a trail across the San Simon valley into the Chiricahua range, and camping at 10:00 p.m. at Turkey Creek near Galeyville where the hostiles had been reported to be in the vicinity. In camp they were joined 30 minutes later by Captain Chaffee's troop of the 6th Cavalry and Lieut West's Indian scouts. Captain Chaffee's command, being under the orders of the Department of Arizona, would strike out on their own in the morning while Forsyth, under the command of the District of New Mexico, would strike south on a rough march of some 40 miles, going into a dry camp at 9:30. But they would be beaten to the quarry by quick reaction forces out of the Department of Arizona.

The alarm was raised in Arizona on the 22d and at midnight Captain Tullius C. Tupper with his Troop G, 6th Cavalry, two officers and 32 men, and Lieutenant Stephen C. Mills, 12th Infantry, commanding Company D of Indian Scouts, set out from Fort Huachuca to intercept the renegades. At the same time, Captain William A. Rafferty was decamping from Fort Bowie with his Company M, 6th Cavalry, Company B of Indian Scouts commanded by Lieutenant F. J. A. Darr, 12th Infantry, and a pack train. Civilian scouts Al Sieber, Pat Kehoe, and Rohner, and two surgeons rounded out the force. The two forces converged in the vicinity of Galeyville where they learned from citizens that the Apaches had been in the area. Tupper, by virtue of his brevet rank of major earned during the Civil War, took command of the provisional squadron.

According to Tom Horn, another of the civilian scouts and never a reliable source, Tupper was anxious to "get a lick at the Indians," so much so that he was willing to risk his commission by illegally crossing into Mexico. He was particularly interested in capturing a pony for his daughter.⁸² Tupper crossed the border after them and brought them into action about twenty miles into Mexico on 28 April, in the Las Animas mountains. But the battle was indecisive; Tupper had to withdraw before running out of ammunition. The number of Apaches killed could have been between six and fourteen.

Tupper reported his version of the battle from Fort Huachuca on 8 May 1882, to Major Perry, 6th Cavalry, at Willcox:

I have the honor to report that in compliance with your telegram of Apr. 21" received by me about 8 P.M. 22" I marched that night with my Troop "G" 6' Cav, consisting of two officers and 32 men, and Co "D" Indian Scouts—One officer and 20 men with Pack trains. Loaded on cars at Contention soon after sunrise 23" and arrived at San Simon Station of S.P.R.R. that night—unloaded, and went into Camp there about 10 P.M. under orders to patrol R.R. re —copy of orders attached.

We were pulled down to Benson by regular passenger train, and arrived in time for the passenger train on S.P. road, but they refused to take us, and my men and Indians were obliged to loaf around in that whiskey hole until about noon 23". The accommodations provided for my men on the S.P. road were not fit for a decent pack of dogs. About sundown, 24" a citizen named Babcock arrived at San Simon from Galeyville, and reported a large number of hostile Indians in Chiricahua Mts. I forwarded the dispatch he brought with my statement to you that I would march at once. Directed by you, by wire, to push on, and

assistance promised from Bowie and Willcox. Arrived at Galeyville about 3 A.M. 25" and found that the Indians had crossed the San Simon Valley, as we had expected, and had started four or five hours before we left San Simon. 28 miles distant. I did not, under the circumstances, feel authorized to march in a different direction from that in which the hostiles were reported or might have started from the San Simon direct toward Guadalupe Canon, as the matter was so discussed before leaving San Simon. Capt Rafferty with his troop and [Darr's] Scouts from Bowie joined us soon after sunrise in vicinity of Galeyville, having left packs and rations to follow next day—strength about the same as my own.

Moved about seven miles to Cave Ck. and remained there until about sundown. Spent the day in grazing and resting our stock, defining trails and trying to ascertain what the enemy was about. Marched rapidly across the Valley after sundown but had to halt soon after midnight, and after the moonrise. The hostiles had scattered somewhat, entered various canons and gorges, and we could not possibly make out what their intentions were before daylight. In fact we found ourselves among rocks and gulches, and unable to move intelligently at all. Unsaddled and grazed where we were until daylight. Resumed trail as soon as practicable on 26" Marched probably about 20 miles and camped about 3 P.M. The Bowie pack train, upon which we would all soon be dependent for rations, was left at Cave Ck to follow at daybreak 26". It joined us before sundown that night. Marched 27" passing Cloverdale a short distance to our right across Animas Valley, over Animas Mts and camped about sundown near mouth of canon on eastside of Mts, about 25 miles S.E. of Cloverdale.

We were satisfied that the enemy could not be many miles ahead of us, and 16 of our most sagacious Scouts, selected for the purpose, were placed under charge of Guide Al Sieber who reported to me from Bowie, at Galeyville, and I here wish to state that this man's services were invaluable to us throughout the trip.

Sieber left camp soon after sundown—balance of Scouts under Lts. Mills and [Darr] 12" Inf. perhaps a half hour in his rear. Left Pack trains—animals on herd and fires burning—with orders to guard to keep them up as long as they naturally would be kept burning if we were all there. And led the Cav. out of that canon about 8 P.M. with as little noise as possible, no smoking or loud talk. My orders were to locate the hostile camp, and learn as much of their position as possible, if they were in camp to do nothing in any manner to alarm them—to dog them until daybreak if they were on the move, and for everything to be stopped at once as soon as their locality, or any signs of it could be discovered. All of which was fully understood between Sieber and myself, and by all my officers. After going about 8 or 9 miles, Sieber discovered the light of their fires on the opposite side of what proved a long natural fortification. Two or three hours were consumed in learning positively that the hostiles were there. This fact having been ascertained by three volunteers led by the (unintelligible) of Mills' Scouts, who reported hostiles making medicine, Mills and [Darr] were directed to effect a encirclement with their Scouts, on the mountainside. (Unintelligible) before daybreak, if possible, while Sieber guided me with the Cav. by a circuitous route, leading horses slowly about seven miles around and below the hostiles' position. Approaching it from the Valley, and general direction in which they had been travelling. The Scouts were to open the ball as soon after dawn as they could see well, and were all ready, when the Cav. was to come up on the jump. Which was all done, and in my opinion as well done as possible. The surprise was complete. Pack trains were to follow at daybreak, which was done. The hostile position had been well chosen, evidently with the intention of making a fight—their flankers advance and

rear probably all in.

From the side of attack by Cav. their position could not have been carried by assault by any force without probably greater loss than I had men and Indians in my command. Rafferty's troop was in the lead, ...and moved for nearly a mile at a charge, with men deploying, up to, through their herd and over ground which we soon learned was swept by fire of enemy from opposite directions. A volley was delivered into his troop at Point blank range—so near that I plainly saw the hostile countenance as they recovered arms and dropped out of sight behind the rocks. I had turned at the moment to ride across to the left where Toney had deployed my troop to see what he was firing at, I soon found out that he had all he could attend to. The volley fired at Rafferty's Troop, instead of emptying half his saddles, as I expected to see, was aimed too high and did little or no execution. I found that Toney had displayed excellent judgement, but had met with a similar experience with Rafferty. Both troops were quickly but steadily withdrawn and held on open ground, dismounted at ranges varying from four to eight hundred yards for the next six hours which was spent in holding hostiles where they were, and vain efforts to dislodge them.

Their fire was habitually over our heads. They fired for hours, at intervals, from points which I supposed occupied by our Scouts, who were virtually among the same rocks with them, while a detached spur with mostly open ground for with four or five hundred yards about it which had been burned off some weeks before and from which I saw fully 125 Indians move out, as we drew off about noon. Effectually held my little force of about 50 Cavalrymen at bay. As we rode in upon the hostile camp I supposed that we had the whole concern, and for a few minutes paid little attention to their herd, which was mostly grazing within easy rifle range, but when a few men were detached by my order from Rafferty's Troop (and Toney did the same) to round up their stock, we soon found that the trouble had just begun. Toney sent a courier from the left back to pack train for ammunition and it arrived—mules and packers on the jump—just in the nick of time.

After receiving a note from —, and having an interview with Mills learned how much ammunition was left and definitely the position of hostiles, there seemed nothing more to be done but to let go, if we could. Sent Sieber to see what Scouts could do, if anything. Mills expressed confidence in ability of Scouts to get out, and I decided to withdraw and go home, about which I think there was perfect unanimity among officers, soldiers and Scouts.

While Scouts were getting out, the Cav. was watered, Troop at a time—one replacing the other on skirmish line—at holes to the south, direction that hostiles wanted to go. Pack train and captured stock moved around slowly, to the North and West. The Scouts, by a detour, moved to the packs in our rear. After moving off, probably half a mile, the hostiles swarmed out of the rocks, some of them catching up what stock was left, others moving up gulches into Hatchet Mts. When it was discovered that two boxes of ammunition had been left on our previous skirmish line, by one of the packers who preferred target practice to packing. Toney immediately deployed my Troop, returned as prettily as on drill to less than six hundred yards of Indian stronghold, some of hostiles in mean time running back to it—had the ammunition picked up, packed on a mule and brought off without a shot being fired. I was then satisfied that the hostiles had no further immediate use for us and were glad enough to cry quit.

I knew nothing of any help within a hundred miles—knew I was some distance in Mexico—had reported fact of courier being sent to stop pursuit across line last fall, staring us

in the face. Discussed advisability of killing what stock we had not captured but concluded 'twas best no to expend more ammunition just then.

Upon return next day, the evidences were that the enemy had left in a hurry, abandoned a lot of plunder and even some ammunition—Exploded shells prepared for Winchester, Springfield and Sharps fifties were found—considerable blood and a few dead Indians. There were 74 head of stock driven away by us, 15 belonging to enemy killed on ground and 15 or 20 killed and abandoned by them during our pursuit from Chiricahua to Hatchet Mts. Two of the captured horses were claimed by Capt. Gordon as having been lost by "D" Troop at Cibecu last Aug. One of the dead Indians had on moccasins and clothing, recognized as having belonged to Chief of Police, recently killed at San Carlos, and was recognized as a Chiricahua deserter from our Scouts last fall. My officers know of 12 bucks and several squaws killed by us, in our engagement of 28" April in Hatchet Mts. The bodies of five bucks and three squaws killed by us were found in going on with Col. Forsyth and returning after being dismissed by him.

While I do not attach superlative importance to a few Indians more or less killed, we killed all and more than claimed in my dispatch of that evening. Col. Forsyth saw that dispatch, but I notice in a published dispatch of his, repeated by Col. McKenzie that we are credited with seven Indians, and if I understand it, the report is based on statement of Mexican captives—Squaws.

My dispatch was based on my personal observation, knowledge of the circumstances, and reports of my officers engaged who saw more than seven Indians fall and lie there for hours in plain view. As a matter of fact more than seven dead bodies of Indians, killed by us, were found on 29" and 30" April. We know that a number of those killed by Mexicans had fresh wounds bandaged up. I attach no credence to squaw of Indian stories in this respect, but if credence is to be attached to them, I have to say that my Indians claim fifty killed and wounded and of the two, I prefer their statement to that of Mexican captive squaws.

Returned to our camp of previous evening about eleven (11) miles from scene of fight, arriving about 3 P.M. Col. Forsyth arrived there on our trail about sundown and directed me to proceed with his command on the following day, which I did.

Up to the time of his arrival I knew nothing of any forces following me, and had good reason to presume that there were none, as our packs, leaving Cave Ck Chiricahua Mts. morning of 26" had overtaken us that night, having nothing to do but to march.

With 100 additional men at 9 A.M. 28" I believe the hostiles could have been held cut off from water for an indefinite time, and a surrender of the whole gang forced in about 24 hours. As it was, I think the pursuit of the Arizona Troops, under my command caused the hostiles to be totally routed and a large portion annihilated by the Mexican Troops in open country next morning 29" ult. about 25 miles from the scene of my engagement of 28" and while attempting to escape to Mts. on opposite side of valley. The officers of my command engaged on 28" April all of whom are deserving of mention were as follows: Capt. W. A. Rafferty 6" Cav. Comdg Troop "M"—Lt. T. A. Toney 6" Cav. Comdg Troop "G"—2 Lt. S. -. Mills and F. J. A. Darr 12" Infy Comdg Cos. "D" and "B" Indian Scouts—2 Lt. J. Y. F. Blake 6" Cav. on duty with Troop "M" and Acting Assistant Surgeons Carroll and Brun.

Guides—Sieber, Keogh and Rohner and chief packer Neil rendered the best service in their power, as did every officer, soldier, citizen of Scout, so far as my observation extended,

and in my judgement the circumstances were such as to demand it.

There were several instances of conspicuous gallantry on the part of enlisted men of "G" and "M" Troops 6" Cav. which I shall take an early opportunity to make the subject of a separate report.^{83 84}



Maj. Tullius Cicero Tupper, 6th Cavalry. Photo from Arizona Historical Society. Tullius Cicero Tupper was a Civil War veteran from Ohio who rose through the ranks, becoming a sergeant major in 1862 and receiving a commission at that time. His intrepidity earned for him brevet promotions to major. He received a regular commission in 1867 as a captain and a brevet promotion for his charge against an Indian party at the Red River in Texas. In 1880 he was commended for his part in the Victorio campaign. He won another commendation and brevet in April 1882 for his actions in a fight in the Hatchet Mountains, New Mexico. He retired as a major, but not after leading a battalion of the 6th Cavalry to the rescue of a beleaguered company that was under attack by Sioux on White River, South Dakota.



Al Sieber, Chief of San Carlos Apache Scouts.



Charles Bare Gatewood was an 1877 graduate of West Point and joined the 6th Cavalry at Camp Apache in 1878. He commanded Company A, Indian Scouts, and spent most of his time in the field, playing a leading role in convincing Geronimo to surrender in 1886. After serving as an aide to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, he participated in the Sioux campaign. He was seriously injured in 1892 by a dynamite explosion while attempting to blow up a burning barracks. He died four years later of cancer in Fort Monroe, Virginia, still a first lieutenant.

On the 26th Lieutenant Hall and his Indian scouts caught up with Forsyth and reported they had found a hot trail ten miles away seemingly heading for Guadalupe Pass. By this time Forsyth had learned that Captain Tupper with two troops of the Sixth Cavalry, the other one commanded by Capt. William A. Rafferty, also part of the Department of Arizona, was moving toward the Mexican border and Guadalupe Pass on the trail of the Indians. Forsyth followed, heading down the Animas Valley. They were near Cloverdale when they learned from citizens that Tupper was a day ahead of them. Guided by the civilians over “one of the worst trails that I have ever seen,” they saved a 10-mile march and caught up with Tupper in the mouth of a canyon on the Mexican side of the line.

When Forsyth caught up with Tupper, he reported that the Indians were not aware of the Sixth Cavalry pursuit and that they had located them and had a fight in a swamp nearby the day

before, the 28th. Forsyth said Tupper's scouts located the enemy, "cautiously moved out and attacked them, hoping to surprise them, and did succeed in capturing part of their herd and killing some of them; but they managed to fall back and get into a mass of great rocky crags near the swamp, and his force was inadequate successfully to dislodge them."⁸⁵ Running out of ammunition, Tupper cut off the engagement and fell back with the herd and his wounded.

Forsyth had a difficult decision to make. He said:

... We were now in Mexico, miles across the line, and I knew it, and, worse than all, I had strict orders in my possession on no account to enter Mexican territory, as at that particular time relations were somewhat strained diplomatically in that direction, a certain agreement, running six months, I think, permitting the troops of either country to follow the raiding Apaches on either side of the line, having expired, and the Mexican sentiment was against a renewal of it.

After thinking the matter over, I decided to follow the Indians. They had murdered and plundered our citizens, believing we dare not follow them into Mexico, and that once they were there they were safe. Captain Tupper had taught them otherwise, and I had determined from the start to follow them as far as I could, no matter where they went, as our people were entitled to government protection, and an imaginary line ought not to bar the pursuit of raiding savages. Furthermore, we were in a wild country, and might possibly find this band, and, with the force I could now control, defeat and completely scatter it, and get back to our own side of the line without the knowledge of the Mexican government. Accordingly, at daylight the entire command, including Captain Tupper's forces, moved out and down the valley to the scene of his fight on the previous day. The Indians had left their position in the rocks and started southward. We took up the trail and followed doggedly on. About ten miles from where Captain Tupper's fight took place we found a poor old wounded squaw on the trail. She was very much frightened, expecting to be killed. She told us that Captain Tupper's command had killed six braves the preceding day, and they had lost thirteen killed at Horse Shoe Canon, besides many wounded in both actions. Giving her some water and bread, we left her on the trail. ... At daylight the next morning I heard the sound of reveille by Mexican bugles, and my command had not moved out over a mile when Lieutenant Hall, who had the advance, reported a Mexican camp a few miles beyond.

After marching about two miles I was met by Colonel Lorenzo Garcia, of the Sixth Mexican Infantry, who with his adjutant came across a small ravine to meet our forces. He most courteously desired to know if I was aware that my command was upon Mexican soil. If so, what authority, if any, I had for crossing the line, as I must know that his government had issued stringent orders against any armed forces being allowed to enter Mexico from the United States. Quite as courteously, but nevertheless decidedly, I told him that my orders looked to the capture or extermination of a band of hostile Indians, part of whom had come from Mexico, and who had murdered citizens of the United States in the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, burned their homes and stolen their cattle, and whom I had pursued red-handed from our side of the border to the present spot; that parts of my command had fought these Indians twice and followed them over two mountain ranges, and we were still in pursuit of them; that the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico were terribly exasperated over these outrages, and righteously so; that these same Indians had for the two preceding years raided the said Territories and committed many murders and other atrocities, and finally taken refuge in Mexico; that my sole object was their pursuit and punishment, and that he might rest

*assured that no citizens of the republic of Mexico would be molested, harmed or injured in person or property by my command, but I felt it incumbent upon me to pursue and, if possible, destroy this band of murderers; the inhabitants of the border expected it of the troops, and we were anxious to fulfil their reasonable expectations. Colonel Garcia replies in substance as follows: "While I am willing to acknowledge the justice of your pursuit of these Indians, nevertheless my government is strong enough to punish these people."*⁸⁶

The Mexican commander told Forsyth that his men had ambushed the Apaches who were fleeing from the Americans, and had their women and children in the lead with the warriors deployed as a rear guard to watch for the Americans. The Mexicans had suffered 22 killed and 16 wounded, but had killed 78 Apaches, mostly women and children, and captured 33 women and children. Forsyth asked permission to visit the battle sight and did so in the company of Colonel Garcia. The American commander then ordered his forces to leave Mexico over the routes they had entered.



Al Sieber, seated, with Indian Scouts in 1883.

Civilian scout Al Sieber, who had been with Rafferty and Tupper, was critical of Forsyth's

handling of the pursuit.

Col. Forsythe [sic] had attacked the band [at Stein's Peak] in a place where he could have held them as long as he might wish. If he could not handle the band to any purpose, why did he not send for more troops, as plenty of them were near and he could have had as many as he wanted inside of twelve hours. If the hostiles had withdrawn they could have gone nowhere but into a valley, and in that case what better could he wish.

Cpts. Tupper and Rafferty performed their duty well as United States officers, and infinitely better than could have possibly been expected and at a time when they did not know there were any troops nearer than 125 miles. Col. Forsythe's own guides say that they saw the dust of Tupper's command at different times for two days, and yet failed to overtake it. Be it remembered also that Col. Forsythe made a dry camp on the 26th only five miles in Tupper's rear, and on the 27th left Tupper's trail, went twelve miles to Miners creek, watered his stock, went back twelve miles, took the trail and then after following it a short distance, went into camp again. Col. Forsythe, it is said, got lost when he was only five miles in Tupper's rear. If a man cannot follow a fresh trail, well beaten by a large body of Indians, a command of cavalry and four pack trains, would it not be better for him to stay at home?

The band of Warm Spring Indians will be heard of no more since the old bucks and nearly all of the squaws have been killed. The young bucks will unite with Juh and form one of the strongest bands of Indians that has existed for years in this part of the Territory. The time will come when we will have to fight again. Many a poor man will fall at their hands before their final destruction. No small command of troops will ever be able to do anything with them and nothing but a small command will ever be able to catch them. If Col Forsythe had shown the same energy as Cpts. Tupper and Rafferty he could have overtaken us before the fight, and the entire band of Indians would have been good, in other words dead, Indians. Major D. Perry so distributed his troops in small commands that it was actually impossible for the Indians to escape without striking one of them. His commands were necessarily small because he had but few troops, but, by placing them within supporting distance of each other, he saw that he could annihilate the entire band. But Col. Forsythe's Cavalry, on reaching Arizona, took possession of every command, or tried to, that Major Perry had started in pursuit of the band. He thus upset every arrangement that Maj. Perry had made. He is the sole cause of two commands of the 6th Cavalry...not overtaking us in time for the fight, and thus, instead of destroying the whole band, we were only able to cripple them. If Tupper had not fought them on the 28th, the Mexicans would never have seen them.

No one can truthfully deny anything I have said, because I have not deviated in the least from actual facts.⁸⁷

There was some grumbling in other 6th Cavalry accounts about Forsyth showing up and appropriating credit for Tupper's fight, probably the inevitable result of inter-regimental rivalries. Forsyth did get Tupper off the hook for crossing into Mexico against orders by assuming command of and responsibility for the entire force now in Mexico. As for Forsyth's disobedience of orders not to enter the Mexican republic, he wrote in later years:

This article is, as a matter of fact, the first public report of my movements across the Mexican line, my district commander, the late General Mackenzie, returning my official report to me, saying in substance that owing to the peculiar state of feeling existing just at that time in Mexico, it was not unlikely I might find myself in trouble for my action. However, if the Mexicans did not make a direct complaint to the State Department, he should not take action,

*as the result justified the end; but the less said the better.*⁸⁸

Betzinez presented the Apache side of the fight in Mexico.

We were camped about twenty-five miles northwest of Janos near a little round, rocky butte that stood by itself west of some hills. Just west of our camp was a marshy place which Mexicans call a cienaga, where cattails grew, and where we could water our animals. To the west and south stretched a dry, treeless plain for as far as the eye could see.

For two days and nights we gave ourselves up to merriment and dancing. Our leaders had taken their usual precaution of selecting and announcing rendezvous points farther south in the mountains west of Casas Grandes, where we would assemble in case we were attacked and had to scatter. There was also chosen an alternate assembly point in case the first one proved to be unsafe or couldn't be reached.

Our two days of rest and relaxation gave the cavalry a chance to catch up with us. On the third morning I was out at daylight looking for our mule, which had been turned loose to graze and was with the other animals a mile or so from camp. All at once I heard a gun fired from the foothills east of the camp. I opened my eyes wide in sudden excitement, for there in plain sight south of the horse herd was a troop of cavalry galloping my way. I guess they didn't notice me among the animals or they would have gotten me easily. I ran just as fast as my legs would carry me toward camp. Arriving at the foot of the butte I looked back to see the soldiers driving away our horses.

All our people took cover in the broken ground at the butte, in some cases several trying to squeeze into the same crevice in the rocks. Our warriors were on the butte firing back at the troops while the rest of us were between the two firing lines. The soldiers were about a half mile away, so our men didn't waste too much ammunition trying to hit them at that range. This intermittent skirmishing lasted all morning, the soldiers apparently having little urge to make a real attack.

About noon we heard our leaders calling to the men to get ready to attack the soldiers, who now were in the plain southwest of the butte, near the marsh. The warriors stripped off their shirts ready for action. Then under shouted directions from the leaders the Apaches began sneaking down through the rocks toward the soldiers. In a few moments the firing began again. After this had gone on for awhile our men began withdrawing up the butte. The soldiers kept firing into the rocks in spite of the fact that no Indians were in sight. Therefore no damage was done, as far as I could see, except that Old Man Loco was wounded slightly in the leg while leaning against a rock right beside me.

Several hours passed, with occasional shots being fired from both sides. About noon an old Apache woman climbed up to the highest point of the butte where she stood in plain sight calling out to her son, Toclanny, who was an Indian scout. She thought mistakenly that he was with these particular troops. In vain she called to him, telling him that we had been run off against our will by the hostiles from Mexico. But her son wasn't there; and she was shot and killed.

Early in the afternoon four young warriors slipped through to the southeast and circled around behind the Indian scouts. They attacked the scouts from the rear, driving them out into the plain where they joined the troops. The four warriors ducked behind some rocks and kept on firing. This diversion gave those of us who were between the lines a chance to escape. So while the soldiers and scouts were occupied with this party in their rear, we who were watching from the rocks on the butte ran for the foothills to the east leaving all our belongings

behind. This was the worst thing that had happened to us since we left the agency at San Carlos. While it is true we hadn't been able to take much with us when we were forced to leave the agency, we did have a few blankets and utensils. Now we had nothing except our bare hands and the clothes on our backs.

While we were running toward the hills several women and children were hit. This added to our difficulties, for we had no way to help them to safety and no medicines of any kind to treat the wounded.

We were safe in the hills, the soldiers not pursuing us into that rough country. At dusk we assembled prior to resuming our flight south. Before we started we had a good drink of water at a spring and distributed what little food some of us had been able to grab up when we fled from the butte. We were now on foot again, the soldiers having captured all our horses and mules. No doubt they were rejoicing over this and laughing at us in our sorry condition. In counting up our losses we found that three women had been killed and four wounded but the warriors had suffered no injuries or losses. One wounded woman who had been shot in the ankle was carried for a ways on a stretcher made of reeds, then on a recaptured horse. The animal bucked her off, so she asked her relatives to leave her there. They finally had to abandon her. I understand that she was later picked up by the troops, who gave her medical attention.

About night, just as we were starting off, some of the warriors came in with a few horses which they had been able to recapture. We were very proud of these brave young men, who were some of the best fighters in the Apache tribe.

During the night we crossed a wide valley and continued on toward the north end of the Sierra Madre Mountain range. While we were still far from the foothills we had to stop to rest because many of our band were completely worn out. We rested and slept for an hour or so, then early in the morning continued the march. We were now traveling very slowly on account of being mostly on foot and nearly exhausted. Those who were mounted did not stop but went right on to the foothills. Early in the morning they saw some Mexican soldiers, but were afraid to go back and let us know. Some of the men who took part in this disgraceful abandonment of their mission as a security detachment were subchiefs Chato and Naiche and one of Nanay's warriors, a man named Kaahtenny...⁸⁹

The rest of us in the main party were unaware that we were between two hostile groups, the U.S. troops who were following us, and the Mexican troops who were ahead, preparing to ambush us.⁹⁰

The entire campaign, from the 6th Cavalry's point of view was summed up by Lieutenant Mills when he wrote: "Our command took them out of Arizona across New Mexico, into Old Mexico, surprised them where they thought themselves safe, captured and killed most of their stock, demoralized them so they ran into the hands of the Mexicans in open country and they finished the job. It's the best piece of Indian work that has been undertaken in the southwest for many years and I think we have a right to feel proud of it."⁹¹

Roll Call: Colonel Wilber E. Wilder and the Fight at Horseshoe Canyon

As colonel, 5th U.S. Cavalry, Wilber E. Wilder was post commander of Fort Huachuca

from January to December 1913. He was one of only three Medal of Honor winners ever to command Fort Huachuca. Wilder's Medal of Honor citation credits him for gallantry at Horseshoe Canyon, New Mexico, on April 23, 1882, when he assisted, under heavy fire, in rescuing a wounded comrade. A fuller account is presented in *Deeds of Valor* [Beyer and Keydel, eds.]:

On April 23, 1882, a detachment consisting of six men and six Indian scouts, commanded by Lieutenant McDonald, 4th U.S. Cavalry, was attacked by a large band of Chiricahua Apaches, about 20 miles south of Stein's Pass, near the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico. The men put up a brave fight, holding off the Indians with rare skill and courage. By dint of rapid firing and skillful maneuvering the men held them in check and their trusty carbines made several of them measure their lengths upon the ground. One by one the brave men of this little squad fell wounded. Escape was impossible. Annihilation was in sight unless reinforcements were brought up. As a last resort one of the scouts slipped away from the detachment and succeeded in making his escape from the desperate situation, and notified Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Forsyth of the plight his comrades were in. Colonel Forsyth immediately set out at a gallop with Troops C, F, G, H and M, of the 4th Cavalry, to the relief of the rest of Lieutenant McDonald's little party.

The 16 miles which the troops had to travel to reach McDonald's command were covered in an incredibly short time, and when they arrived at the scene of the action, they found McDonald's men still defending themselves against the onslaughts of the Indians, but on the approach of the column the redskins fled. Pursuit was at once taken up and the hostiles were overtaken in a strongly entrenched position in Horseshoe Canyon, New Mexico [on the Arizona line]. The command dismounted and promptly attacked them among the rocky ridges, varying from 400 to 1,600 feet high. While climbing one of these narrow gorges in the mountains two soldiers, one of whom was Private Edward Leonard, asked permission to secure an Indian pony just discovered some distance up the mountain by the side of a high boulder. The men were told that it was probably an ambush, but not heeding the advice they started. They had not gone far, however, when to their surprise a volley was fired from the top of the boulder, and then only did they realize that the officers' surmise of an ambush was correct, and they hurried back over the jagged rocks. Leonard slipped and fell partly behind a rock, and was immediately shot through both his exposed legs. The other man rejoined the command. First Lieutenant Wilber E. Wilder, of the 4th U.S. Cavalry, seeing Leonard's plight, at once advanced along the gorge to his assistance. The entire distance he was subjected to a severe fire from the Indian sharpshooters, but luckily he arrived at Leonard's side in safety, and then, with the ultimate assistance of Leonard's comrade, who had followed Wilder, he carried the wounded man down over the rocks amid generous volleys from the hidden Apaches. For his intrepidity in rescuing Leonard, Lieutenant Wilder was awarded the Medal of Honor.

The Indians were driven from rock to rock among the mountains, until they dispersed in every direction and further immediate pursuit was impracticable. They left behind them in this engagement 13 Indians killed and several wounded. A number of their animals were also

*captured.*⁹²



Wilbur Elliott Wilder was in the West Point class of 1877 and joined the 4th Cavalry in Arizona shortly after graduation. He earned a Medal of Honor as a first lieutenant on 23 April 1882 at Horseshoe Canyon, New Mexico, for helping to rescue a wounded soldier under heavy fire. He would eventually command the 5th Cavalry as a colonel in 1911 and was second in command to Pershing during the 1916 Punitive Expedition. He served in World War I as a brigadier general and retired in 1920. He died in 1952 on Governors Island, NY, at the age of 95.

Voices from the Canyon: Lieutenant Mills Writes His Mother

In April 1880 Stephen C. Mills and his Company D of Indian Scouts were assigned to Camp Huachuca. Mills was a young Second Lieutenant of the 12th Infantry but he had already seen some action in the Southwest. He would be brevetted a First Lieutenant for his gallant service against Victorio's Warm Springs Apaches in the San Andreas Mountains of New Mexico

on April 7, 1880, and in the Las Animas Mountains of New Mexico on April 28, 1882. On January 13, 1881 he wrote a letter to his mother and described a well-ordered camp.

I have just been signing up my papers for the quarter ending Dec. 31st and I wish you could see the pile of them. My clerk, he's a soldier who does nothing but my paperwork, has been busy ever since we came in here. I have my camp in good shape now and wish you could see it. I'm rather proud of its order and neatness. It lies on a gentle north slope, the men's tents eight of them make the south end, the Indian's tents, ten the east side, packers' tents and work tent the north end, the west side is open, every thing is policed every morning and things must be in their proper place. Beyond the packers' tents is my corral, where my 52 mules and fourteen horses spend the night. During the day while they are on herd, the corral is cleaned out and swept.

I have two kitchens, each being two wall tents with small range inside, one for my men and one for the packers. The Indians have three messes and cook over open fires in rear of their tents. There are a dozen or more trees within my limits and woe unto the unhappy wretch who tries to cut them down. The tent on the right of the soldier's line is supposed to be mine and has a small table, my desk and a bunk in it also a small stove, but I never use it save as now for writing letters and transacting business. My clerk lives in it.⁹³

This picture of ordered domesticity gives a skewed picture of Mill's life on this rugged frontier. His letter writing could be interrupted by abrupt orders to intercept raiding Apaches, as happened on the evening of 22 April 1882. He packed up his train and with his Company D of Indian Scouts, took to the field at midnight. He rode all night to reach the railroad at Contention, then turned north to Benson where, after a four-hour wait, hitched a ride on a freight train to San Simon. There he joined up with the command of Major Tupper and he and his scouts would play a major role in the fight with Loco's Apaches in the Las Animas Mountains. A week after his return to Huachuca, he sat down at his small table and addressed an account of his adventure to his mother.

[At San Simon] we unloaded and went into camp with orders to scout both ways along the road and keep a look out for Indians. Next day we lay in camp with small parties out. About sundown that evening a citizen from Galeyville, a small town in the Chiricahuas, came in saying the hostiles were all around Galeyville. He estimated the number at 150 with 500 head of stock. We saddled up at once and in 20 minutes were on the road. At 3 a.m. on the 25th we reached the town 28 miles distant. I rode in first and was met by a dozen armed men, very much alarmed and delighted to see troops. We unsaddled and got breakfast while waiting for daylight to take the trail. The brave frontiersman was pretty wild, and told the most outrageous stories as to the number of the Indians. As soon as it was light enough we took the trail, which showed about 150 head of stock, and moved down the mountains. Seven miles below it turned out into an open valley and we went into camp to wait until dark, crossing the valley in day time would have been equivalent to telling the Indians we were after them. Rafferty's cavalry company and Darr's scouts joined us there. They having got the news in Fort Bowie and like us marched all night. Everybody slept, horses and mules grazed until about sundown when we started on the trail, Darr and I with the scouts ahead of the command, travelled until the moon went down, about 2 a.m., when we were unable to follow the trail any longer. So we bivouaced until daylight, then found water, got breakfast and on the trail again. Kept on until 4 p.m. and then camped for the night. You may imagine every one slept well. Next morning at daylight off again—we were now in New Mexico—and followed trail all day until

5 p.m. when we stopped for supper in a canyon in Old Mexico. Knowing we were close to the hostiles 16 of our best scouts went ahead, Darr and I with the rest about a mile in rear of them, and the cavalry behind us two or three miles. In this order we pulled out at dark for our fourth night march in six days.

About nine o'clock word came back to me that the hostile camp was in sight, leaving our mules, Darr and I took the rest of the scouts up. Found the advance about a mile ahead, they had seen fires near a small hill about two or three miles beyond. My first sergeant and three other scouts volunteered to go and locate the camp, so off they went while the rest of us waited. Maj. Tupper came up pretty soon and in about two hours Loco—my sergeant—came back. It was the hostile camp, a big one, the Indians were making medicine, there were heavy rocky hills just back of the camp where the scouts could get and at day light fire into the camp while the cavalry charged in from the front. A few moments talk with Loco and Maj. Tupper to settle fully the details and we separated, the Major going back to the command to move them and I with the scouts. Darr of my regiment and one white man, his guide, was with me besides the scouts. We marched rapidly and silently for some six miles, making a big detour to get in rear of the camp without other incident than my stirring up a rattlesnake which rattled and then ran. This brought us to the edge of the hills behind the camp. Here everything cautious, coats, Indian clothing, hats in short everything which could make a mark for a shot was left. My big white hat among the first, my first sergeant objecting to my wearing it as it made me conspicuous. You would like that Sergeant, he took me under his especial charge, told me to keep next to him all the while, and in short treated me very much as a small child he was bound to protect. He's a big, powerful, White Mountain [Apache], about 40 years old and a fine typical Indian, has scouted with me on nearly every hard trip I've had down here, and paid me the compliment the other day of saying I knew more of scouting and hostile hunting than any other officer he ever saw.

Well, we crawled into the rocks and worked our way down toward the camp. Talk about hunting, I've crawled to get a shot at a good many kinds of game first and last, but stealing on to a camp of hostiles beats everything else for excitement. We got within eight or nine hundred yards and then stopped to wait for the moon to go down and the Indians to stop making medicine. We waited there pretty nearly two hours, then just as the first light came stole down on the camp. This was the critical work. A loud noise now or a fall meant alarming the camp and then the chances were we would have been cut off and never been able to get out. I sent Darr with his Indians to the right and took my own to the left. His orders were not to fire until I did unless absolutely necessary.

My party got in the rocks above and not one hundred yards from the camps. We could see about one hundred and fifty horses and mules grazing near camp and the Indians in their blankets near the fires. As it grew light some few Indians got up and moved around, one party of five going towards the rocks where Darr lay. As they got up nearly to him he fired and the ball was opened. We sent our bullets into camp as fast as guns could do it and how those Indians did get out of bed. In a moment I saw the cavalry come over a little rise about a mile away and on the dead run they came up to within forty or fifty yards of the hills, poured in their fire, got a blizzard in return from rock all around where we thought there were no hostiles. Finding it too hot to hold where they were, there wasn't a sign of cover the Indians having burned the grass, they drew back taking seventy-four head of Indian stock with them, leaving one man dead on the ground, four horses killed and several wound, two men wounded.

Then it settled down to a steady fight. You wouldn't see a hostile, but show your head and you heard one. We tried to run them out of the rocks but it wouldn't work without our losing more men than would pay. We had sixty white men and forty-three Indians and had jumped a party of about 100 bucks besides squaws and children. Our ammunition was running short, we were a hundred miles from any command so far as we knew and didn't know what was behind us. We concluded to get away from there. So we drew off slowly and quietly. We know of sixteen Indians we killed, twelve bucks, three squaws and one child. We went back eleven miles and into camp. I don't think I was ever before in my life so tired as when I unsaddled in camp that afternoon. We got dinner and then I went to sleep. About sundown Gen. Forsyth with his command came into camp. They had been on our trail three days trying to catch us but we travelled too fast for them. Next morning the united comrades took the trail, made some thirty miles and then camped. Next day we met Col. Garcia of the Mexican army who had struck the Indians on an open flat and in an almost hand-to-hand fight had twenty of his men killed and sixteen wounded, but killed all seventy eight Indians and captured thirty-three. Comparisons and the trail showed that after our fight those Indians who had stock pulled for the Sierra Madre mountains in hot haste, the ones on foot followed as best they could and had just reached water when Garcia struck them. The Warm Springs tribe is practically exterminated. Our command took them out of Arizona across New Mexico, into Old Mexico, surprised them where they thought themselves safe, captured and killed most of their stock, demoralized them so they ran into the hands of the Mexicans in open country and they finished the job. It's the best piece of Indian work that has been undertaken in the southwest for many years and I think we have a right to feel proud of it.

Gen. Forsyth, who after his fight on the 23d, did nothing but follow our trail, seems to be getting all the credit. I see he says we killed seven Indians, I know positively of sixteen. His dispatches as also Sheridan's congratulating him would make it appear that Tupper's command was part of Forsyth's and under his orders. When as a fact we were entirely independent, twenty four hours in advance of him, and did not know he was on our trail at all. For his pursuit of the hostile up to and his fight on the 23d let him have all credit, but after that it was our circus and to Major Tupper alone belongs the praise. Its a great pity I think, they can't get along without stealing somebody else's thunder.⁹⁴



"Writing Home," Frederic Remington.

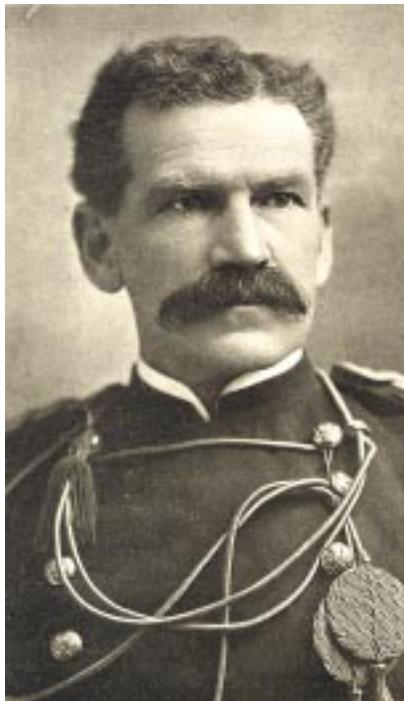


Stephen Crosby Mills graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1877 and came to Arizona to join the 12th Infantry, where he spent most of his time in the field with his Indian Scouts. He was brevetted for gallantry against hostiles in the San Andreas Mountains, New Mexico, in April 1880, and again in the Las Animas Mountains during April 1882. He was in charge of the Chiricahua Apaches during their captivity in Florida, and later, from 1890-91, served as military attache at Copenhagen. He later served as an Inspector General, and as a colonel on the new General Staff in 1907. His first wife was the daughter of Orlando B. Willcox, departmental commander in Arizona.

Apache Campaigns: Big Dry Wash

On 6 July 1882 the San Carlos police chief, J. L. “Cibicu Charley” Colvig, and three of his men were ambushed and killed. The culprits were White Mountain Apaches under the war leader Natiotish who had been on the run since the Cibicu uprising. About 60 strong, they raided into the Tonto Basin, bringing out fourteen troops of cavalry from the posts at Verde, Whipple, McDowell, Thomas and Apache to scour the country.

One of these patrols in strength was that of Capt. Adna M. Chaffee, a troop of the Sixth Cavalry. From the Mogollon Rim, Natiotish watched Chaffee make his way down the “Crook Trail” connecting Forts Apache and Verde. Seven miles north of General Springs, the White Mountain leader set an ambush in a narrow canyon on Chevelon Fork or East Clear Creek. But Chaffee was being guided by Al Sieber, an experienced civilian scout, and Sieber warned the captain of the trap. Unknown to the Indians, Chaffee had been reinforced during the night by two troops of the Third Cavalry and two of the Sixth led by Maj. A. W. Evans. Although senior in rank, Evans let Chaffee direct the fight. While one troop fired across the canyon into the Indians to keep them busy, four others slipped around to hit the Indians on the flanks. It was the one rare instance that the Americans were fighting Apaches in a conventional way and the U.S. Army knew how to fight this way. The Indians were badly handled, losing between 16 and 27 men killed, and many others wounded.



Adna Romanza Chaffee, a former first sergeant, had a distinguished record in the Civil War, was a noted Indian campaigner, and saw active service in the Spanish-American War and took

command of the China Relief Expedition during the Boxer uprising. He was made a lieutenant general in 1904 and became Chief of Staff of the Army, retiring in 1906. He died in Los Angeles in 1914 after helping to establish the Southwest Museum. He commanded Fort Huachuca from October 1883 to June 1884.

Second Lieut. Thomas Cruse was at the fight with Capt. Kramer's⁹⁵ E Troop, Sixth Cavalry, and he would later win a Medal of Honor for his part in the battle. This is his first-hand account.

Our patrol came back, accompanied by Captain Chaffee. Chaffee reported to Colonel [his brevet rank] Evans that he was bivouacked beyond us. He had his Troop I, Sixth Cavalry and McDowell's company of Indian Scouts, commanded by Lieutenant George Morgan. The celebrated Al Sieber, great frontiersman and expert of experts on Apaches, was Chaffee's Chief of Scouts.

"I'm sure that the hostiles are just a little way ahead," Chaffee told the Colonel. "Sieber thinks they expect close pursuit and his idea is that they'll stop at General Springs to fight. That's a steep cliff where the trail climbs out of Tonto Basin onto the Crook Road. Sieber feels that they'll expect to cut up even a superior number of troops, because of their position."

"Well," Colonel Evans said, "you go on tomorrow just as if you were acting alone. Your troop is mounted on white horses and so is Converse's troop of the Third. I'll put Converse at the head of my column. So if the Indians do stop to fight, you'll have two 'white horse troops' to throw against them. The rest of my force can be placed wherever seems best for attack. It may confuse the hostiles, to face two troops where they're expecting one."

Chaffee returned to his camp, and, after a quiet night, at daylight of July 17 we moved cautiously forward. Chaffee climbed the Tonto rim in our sight, without rousing a shot. We followed him to General Springs where the sign was plain of our hostiles' camp. It looked as if the Apaches were pushing straight on toward the Navajo country and we cursed the prospect of a tedious campaign in that rough, waterless region. But within a mile a courier galloped back to us.

Chaffee had found the hostiles camped on the far side of a deep, narrow branch of Canon Diablo, or Big Dry Wash—Chevelon's Fork, as we called it. Evidently, the courier said, the Indians were ready to give Chaffee the fight of his life.

Converse and his white horse troop advanced at the pounding gallop. Word was passed along our column and we went forward rapidly. There were about three miles to cover, and all the way we could hear casual shots, then crashing volleys.

Lieutenant Morgan, with Al Sieber and the Scouts, had discovered the Apaches waiting among the pines of a high mesa across the canon. Chaffee had dismounted his men, and sent a few to the rim. With sight of them the hostiles, holding the trail seven hundred yards away on the far wall of the gigantic gash in the Mogollon Mountains, had opened fire. When Converse arrived he dismounted his troop in plain view, sent the horses back and advanced in line of skirmishers along the canon brink—as if intending to descend the trail to the canon floor, a thousand feet below. Both sides immediately opened a heavy fire.

The Apaches had what seemed a perfect position. For miles on each side of the trail the canon walls were almost perpendicular and every foot of the trail from rim to rim was covered by the Indian rifles. In that parklike pine forest there was no underbrush or shubbery

whatever; except for the trees, no cover could be found for advance.

When our three remaining troops rode up and dismounted, some three hundred yards back of the rim, Chaffee outlined the situation for Colonel Evans and began to suggest certain dispositions of the troops. But the Colonel stopped him.

“Dispose them as you see fit,” he said. “You found the Indians and they belong to you. It’s your fight. I give you full control.”

Chaffee was surprised, and so were the rest of us. I recall no more unselfish action in all my years of service. Not only was Chaffee the junior; he belonged to another regiment. Rivalry between two outfits acting together is generally very hot.

When he had thanked the Colonel, Chaffee took charge instantly and energetically. Kramer and I with E Troop and Lieutenant Frank West, taking Chaffee’s own troop, with part of the Scouts under Al Sieber, were sent to the right of the trail. We were to cross the canon wherever we could within a mile of easterly travel. Once over, we would close in on the main trail ready for attack.

Lieutenant Morgan and the remaining Scouts, Captain Abbot and Lieutenant Hodgson with K Troop of the Sixth, Lieutenants Hardie and “Friday” Johnson and their Third Cavalry troop, duplicated our flanking maneuver on the left.

A small guard from each organization was left with our pack trains and led horses, to protect them if any hostiles sneaked over to this side of the canon. Converse and his troop would continue to pour a heavy fire across the chasm.

It had taken time for all these preliminaries. Three o’clock had come before we began to move out. As my detachment turned right, we heard that Converse had been shot in the head, and I saw him as we passed. I stopped to speak, and he answered that something was wrong with his eyes.

“But it will soon pass,” he told me.

Poor fellow! It never passed. A .44 slug had glanced from a rock and split. One piece penetrated Converse’s eye and so wedged itself in the socket that the most noted surgeons of the world could not remove it. But Converse lived to do valuable duty—in spite of periods of near-unbearable pain—and retire a Colonel.

Bright sunlight was on us until we got into the canon, scrambling down the precipitous wall to the beautiful stream flowing along its floor. Then someone pointed upward and we stared—at stars plain to be seen in midafternoon! It was a pretty spectacle, but we had important business waiting; we pushed on and made the hard climb up the other wall.

Sieber and his Tonto Indians, with Lieutenant West and Chaffee’s Troop I, were on the right of our skirmish line. They reached the hostiles’ pony herd just as a series of volleys sounded to the west—indicating that the other flanking party had crossed and got into action. The herd guards were facing away from us, listening to the shooting. Sieber and West opened up on them, wiped them out, they sent the ponies...to the rear of our force.

Troop I, Sixth United States Cavalry, at one time of the fight was in a threatening position. It had crossed a deep canyon and was crawling up a steep cliff on the northern side, when bands of Indians suddenly appeared on all sides. The men were retreating toward the bottom of the canyon, when First Lieutenant Frank West rallied them and successfully out-flanked the Indians.

During this movement an interesting incident occurred, which Second Lieutenant George H. Morgan, of the Third Cavalry, who volunteered to go with the detachment of Lieutenant

West, tells interestingly as follows:

By crossing the canyon it was a hard, dangerous climb both down and up, and when at the top we found that the mesa ended at the side of the canyon by a ledge of rock, probably six feet high. The top was defended by a small force of renegade Apache skirmishers.

Forming our men below the ledge, they were ordered to jump over and take to the nearest tree. After seeing all the men move forward I followed and dropped down behind my tree, selected before I started. By a natural and excusable mistake six of my men had chosen the same tree. It was not the largest there, but we were all safe, as owing to the disinclination of the men to expose themselves the Indians could not hit us, their bullets hitting the tree about three feet above the ground. The men, however, were uneasy, there being so little tree and so much of a crowd, and without a word all jumped up and ran back, fortunately without loss. As it was safer, and a good place, I crawled up to my vacated tree. A chief just in front of and very close to me—thirty feet—thinking the entire party had gone, sprang out from his cover and commenced a war dance. After stopping his play in short order, I became anxious to know how far back my party had gone, and went back with much haste and little dignity. I was glad to find the men under the ledge cool enough and wondering where I was. We tried the advance again and in better form, and gained the top.⁹⁶

Abbot, with the other flankers, had made a difficult crossing just as we had. But when his men reached the top of the canon, it was to meet a strong party of hostiles bent on the same maneuver as our own—attempt to get behind the enemy. Na-ti-o-tish had made several errors of generalship, as we learned later. He had watched Chaffee and Sieber all afternoon of the preceding day, counted the soldiers and Indians, and felt confident that his seventy-odd renegades could easily wipe them out at Chevelon's Fork. Converse's white horses had been taken for Chaffee's. He still had no idea that our force from Apache was joined to the little force he had counted—and discounted.

The flanking party which ran into Abbot was moving almost carelessly, expecting to scramble easily across the canon and take Chaffee from the rear. Abbot's force poured bullets into them, killing and wounding several, sending the rest in a mad rout back to their main body at the trail.

Their stampede did not stop there; the panic infected those renegades who were shooting at the troopers on the far rim. The whole remnant milled toward the ponies just as we got the herd behind us.

It seemed to us that our capture of the herd had roused the Indians to a rush, bent on retaking the ponies. But actually they had no thought of our presence; they only knew that something was radically wrong and wanted to get away.

West had pushed his line on until all of us formed a quarter-circle from the canon edge across the trail leading to the Navajo country. Abbot, of course, was moving to make a similar quarter-circle from the canon edge to the Navajo Trail. The renegades were now in a trap.

We fired into them and saw some fall and others jump to hunt cover behind the pines. Our line moved to enclose them and push them toward the canon. Shadows were thickening in that forest, and it was not so easy to see. I had the left flank of our E Troop, at the canon rim, some two hundred yards in front of what had been the main camp of the hostiles—

indicated by scattered blankets and cooking utensils. Al Sieber was at my side.

As our line pinched the renegades they fired furiously and with effect. Lieutenant Morgan had left his part of the Scouts, to get actively into the fight. He was noted as a shot, winner of a gold medal in the Department meet of that very month. As our line pressed in from tree to tree Morgan got several shots at the hostiles but was uncertain of his luck. At last he dropped one where everybody could see and yelled triumphantly:

“Got him! I got him!”

But he exposed himself in his excitement, and an Indian in that same “nest” drove a slug through Morgan’s arm, into his side and (apparently) through both lungs. We thought him sure to die, but the slug had only gone around his ribs and lodged in the back muscles.

Sergeant Conn of Troop E, the Sixth, was a wisp of a Boston Irishman, twenty years in the regiment. Before the fight at Cibicu and desertion of our Scouts, Conn had served as Ration Sergeant, issuing the Scouts their rations. So they nicknamed him “Coche Sergeant,” or “Hog Sergeant.” They knew his terrific brogue as well as we did.

In the “nests” they had made hurriedly behind the trees were several of my deserters, and when Conn lifted his voice in orders to E Troop men the renegade Scouts heard. Instantly from the unseen hostiles lifted a mocking yell, and nickname Conn detested:

“Aaaaiiah! Coche Sergeant! Coche Sergeant!”

As always, Conn answered in kind—“and other kind”—until one renegade who could speak English called jeeringly:

“Coward! Hog Sergeant! Come here and I will kill you!”

Conn screamed something in reply, and the Indian fired at the sound of his voice. The big bullet struck Conn in the throat, fairly pushed aside the jugular vein, according to Surgeon Ewing, then grazed the vertebrae and emerged, making a hole the size of a silver dollar. All this in a wizened neck that was loose in size thirteen collar!

Conn dropped in the middle of his exchange with the reengade Scout, and Captain Kramer, standing a yard or so away, remarked to the First Sergeant:

“Well, I’m afraid they got poor Conn.”

Afterward, Conn said that he was conscious when he fell.

“Sure, I heard the Cap’n say I was kilt. But I knew I was not. I was only spa-a-achless!”

Our men and Sieber wiped out that whole bunch of hostiles and we pushed on. Sieber was still beside me, and I saw him kill three of the renegades in quick succession, as they crept toward the edge of the canon to go over and away from the battle.

“There he goes!” he would grunt to me.

With the report of his rifle an Indian I had not seen would suddenly appear, flinging up his arms as if to catch at some support. Then under the momentum of his rush he would plunge forward on his head and roll over and over. One man shot at the very rim plunged over, and it seemed to me that he continued to fall for many minutes. At five-thirty it was growing so dusky that time began to fight for the hostiles. Unless we smashed them before dark they would vanish like quail. About seventy-five yards and a little arroyo six feet deep

separated my men from the Indians in the camp at the trail head.

"I'm going into the camp," I told Sieber.

"No! Don't you do it, Lieutenant! Don't you do it!" he objected, much to my surprise. "There's lots of Indians over there and they'll get you, sure!"

"Why, Al!" I said. "You've killed every one of them!"

Then I instructed my line to load their guns, take some cartridges in their hands, and advance at the run into camp. We charged the little arroyo and topped out on the other side, covered by heavy fire from Sieber and the men with Captain Kramer. We had made those yards without casualty but when we got into the open beyond the arroyo I discovered that Sieber had been right. There were lots of Indians there in camp, and we had plenty of business on our hands!

But with me were Sergeants Horan and Martin and seven or eight other old-timers. They were not worried in the least by a hot fight, and we were going slap-bang when a hostile appeared not two yards away, leveling his gun directly at me. It seemed impossible for him to miss at that point-blank range, so I raised my own gun and stiffened to take the shock of his bullet. But he was nervous and jerked just enough as he pulled trigger to sent the bullet past me. A young Scotchman named McLellan was just to my left and slightly in the rear. The bullet hit him, and he dropped. I shot the Indian and threw myself to the ground—which caused Captain Kramer and Sieber to believe that I had been struck. McLellan was sprawling beside me and I asked if he were hurt.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "Through the arm. I think it's broken."

"Lie quietly for a little while," I said, "then we'll get back to that ravine."

"I got in a shot or two, then Blacksmith Martin came to my assistance and we succeeded in getting McClellan out of the way of the Indians. In the meantime they had apparently sprung up on three or four sides of us, and things were very lively in that vicinity for the next five or ten minutes."⁹⁷

The firing slackened, and I got up. McLellan was unconscious, and I had to drag him back about twenty feet to where the slope was some protection. When I stood to help McLellan some of the hostiles who were hidden from the Abbot line beyond got up from their cover to shoot at me. But Abbot's men saw them and turned loose. They did not realize that I was in their direct line of fire, two hundred yards away. The air around McLellan and me was fairly burned with bullets. I was facing the line, and bits of gravel and shreds of bullets stung my face and set it bleeding. I was certain that I had been hit and it was only a matter of moments until I would collapse.

But when I had rested a minute or so I got McLellan farther and Sergeant Horan joined me. We managed to lower McLellan to the bottom of the little arroyo as Kramer's men swarmed into the camp and overran it. I found one of the Indian blankets and made McLellan comfortable, but the bullet had broken a rib and passed through both lungs. He died quietly within an hour.

Darkness came, and the fighting stopped. We found Lieutenant Morgan in great pain from his wound and suffering a chill in the thin air of that height. When he had been made comfortable and patrols sent out, we waited for Chaffee and Dr. Ewing, who were being guided across the canon to us.

Abbot had sent his several badly wounded men over before dark, but ours were not so fortunate. When Chaffee arrived he ordered withdrawal of all but the outposts. We were to

get food and replenish our ammunition in readiness for pushing on next morning after the hostiles. None of us realized how completely we had smashed Na-ti-o-tish's band.

It was terribly hard to transfer our wounded. We must lower them from ledge to ledge in the darkness, cross the stream, and raise them from ledge to ledge. But at two in the morning we straggled into the main camp, fagged out.⁹⁸

* * *

Blacksmith John Martin of my troop...received the Medal of Honor for the Dry Wash fight. I was heartily glad, for I had believed him entitled to the medal at Cibicu. Martin was walking proof that a man cannot be gauged by his external appearance. He was small and pale blond, and his Swedish accent and perennial good humor made him the butt of countless jokes. It was Martin who went to draw his "Saber ammunition," Martin who dressed himself point-device and went solemnly (as instructed) to call socially upon the Colonel, Martin who sat upon the cold prairie holding the bag for snipe, Martin who would loan anyone his last dollar and never hint that he would like it back.⁹⁹

Those who managed to escape slipped back to the reservation. This fight, called the Battle of Big Dry Wash, marked the last time the U.S. Army would engage any Apaches north of the Gila. The theater of operations had now shrunk to the southeast corner of Arizona, the southern part of New Mexico, and the Sierra Madre Mountains of Chihuahua, Mexico. This was the traditional home of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apache.

Apache Campaigns: Sierra Madre Campaign

During the winter of 1882-83 the Chiricahuas holed up in Mexico and conducted most of their raids there. But on 21 March, 25 warriors under Chato ("Flat Nose" in Spanish) and Benito crossed into the U.S. near Fort Huachuca. (Apache descendants claim that the real leader of this raid was Chihuahua, not Chato who was only his lieutenant.) They killed three men at a charcoal camp about ten miles southwest of Tombstone, and swung eastward into New Mexico. Twenty miles north of Lordsburg, in Thompson's Canyon they swept down upon a family of three traveling through the pass. They were Federal Judge H. C. McComas and his wife and their six-year-old son Charlie. Mother and father were killed. Charlie was kidnapped, never to surface again. The crime attracted national attention. The ammunition raid lasted just a week, but by the time they reentered Mexico, they had killed some twenty-five Americans and completely frustrated Army pursuit by a total of 500 troops. Apache stories have it that Chato, ever on guard, did not sleep during the entire week, except for brief naps in the saddle. Chato's raid terrorized the citizenry. Sherman in Washington ordered Crook into the field.



Emmet Crawford began his service as an enlisted man in the 71st Pennsylvania Infantry in the Civil War. He later served as a lieutenant in the 13th U.S. Colored Infantry and the 37th U.S. Colored Infantry, being recognized twice for his meritorious service. Eventually assigned to the 3^d Cavalry, he came to Arizona in 1871 and was promoted to captain in May 1879. His Apache Scouts played a pivotal role in both of Crook's campaigns against Geronimo, the first into the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico and the second in the final Geronimo campaign.

He was killed on 11 January 1886 by Mexican irregulars who took his Apache Scouts for hostiles. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Crook organized what would become known as the Sierra Madre Campaign of 1883. His first move was to coordinate with Col. Mackenzie commanding the Military District of New Mexico and with the governors of Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexico. The campaign was to cross the borders of nations and military departments, so he thought it important to visit Albuquerque and the Mexican provincial capitals to personally obtain the cooperation of his neighbors. He also used the new Southern Pacific Railroad to bring troops and supplies together at Wilcox, his jumping off point. Bourke referred to the advantages of the railroads which had not existed when Crook last commanded the department.

...The completion of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe systems, and the partial completion of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, had wrought certain changes in the condition of affairs.... In a military sense they had all been a great benefit by rendering the transportation of troops and supplies a matter of most agreeable surprise to those who still remembered the creaking ox-teams and prairie schooners, which formerly hauled all stores from the banks of the distant Missouri; in a social sense they had been the means of introducing immigration, some of which was none too good...¹⁰⁰

The general was ready to move by the end of April. He would personally lead into Mexico, on his mule "Apache," a small strike force composed of 45-man I Troop of the Sixth Cavalry captained by Adna R. Chaffee and lieutenanted by Frank West and William Woods Forsyth, and 193 Indian Scouts (the White Mountain, Yuma, Mojave, and Tonto tribes being represented) under Capt. Emmet Crawford and Lieut. Charles Gatewood. Also with the scouts were Lieut. James O. Mackay, Third Cavalry, and civilians Al Seiber, Archie McIntosh, Mickey Free, Severiano, and Sam Bowman. On the general's staff were Capt. John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, acting adjutant-general; Lieut. G. S. Fieberger, engineer officer, aide-de-camp; Doctor George Andrews, and Private A. F. Harmer of the General Service.



*B Company of Indian Scouts with Mickey Free standing in the center.
Free, Mickey, wearing his first sergeant's blouse.*

Leading his five pack trains were Misters Monach, Hopkins, Stanfield, "Long Jim Cook," and "Short Jim Cook." The train was carrying enough rations for sixty days and an extra 160 rounds of ammunition on 350 mules. Their Apache guide Tzoe, or Peaches as he was called by the American soldiers, was a recent defector from Chato's raiding party and he knew well the mountainous byways of the Sierra Madre. Apaches would remember that Tzoe was henceforth called "Yellow Wolf" for his defection to the Americans. Each man carried only the clothes on his back, a blanket, and forty rounds of ammunition. At his back, guarding the border for any Indians he might flush northward was Col. Carr with troops from the Third and Sixth Cavalry.



Tzoe, or "Peaches," Apache scout.

He left Willcox on 23 April and on 1 May the force crossed the border at San Bernadino Springs and followed the San Bernadino River to Bavispe, then plunged into the mountains called by Crook "a natural fortress." This was terrain that Mexican troops never attempted to negotiate, its steep and tangled trails too dangerous to navigate. In fact, Crook's pack train would lose a number of mules over the precipitous cliffs.

Capt. Bourke said of the terrain that "It seemed to consist of a series of parallel and very high, knife-edged hills, —extremely rocky and bold; the canons all contained water, either flowing rapidly, or else in tanks of great depth. Dense pine forests covered the ridges near the crests, the lower skirts being matted with scrub-oak. Grass was generally plentiful, but not invariably to be depended upon." He also had something to say about the demands of the march. "Climb! Climb! Climb! Gaining the summit of one ridge only to learn that above it towered another, the face of nature fearfully corrugated into a perplexing alternation of ridges and chasms."¹⁰¹

Crawford's scouts fell upon a rancheria of Chato and Benito at noon on 15 May, killing nine men and capturing five women and children. They destroyed all of the lodgings in the camp, and from the casualties took "four nickel-plated, breech-loading Winchester repeating rifles, and one Colt's revolver, new model." But the main body escaped and the element of surprise had now been foreited.

Bourke described the skirmish:

The Chiricahuas had been pursued across a fearfully broken country, gashed with countless ravines, and shrouded with a heavy growth of pine and scrub-oak. How many had been killed and wounded could never be definitely known, the meagre official report, submitted by Captain Crawford, being of necessity confined to figures known to be exact. Although the impetuosity of the younger scouts had precipitated the engagement and somewhat impaired its effect, yet this little skirmish demonstrated two things to the hostile Chiricahuas; their old friends and relatives from the San Carlos had invaded their strongholds as the allies of the white men, and could be depended upon to fight, whether backed up by white soldiers or not. The scouts next destroyed the village, consisting of thirty wickyups, disposed in two clusters, and carried off all the animals, loading down forty-seven of them with plunder. This included the traditional ruffraff of an Indian village: saddles, bridles, meat, mescal, blankets, and clothing, with occasional prizes of much greater value, originally stolen by the Chiricahuas in raids upon Mexicans or Americans.¹⁰²

Crook used a captured Indian girl as a messenger to convince the Indians to come into Crook's camp for talks. And they came in—Geronimo, Chihuahua, Chato, Benito, Nachez, Loco, Nana, and Kaytenna. Crook parlayed for a week, concentrating on Geronimo. Crook made a return to the reservation seem a desired solution for the Apaches by pretending that this option didn't exist, that the white population would demand a more drastic punishment for the blood-thirsty Apaches. Historian Dan Thrapp gives an account of the conference, relying upon Capt. Bourke's diary:

Crook spoke plainly to Geronimo. "I am not taking your arms from you," he said, "because I am not afraid of you. You have been allowed to go about camp freely, merely to let you see that we have strength enough to exterminate you if we want to." He told the Indian that in asking to surrender and be protected at some reservation he was asking much, though if he and his people would pledge their word to keep good faith and remain on one, he would do what he could for them. "You must remember," he said, "that I have been fighting you for our people, and if I take you back and attempt to put you on the reservation the Americans and Mexicans will make a hard fight of it, for you have been murdering their people, stealing their stock and burning their houses. You have been acting in a most cruel manner, and the people will demand that you be punished. You see, you are asking me to fight my own people in order to defend your wrongs." But he agreed to accept the surrender which, by this time, appeared as a great relief to the warrior.¹⁰³

Some 325 Warm Springs Apaches, 52 of them warriors, under Loco, Nana and Kaytenna followed Crook out of the Sierra Madres, crossing the border on 10 June. The Chiricahuas stayed behind, to round up stragglers, Geronimo said.

The Chiricahuas would take their time surrendering, causing Crook some embarrassment at the hands of the press, and some explaining to his superiors. Eventually they did ride in—first, Nachez with 93 people in December 1883, then, Chato and Mangas with 60 in February 1884, and finally, in March, Geronimo and 80 people reached the border driving a herd of rustled Mexican cattle. The Chiricahua leader Juh had died of a drunken accident in the mountains, either by falling from a cliff or drowning.



Mangas, son of Mangas Colorado or "Red Sleeves."



Troop I, 4th Cavalry, in the mouth of Bisbee Canyon, 1884. Sgt. Emil Pauly is standing on the right with stripes on arm. Photo courtesy Lt. Col. John H. Healy.

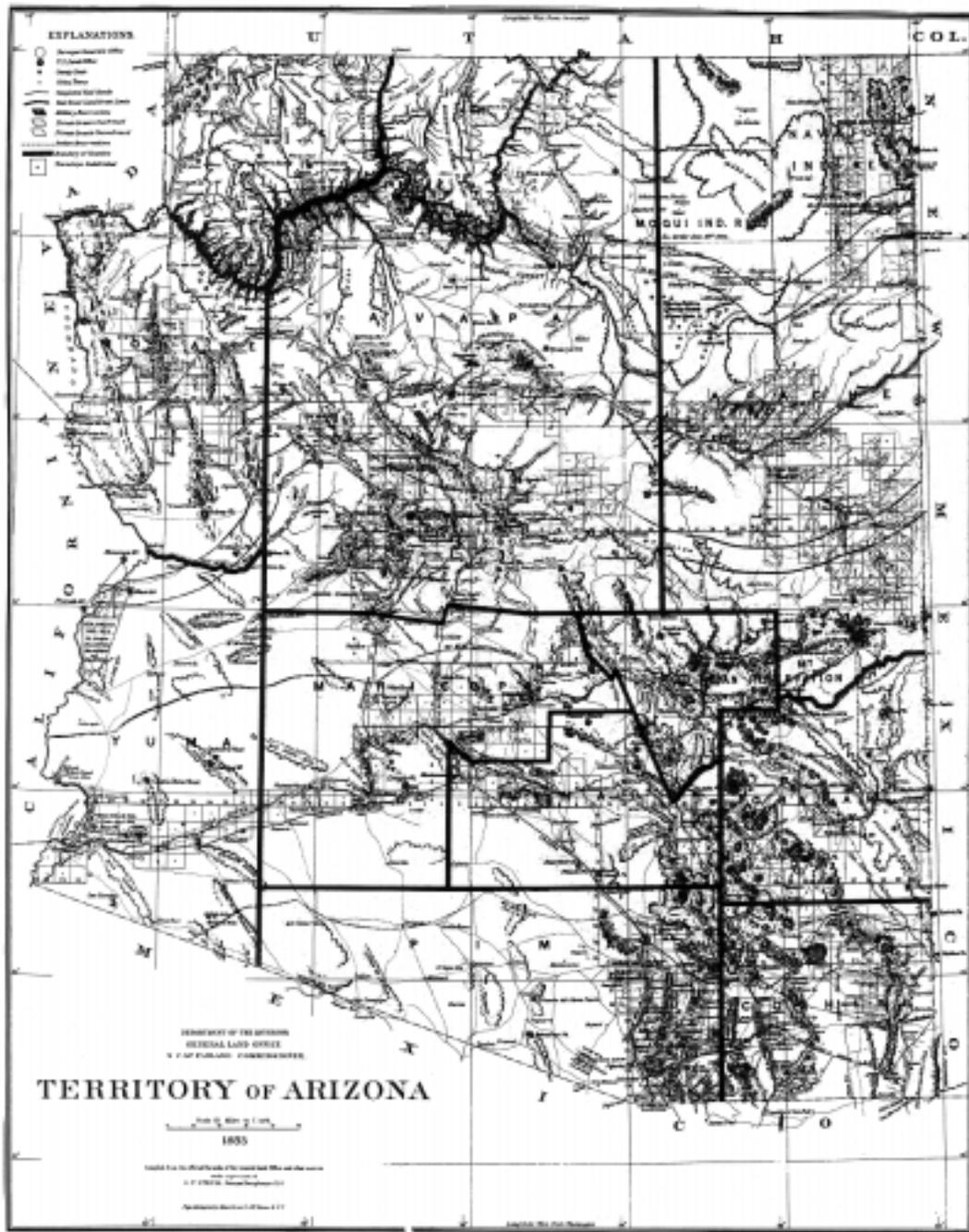
This brought the Sierra Madre campaign to an official and now successful close. Many of the Apaches, like Jason Betzinez, would remember General Crook's "good fatherly advice" given in the Sierra Madres, "mainly to settle down and go to work." Betzinez said, "I took this to heart and have followed General Crook's word ever since."¹⁰⁴

The campaign had combined unprecedented boldness and sound military tactics to bring to an end a situation that held the probability for extreme loss of life. Crook wrote in his annual

report for 1884 that “for the first time in the history of that fierce people, every member of the Apache tribe is at peace.” But that would soon change.



Members of Crook's expedition into the Sierra Madres of Mexico. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 82334.



“Topographical Map of Country Traversed by the command of General George Crook in his Expedition Against Chiricahua Indians...1883”

Timeline

In **1882** Lt. James B. Lockwood and Sergeant D. L. Brainard began their exploration by dog team of the north coast of Greenland. The Triple Alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy was formed. British troops occupied Egypt. The U.S. signed the Geneva Convention articles which set down rules for the care of wounded in wartime. Chinese laborers were barred by the Exclusion Act. The first Labor Day was celebrated in New York; it would become a legal holiday in 1894. The first hydroelectric plant was opened. Frederick A. Tritle became the governor of Arizona Territory. A saloon fire spread and destroyed Tombstone's business district for the second time. A treaty of peace, commerce and navigation was signed with the "Hermit Kingdom" of Korea. Famed gunman Johnny Ringo committed suicide in the western foothills of the Chiricahua Mountains. In a shoot-out on Tombstone's Allen Street, Billy Claibourne was shot and killed by "Buckskin" Frank Leslie. In March an Office of Naval Intelligence was formed.

In **1883** the Pendleton Act established the Civil Service Commission to implement reforms in the civil service. The Brooklyn Bridge was finished. Congress authorized steel navy vessels. Buffalo Bill Cody began touring with his Wild West Show. A telephone and telegraph line linking Fort Huachuca and Huachuca Siding seven miles to the north was completed on 5 July. In Phoenix beef round steak was selling for 11 cents a pound, and tenderloin and porterhouse each for 15 cents a pound. A Fort Huachuca soldier, Pvt. William Cassel, 1st Infantry, died of yellow fever contracted in Hermosillo, Mexico, where he had been part of a relief mission during an epidemic there. The New York Metropolitan Opera House opened. General Philip Sheridan became Commanding General of the Army, replacing Sherman on 1 November. The first president of the Naval War College, Commodore Luce, believed that an officer should be "led into a philosophic study of naval history, that he may be enabled to examine the great naval battles of the world with the cold eye of professional criticism, and to recognize where the principles of the science have been illustrated, or where a disregard for the accepted rules of the art of war has led to defeat and disaster. ...there is no question that the naval battles of the past furnish a mass of facts amply sufficient for the formulation of laws or principles which, once established, would raise maritime war to the level of a science...by the comparative method."

In **1884** the six survivors of the 25-man arctic expedition led by Lt. Adolphus W. Greely were rescued. The expedition had explored further north than any other at that time but ran into trouble when supply ships could not reach the men. Grover Cleveland was elected president. Cocaine was developed as a surgical anaesthetic. The fountain pen came into use. The linotype was invented. Roll film was patented by Eastman. *Huckleberry Finn* was a best seller. An Army baseball team from San Carlos beat a civilian team from Globe 31-30, and, according to their first baseman Britton Davis "relieved them of much of their spare cash." Capt. George M. Wheeler and his Army engineers completed 13 years of surveys in the West. On 24 February five men were hung in Tombstone for murder and robbery of Goldwater and Casteneda store in Bisbee last December. Harry S. Truman was born in Lamar, Missouri. The Statue of Liberty arrived in New York harbor; it would be unveiled two years later.

Voices: Economic Growth

An item in the *Arizona Weekly Star* datelined Tucson, July 12, 1877, passed along encouraging news:

*Messrs. A. Smith, John C. and Charles A. Bullard and William Griffith were in from the Upper San Pedro this week, all ranchers or stock men. They are much pleased with the new settlement they have just established, and named it "Whiteside [sic]" in honor of Major Whiteside, who has been of so much service to that section of the country. They all feel safe from the Indians, and speak in high terms of the activity and vigilance of the military. They think that with the appearance of the troops, one of the most productive and beautiful sections of the territory will be thickly settled within a few months. All kinds of game and fish are in abundance, and rains this season have been frequent. The grass and vegetation are in full vigor. There are about twenty-five settlers in and about Whiteside, the people want a Post Office and we think they ought to have one.*¹⁰⁵

Other optimistic Tucson journalism followed in the months and year to come.

*Paymaster Roche and his clerk Claud Anderson, returned on Tuesday from Camp Huachuca, where they have been paying off the troops stationed at that point. There has been large quantities of rains in that locality during the last two weeks. Grass is growing luxuriously, and the weather is cool, while the mercury has reached 90 during the season. The camp is beautifully located among the oak trees; the water is clear, cool and wholesome; fine fish abound in large quantities in streams adjacent, some of which were relished by them pronounced "way up." Report says that the settlement on the Upper San Pedro has swelled to sixteen persons, and seventeen more will be added in a few days. An old mine was discovered a few days since and it has been extensively worked. The discoverers are going to put up arasters and go to work. Much good feeling and high hope is exhibited by all in that section of the country.*¹⁰⁶

Mr. C. E. Burton, proprietor of the Burton Hotel of Fort Huachuca, has been in the city for the last few days. He says the country surrounding Fort Huachuca is filling to the brim. All of the available agriculture and grazing land is now settled upon. Stock is turning the Mesa grass into meat, and the country is full of activity. Miners and prospectors are moving in every direction, and new finds are the rewards for their labor. Fort Huachuca for years has been considered the choise (sic) spot of southern Arizona. The temperature is about 25 degrees less than Tucson, owing to the altitude. Excellent water is found in abundance. The rolling mesa lands are heavily timbered and together with the beautiful mountain scenery is what will make Huachuca the Saratoga of Arizona.¹⁰⁷

Military Intelligence in the American Southwest: Apache Scouts

The use of Indian Scouts by U.S. Army commanders on the frontier was a prominent example of how military intelligence can be employed with ingenuity and effectiveness. Their use in Arizona, as both spies on the reservation and as reconnaissance patrols in the field, was given credit for bringing the renegade Apaches to bay and significantly shortening the Apache cam-

paigns.

The American Army had used Indians as guides ever since its inception, but they were employed as civilians. It was not until an Act of Congress in July 1866 that Indians were actually enlisted and became an official unit of the U.S. Army. Brig. Gen. George Crook made extensive use of Apache scouts in Arizona territory to track down Apache renegades. Crook would emphasize their worth in his official report: "I cannot too strongly assert that there has never been any success in operations against these Indians, unless Indian scouts were used. These Chiricahua scouts...were of more value in hunting down and compelling the surrender of the renegades than all other troops...combined. The use of Indian scouts was dictated by the soundest of military policy."¹⁰⁸ In September 1883, Crook was writing officially about his employment of Indian Scouts, not only for reconnaissance, but to perform a spying function, called Human Intelligence (HUMINT) today.

"I ...enlisted [other scouts in the fall of 1882], reorganized the companies, and placed them under charge of Capt. Emmet Crawford, Third Cavalry, and Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, with orders to report directly to me. The scouts, when not needed for active service, were to be scattered among the bands to which they belonged, and were required to keep their officers constantly informed with reference to the feelings and actions of the Indians of their respective bands.

So complete has been the success of this system that I am confident it would be impossible for an Indian to leave the reservation or to commit an outrage or depredation without my being informed of the fact very soon afterwards."¹⁰⁹

On the reservation where many Indian factions intrigued against each other and the U.S. Army, a network of "Confidential Indians" would report to the military any plans or dissatisfaction. This proved useful in 1882 when informants alerted the Army to the intentions of renegades to attack the reservation at Camp Goodwin and breakout Loco and his Warm Springs people to join them in raiding. A Chiricahua named Sam Kenoi explained:

At Fort Apache they said Geronimo was always suspicious. There were two women and three men who were secret service agents for Lieutenant Davis. They were Western Apache. These are a different tribe. That is what caused many of the stories that were going around. The two women who were secret service agents would go after midnight to these army officials and tell them what had been said, what the Indians intended to do. Most of the trouble came through the Western Apache. They told stories, mostly false. We don't know who the secret service people were. But I don't think the government officials can deny that they had secret agents, men and women."¹¹⁰

However, this information received from spys did not prevent the renegades from spurring Loco and his people from the reservation.

In 1891 the Army experimented with enlisting scouts in units of the regular army. The number of scouts authorized Army-wide was reduced to 150, fifty being allocated for Arizona. The General Orders, dated March 9, allowed for L Troop of each cavalry regiment and I Company of each regiment of infantry to be converted to 55-man Indian units. The 9th and 10th regiments of black cavalry were excepted as were the 6th, 11th, 15th, 19th, 24th and 25th infantry regiments. In 1897 the provision was dropped and the Indian companies and troops were disbanded. The Indian scout units were distinct however, and were not affected. But they were reduced so far in numbers that they were no longer functional as companies and were redesignated as detachments.



“Apache Soldier, or Scout,” Frederic Remington.



Free, Mickey, in Washington, D.C. in 1886.



Indian Scouts with civilian scout.



Group of White Mountain Apache scouts. U.S. Army photo.



Indian trading stores at San Carlos, Arizona.

Huachuca's Changing Landscape: Permanent Old Post, 1880-1902

The early maturation of the Camp Huachuca garrison put it on a par with other posts in the Department of Arizona and convinced Major General Irvin McDowell that it was deserving of a permanent status. Captain Whitside's lobbying efforts were paying off. The Division of the Pacific commander began in 1879 to persuade the Secretary of War to recognize the Huachuca cantonment as a permanent installation.

While the shapers of military policies in Washington pondered General McDowell's proposal, the Camp and district continued to prosper. A stage line now connected the post with the town of Benson and a telegraph service put the Army in communication with nearby Charleston. The Southern Pacific railroad passed within fifty miles.

Allowance for Quarters, 1857-1881

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Major General</i> | <i>5 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Brigadier General</i> | <i>4 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Colonel</i> | <i>4 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Lieutenant Colonel</i> | <i>3 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Major</i> | <i>3 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Captain</i> | <i>2 rooms and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Lieutenant</i> | <i>1 room and kitchen</i> |
| <i>Post NCO staff</i> | <i>1 room</i> |

For each five enlisted men, Private, Corporal and Sergeant, one room of 225-256 square feet.

Room size for officers not specified; rooms upstairs did not necessarily count against the total.

There was no fixed monetary allowance in lieu of quarters until 1878.¹¹¹

The bid for permanent post status was reiterated in 1880 by Acting Assistant Inspector General of the Department, Major James Biddle. He pointed out that:

A camp which is a tent city is an expensive way to shelter troops and supplies. Constantly replacing canvas tents is costly. The vast growth of the mining industry in the southern part of this territory, close to, and bordering on the Sonora line, can hardly be appreciated without being seen. Towns have sprung up as if by magic. The sound of mills is heard all over this section and the flow of bullion is large and increasing each day. All this brings with it a large number of settlers who live upon the wants of the miner, and large herds of cattle and horses will accumulate along this border. All these things will be inducements to the...Indian inhabitants of Sonora to raid and commit depredations. There are also a large number of Americans crossing into Sonora, prospecting, building mills and engaging in mercantile pursuits.

I recommend that a site for a post be selected, permanent buildings erected and a garrison of some strength assigned it, that protection may be afforded to all these mining towns, and which will be an asylum to our citizens now in Sonora, in case of revolutionary or other troubles—a place which they might reach quickly, or from which a force might be sent promptly to their relief, if necessary.¹¹²

Biddle's case won support from General of the Army William T. Sherman, who included the major's letter in the Annual Report of the Secretary of War.

The personal attention of the nation's top military commander gave the construction program momentum and underscored the emerging importance of Fort Huachuca in the national defense picture.

As a part of the planning for the conversion of the camp to a permanent post which could accommodate additional troops, a board of officers convened in September 1881 to examine the area. Satisfied with the potential of the region, they initiated estimates and building plans, and received a \$20,000 appropriation for construction. Their intention to relocate the fort to a Tanner Canyon [now known as Garden Canyon] site never materialized after it was determined that water was in more plentiful supply in Huachuca Canyon.

A military reservation was mapped out to inclose the post which encompassed 41,760 acres. Two years later it was enlarged to border on the north with the Babocomari land grant.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,

WHIPPLE BARRACKS, PRESCOTT, *November 16, 1881.*

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 35.

In accordance with instructions from the War Department, the following boundaries of the Military Reservation for the post of Camp Huachuca, A. T., having been duly declared as such by the President of the United States, on the twenty-ninth day of October, 1881, are announced for the information of all concerned:

Beginning at a post branded "U. S. M. R. No. 1," set in a mound of stone on conical butte of north-western foot-hills of Huachuca Mountains, N. $23^{\circ}14'30''$ W., 287.71 chains, to a post branded "U. S. M. R. No. 2," set in a mound of stone (being the same as post "S. I. B. No. 3," of the tract known as the Babacomari grant, as surveyed by *S. M. Allis*); thence N. $82^{\circ}35'00''$ E., along the southern boundary of said tract, 480 chains, to a post branded "U. S. M. R. No. 3;" thence S. $69^{\circ}02'30''$ E., 520 chains, to a post branded "U. S. M. R. No. 4;" thence S. $8^{\circ}58'30''$ W., 251.64 chains, to a post branded "U. S. M. R. No. 5," set in a mound of stone on base ridge of eastern foot-hills, of Huachuca Mountains, between cañons known as "Tanner's" and "Ramsey's;" thence by most direct lines of water-divide to peak of main divide of Huachuca Mountains, bearing from said post S. $8^{\circ}58'30''$ W.; thence along said main divide to the north-westernmost peak; thence by most direct lines of water flow, to point of beginning.

BY COMMAND OF BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL WILLCOX:



Assistant Adjutant General.

Department of Arizona General Orders No. 35, November 16, 1881

HEADQRS. MIL. DIV. of the PACIFIC & DEPT. of CALIFORNIA,
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., February 11, 1882.

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 2.

As the following military posts are likely to be permanently occupied by troops, they are, under the provisions of Paragraph 330, Army Regulations, designated forts, viz.:

Fort Thomas, A. T.
Fort Huachuca, A. T.
Fort Spokane, W. T.

By Command of Major-General McDOWELL:



Colonel, A. A. G.

Military Division of the Pacific General Orders No. 2, February 11, 1882.

GENERAL ORDERS, } HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
No. 36. } ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, May 24, 1883.

By direction of the Secretary of War the following is announced for the information and guidance of all concerned:

By authority of the President of the United States, dated May 14, 1883, the military reservation at Fort Huachuca, Arizona Territory (originally declared by Executive Order of October 29, 1881, and announced in General Orders, No. 35, Headquarters Department of Arizona, series of 1881), is enlarged to embrace the following described limits, viz:

Beginning at a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 1, set in a mound of stone on a conical butte in the northern foot-hills of the Huachuca Mountains, which butte is about 6 miles distant from the post of Fort Huachuca, on the road to Harshaw, and about 500 yards south of said road, and running thence north, $1^{\circ} 55'$ east, 287.71 chains, to a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 2, which post coincides in position with a post marked S. I. B., No. 3, of the southern boundary of the Babacomari grant, as surveyed by S. M. Allis; thence north, $82^{\circ} 35'$ east, along the southern boundary of said grant, 524.74 chains, to a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 3, near to and west of the road from Fort Huachuca to Huachuca Station, on the New Mexico and Arizona Railroad; thence south, $21^{\circ} 41'$ east, 511.21 chains, to a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 4; thence south, $43^{\circ} 41'$ east, 171.09 chains, to a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 5, near to and west of the road from Tanner's Cañon to Charleston; thence south, $34^{\circ} 15'$ west, 251.64 chains, to a post marked U. S. M. R., No. 6, set in a mound of stone on the foot-hills of the Huachuca Mountains, between Tanner's and Ramsey's Cañons; thence along the water-shed separating these cañons to the main water-shed of the Huachuca Mountains; thence along this water-shed to the point of beginning.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL SHERMAN:

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL:

Headquarters of the Army General Orders No. 36, March 24, 1883.

In December 1881 the troop strength at the camp was increased from two companies to four. The post now accommodated 14 officers and 214 enlisted men in these understrength companies.

On February 11, 1882 it was made official. Henceforth to be known as Fort Huachuca, the five-year-old station was now tied in with the military telegraph network in the Department of Arizona. Other lines of communication included daily stage service and a railroad siding on the New Mexico and Arizona line only seven miles away.

In April Gen. William T. Sherman paid a visit to the post and surveyed what is now called the Old Post. He gave his approval for the construction of permanent facilities to replace the old canvas and wood structures further up the canyon. In August Sherman recommended to the Secretary of War: "In regard to the posts in Arizona I have heretofore reported as the result of my personal inspection that the posts of Huachuca and Grant be enlarged and improved to the largest possible extent and that all others be neglected. General Crook will soon be there, and I advise that he be supplied \$20,000 each for Grant and Huachuca..." In his Annual Report to the Secretary of War dated 16 October 1882, the amount to be spent on Huachuca was raised to \$52,000. He encouraged Congress to "be liberal to the troops who must guard that frontier."¹¹³ In a letter one month later, Sherman recognized the inequity incurred by cavalry regiments that were "banished" for prolonged tours "in the remote and less favored parts of our vast country." He proposed that regiments not be sent to the "remote corners" for more than five years.¹¹⁴



William T. Sherman. Photo courtesy the Grierson Collection.

This was at a time when the dispersal policy was being discarded in favor of the concentration of military forces throughout the West. With railroads simplifying supply lines and troop deployments, and the Indian troubles subsiding, the War Department felt obliged to officially adopt the policy of concentration in 1880. The ensuing decade witnessed the abandonment of countless temporary posts. Of the 111 western posts existing in 1880, only 62 remained in 1891.

Fort Huachuca was among the survivors. An 1889 Annual Report to the Secretary of War shows accommodations at Fort Huachuca for 24 officers and 420 troops, five times the original 1877 strength.

As early as May 1882, the quartermaster was ordered to draw up plans and estimates to lay out Huachuca as an eight-company post, evidence that it was being considered as a major post in the Army's future stationing plans in the Southwest.

Receiving an allowance of \$57,820 from the War Department on August 17, 1883, foundations for eleven officers' quarters were laid during November. All requisitions for lumber and building materials were shipped from the San Francisco Depot to Huachuca Siding. The building boom provided employment for 150 civilian laborers, carpenters, bricklayers, and adobe workers.

One of these laborers was Frank Mengoz, who told a reporter in 1943, at the age of 103, about his new-found employment.

We, some other prospectors and I, had been down in Mexico. We hadn't done very well and were broke. That's why, shortly after we crossed the border into Arizona, and a very sorry Arizona it was, that we decided to work for wages and went to Fort Huachuca to build adobe quarters for the officers.

There was no work to be had anywhere, and when we got to Tucson we discovered that it was just a little Mexican village where practically no one spoke English. The Army was recruiting workmen, however, and it took us by train to a little station called "Contention," just five miles from the fort.

The fellows in charge of the work there were the meanest bunch I ever saw, and after obeying several orders to jump and cling to the rafters they were putting in, we all decided that broken necks would not help in the least in our plan to again reach civilization. I never did find out how they finished those houses, but it certainly wasn't with my help.

And besides, there wasn't a woman on the place. I never married, as I said before, but somehow I never wanted to stay around a place very long without looking at something prettier than the faces of those other prospectors I ran around with.¹¹⁵

In 1881 Capt. E. B. Hubbard was assigned to Camp Huachuca to supervise the proposed construction and immediately began to wrangle with officers of the garrison. He sought to evict Lieutenant Hurst, the quartermaster, from his quarters so that he might have them, a normal privilege of rank in those days, but the post commander, Capt. Tullius Cicero Tupper, turned down his request because the officers were living in quarters they had built at their own expense. Captain Tupper suggested to Hubbard in official correspondence that 16" x 17" x 5" adobe brick moulds could be checked out from the quartermaster's shop. Hubbard ignored this suggestion that he build his own quarters and obtained permission to live at Burton's Hotel further up the canyon. Tupper and Hubbard had several disagreements about the details of the buildings that Hubbard was to put up. Hubbard became the post quartermaster on April 10, 1882, after Tupper's departure.

All of the present-day family quarters along Grierson Avenue were built in the 1883-84

period and were intended to serve as officers' quarters. Construction was of sun-baked adobe walls, excavated basements, plastered interiors, wood floors, gable roofs with asbestos shingles, and were of a two-story design. Screened porches were included in the front and back.

Over the years, these quarters have been modernized many times, especially by the Works Projects Administration in the 1930s, including the replacement of roofing with asphalt strip shingles and covering the exterior walls with stucco for preservation of the adobe.

The four buildings fronting the northern side of the old parade field were all constructed as double barracks in 1883. During the six years preceding their construction, the living conditions for enlisted men were spartan. Icy drafts blew through the canvas-adobe seams in the winter and choking dust in the summer. Scorpions, tarantulas, and rattlesnakes were frequent roommates. The summer heat could be oppressive and ramadas were built to provide shade.

These new accommodations were a marked contrast, affording adequate heating, ventilation, luxurious space, and some privacy for the NCOs. Their engineering includes stone masonry foundations, wood frame walls with wood drop siding, and beaver board interior lining. They were designed with open porches on both floors along the longitudinal axis to provide shielding from summer heat and protection from the elements for occupants using the outside stairs. Although many modernization projects have been executed, to include heating, cooling, floor covering, drop ceilings, fluorescent lighting, and new partitioning, the general exterior appearance of the structures has not changed.

All of these barracks-style buildings were again used for troop housing in 1951 when the fort was reopened to train Engineer Aviation units. Today they are still in use as administration buildings. Each is named for a famous cavalry unit stationed in the Huachuca.

Cpl. William B. Jett was with the 4th Cavalry at Fort Huachuca in 1884 and was one of the soldiers who took part in the construction work. In his diary he remembered not only the comforts, but the hard work at Huachuca.

Fort Huachuca was a picturesque place nestling at the foot of the mountains about eight miles from Huachuca Station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and like most other government forts of that day. was supplied with water running down from the mountains. As long as we were in the fort quarters, there were more comforts at hand than I had anywhere else during my stay in the West. There was some hard work, however, in the Fort, and I have not forgotten carrying the hod of mortar on my bony shoulder many a day up to the men who were laying the sun-dried adobe bricks in the erection of barracks.¹¹⁶

All of the new construction up until this time was supervised by quartermaster Capt. E. B. Hubbard, who had been assigned two years earlier for this purpose. (From the time of Huachuca's founding in 1877 until 1941, responsibility for construction fell upon the shoulders of the post quartermaster who was tasked with furnishing quarters for the troops.) Hubbard's skill as an engineer was exceeded only by his reputation as a dedicated drinker. Hubbard had quit the U.S. Military Academy after one year to enlist in an Ohio artillery battery in 1861. When the Civil War ended, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 32d Infantry and sent to Camp Bowie, Arizona. He was promoted to a captain of the Quartermaster Corps in March 1881, with duties at Fort Huachuca.

He was brought up on charges for drunkenness at least three times. He avoided a court-martial in October 1882 by swearing off the liquor. It was a promise he did not abide by. On 13 March 1883, he was reported staggering around his yard clad only in an old undershirt. He refused to retreat indoors, even after he was informed that he was in plain sight of the married

officers quarters, and had to be literally dragged through the mud back to his house. With the third drunkenness charge hanging over his aching head, he resigned his commission, leaving behind some superbly built structures which still endure.¹¹⁷

Capt. Adna R. Chaffee, commanding the post in 1883, turned his attention to the problem of water supply and recommended that a double reservoir be built, with a 200,000 gallon capacity, on the hill to the east. His plan was acted upon and northern and southern reservoirs were placed on today's Reservoir Hill.

In April, 1884 a twenty-four bed post hospital was incorporated into the plans to replace the old eight bed facility built in 1880. This resulted in an appropriation of \$11,894. Added shortly thereafter were supplemental sums of \$17,676 for a post water system and \$8,000 for completion of the eleven sets of officers' quarters and two cavalry stables.

According to the Phoenix Herald of 9 June 1884, the Phoenix architects Samuel Eason Patton¹¹⁸ and James Miller Creighton¹¹⁹ were awarded several contracts for buildings at Fort Huachuca, including officers' quarters and a hotel for Vandever Bros. Other articles in the same paper record the travels in June and July of both Patton and Creighton to Fort Huachuca. They returned to Phoenix from their stay at Huachuca in March 1885, having completed the buildings there.¹²⁰

Lt. John Bigelow¹²¹, who was from a literary New England family and a 10th Cavalry officer, wrote about his visit to Fort Huachuca in 1885. (Bigelow would write *Principles of Strategy*, incorporating many of General Sherman's precepts on warfare and be a leading champion of professionalism in the American Army.)

Wanting an opportunity to see Fort Huachuca, I asked the captain a few days ago if he could not give me something to do there. . . .

We did not see a human dwelling or a human being, or a water course or source until we reached the Huachuca Mountains, in which we passed two or three houses near small streams and springs, with tracts of cultivated ground surrounding or adjoining them.

Fort Huachuca lies in what is called Huachuca Canon, on the east side of the north point of the Huachuca range. We entered the post at its upper, or higher end, and passed through the outskirts of tents, huts, shanties and houses—the quarters of a few privileged soldiers, of certain civil employees, and of laundresses and other hangers-on, or camp followers—past the guard house to the parade ground, where in accordance with custom, the officers' quarters were ranged on one side, and the men's on the other.

Bigelow inspected the facilities for Lawton's troop.

I was shown by General Forsyth through the quarters of Captain Lawton's troop of the Fourth Cavalry, the only troop at present in the post. It is altogether the best set of quarters, as regards both plan and appointments, that I have seen in the army, and in its neatness and orderliness reflects the highest credit on its captain. On the ground floor are the following accommodations: A good-sized office for the first sergeant, a set of bathrooms with hot and cold water, a capacious dining room and a kitchen. Upstairs is a main dormitory, and adjoining it, a small one for the sergeants. The corporals live with their squads. I was struck by the brightness and airiness of the rooms, such a contrast to the dinginess and closeness of the barracks at Fort Grant. A room on the ground floor is to be fitted up as a troop library and reading room.

After dinner I strolled over to the captain's new stables. They consist of a frame building roofed over, with an opening running along each side of the ridge-piece for ventilation. The

stables of Texas and Arizona are ordinarily mere sheds. In these that I am describing, at the head of each stall is a placard of tin, bearing the following data: the number of the horse, its name, the name of its rider, and the number of its rider. Underneath this placard is a roller of salt, a patent arrangement for the horse to lick. The saddles, covered with a piece of canvas, are suspended on wooden hooks at the rear of the stalls. In each stall is a little canvas contrivance for holding a curry-comb and brush.

Similar stables are being built for the other troops of the post. Between every two sets is a corral, formed by fencing them together at the ends.¹²²



Officers' Line, Fort Huachuca, A.T., 1883. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.



Quartermaster and Subsistence Storehouse (bldg. 22324), and barracks at Fort Huachuca. Barracks were completed in 1884; bakery in 1886. The old post bakery, built of adobe in 1886, was reported as capable of producing 2,000 rations per day. During the Korean War, when Fort Huachuca was the Engineer Aviation training center, the building was pressed into service as a malt and sandwich shop known as "Post House." It became the Telephone Exchange in 1955.



Cavalry stables at Fort Huachuca.



Guard House. Bldg. 22328 (Sam Kee Hall). Built as a guard house in 1885 with a capacity of thirty-eight men, the adobe structure originally cost \$8,900. During World War II, the Provost Marshall used this building for his office until the post was closed in 1947. Following the 1954 reactivation of the U.S. Army Electronic Proving Ground, it became the site of the post office. It is named for a legendary figure at Fort Huachuca. Sam Kee was an enterprising restaurateur who first opened a post concession in 1881. It was relocated in 1905 to Brayton Hall and, finally in 1920, to Mar Kim Hall. Sam Kee left his business in the hands of family members when he returned to China in 1919. His restaurant was a favorite gathering place. On at least one occasion it is reported that he advanced soldiers' pay for the fort when the monthly payroll was delayed.



Interior of single barracks at Fort Huachuca, old building no. 18 (31122), barracks for Troop F, 4th Cavalry. Built out of adobe in 1886, it was salvaged around 1955.



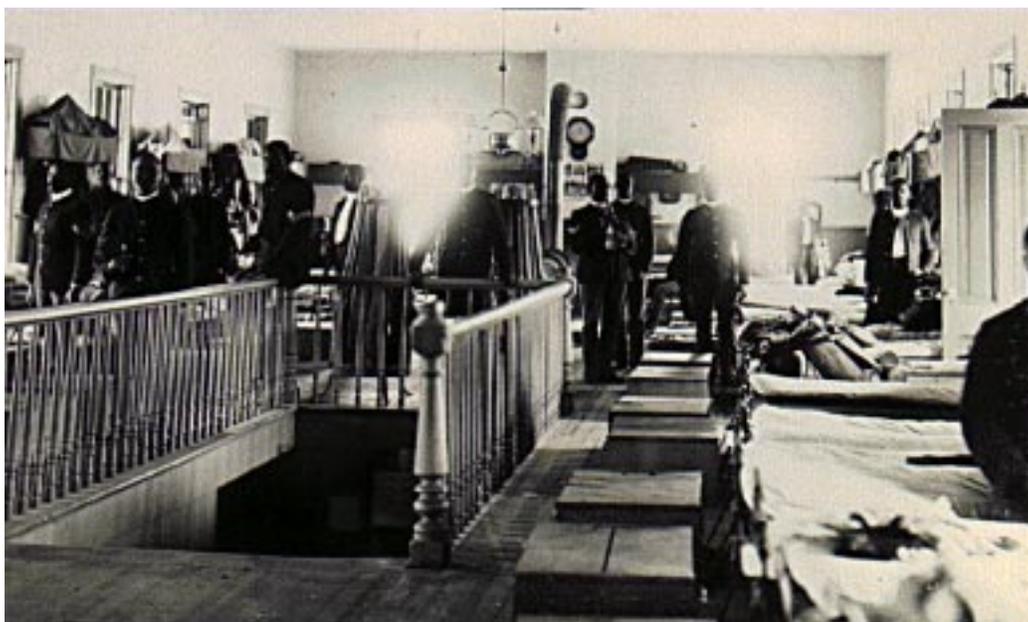
Guard mount at Huachuca.



General view of Fort Huachuca Territory from the rear of the officers' quarters in 1883. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo 87826.



Circa 1886. Photo courtesy H.E. Malby, son of Commissary Sgt. Ernest Malby, stationed at Huachuca.



1880.15.00.058 Squad room interior at Huachuca.



Barracks in 1898. The building on the left was known as the Administration building. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.



What appears to be the guard mount on the parade field.



Barracks while under construction at Huachuca. Soldiers and laborers stand on the porches.



Officer's row under construction, 1883-84.



A view of Fort Huachuca with horses grazing in foreground.

1880.15.00.123 Reservoir, Fort Huachuca, Arizona. National Archives Photo.



Officers' quarters with the present museum building on the far right. National Archives photo.



Post Bakery, 1886.



Post Commissary, 1886.



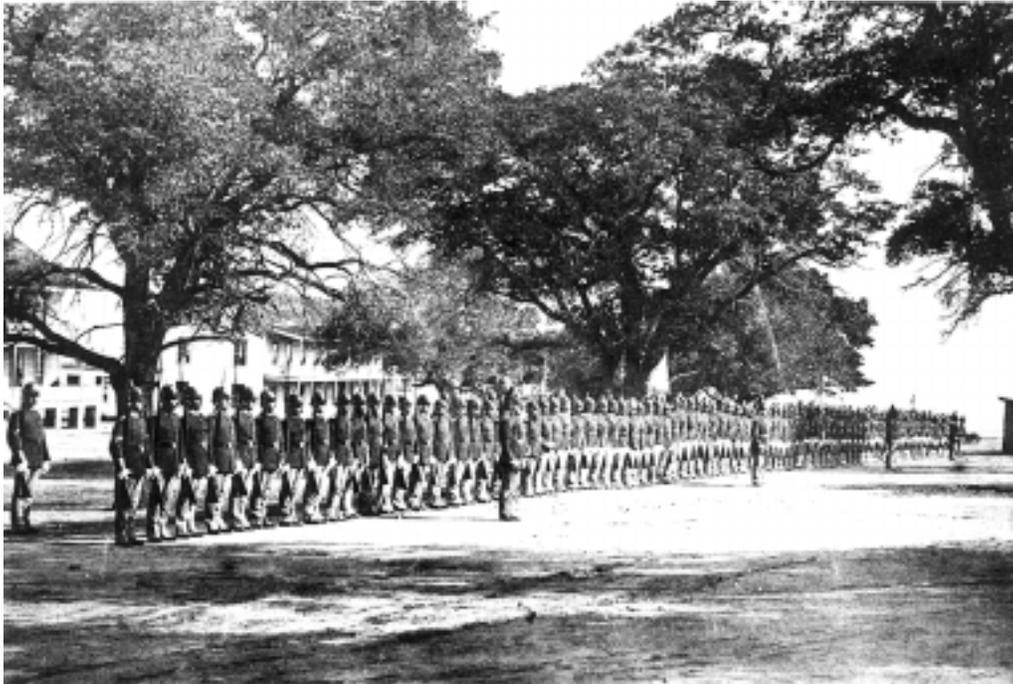
Post Hospital built in 1885.



Barracks (Bldg. No. 15). U.S. Army photo.



Bldg. 22214 (4th Cavalry Hall). Built in 1882 at a cost of \$6,375.81, it served as the barracks for Troop A, 4th Cavalry, and was rated for eighty-seven men.



The 1st Infantry in formation at Huachuca in 1884.



A front view of officers' line showing porches under construction in 1884.

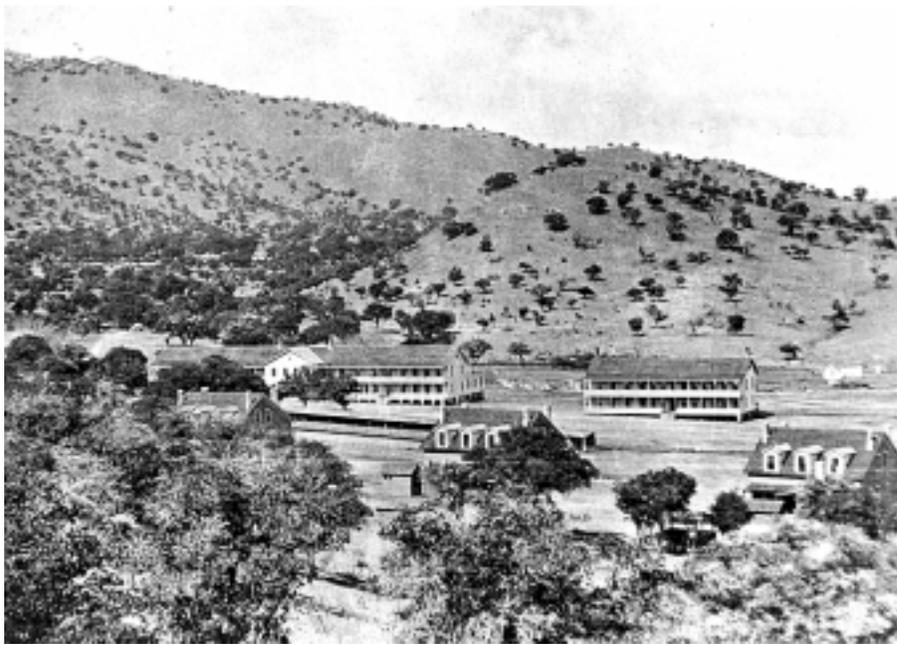
1884.00.00.012 Photo of officers' line taken from the rear when the buildings were close to completion in 1884.



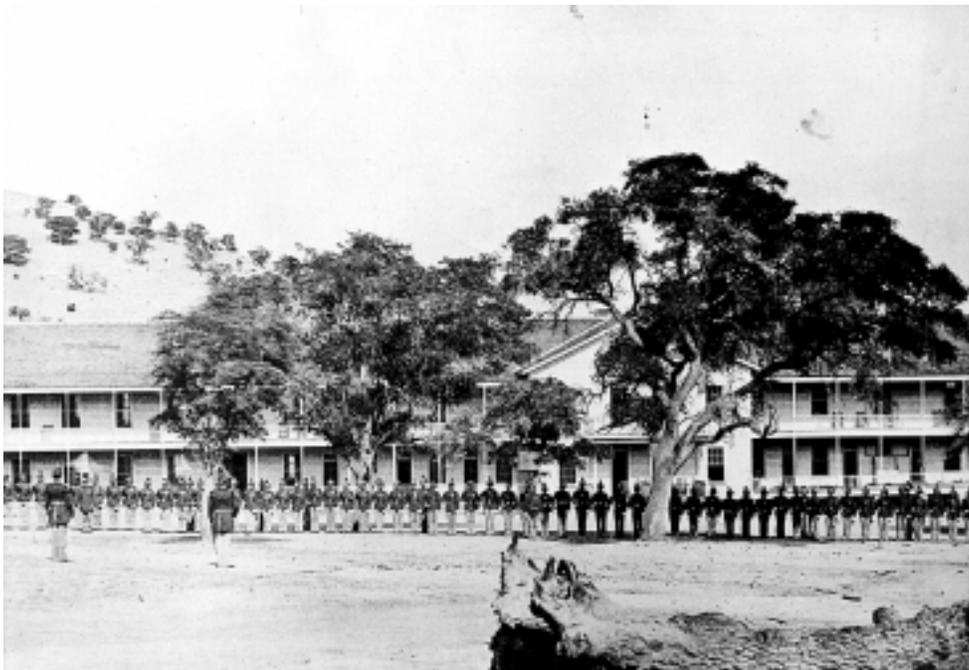
A view of officers' line during 1884 construction. The construction workers' tents are visible on the parade field.



A view of the Old Post in May 1884. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo (SC87213).



View from the hill to the rear of the officers' quarters at Fort Huachuca, Arizona Territory, in May 1884.



Sunday morning inspection at Fort Huachuca in 1885. Building no. 22208 is in the background.



A view of Fort Huachuca in about 1886 with hospital in the foreground.



A view of Fort Huachuca about 1887 with Huachuca Hotel and post trader's store in the center. A C.S. Fly photo courtesy G. E. Malby, grandson of Commissary Sergeant Walter Malby.



Fort Huachuca, Arizona Territory, @ 1886. A U.S. Army Signal Corps photo.



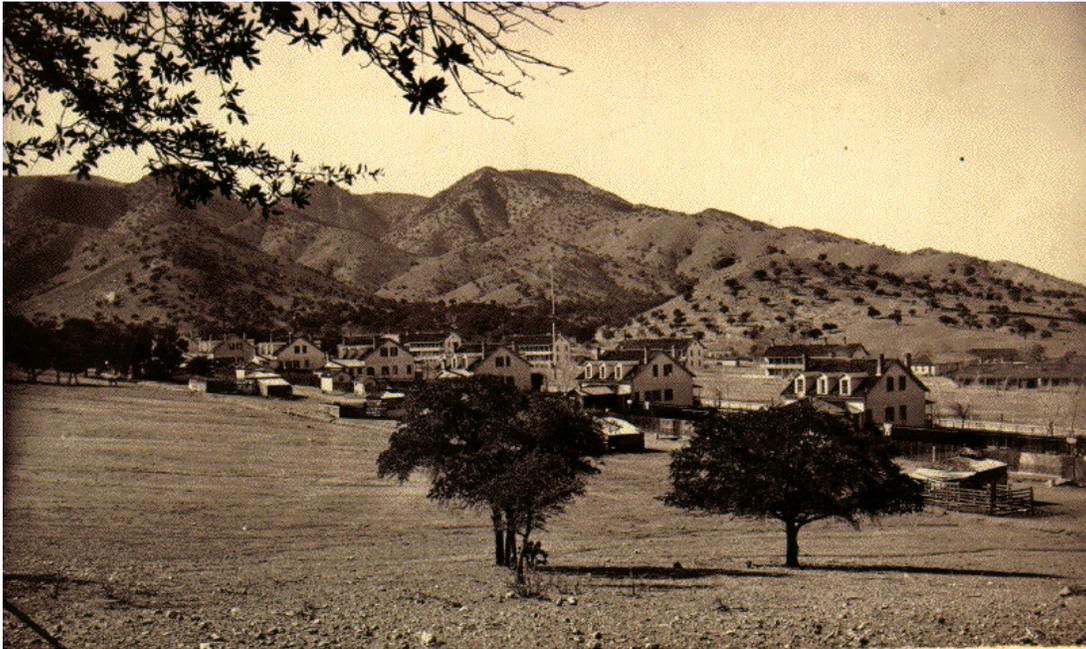
A view of Old Post from the hill to the west. Signal Corps photo 87213. Photo courtesy Frank Cullen Brophy.



“Police Party,” along Grierson Street at Fort Huachuca in the 1890s.



Fort Huachuca in 1893. Photo courtesy the estate of Col. Alvarado M. Fuller.



Fort Huachuca in 1893. Photo courtesy the estate of Col. Alvarado M. Fuller.



An officer of the 24th Infantry with his family in front of their quarters at Fort Huachuca between 1892 and 96.



Dougherty wagon in front of officers' quarters around 1898. Note the white picket fences of the 1898-99 period at the fort.

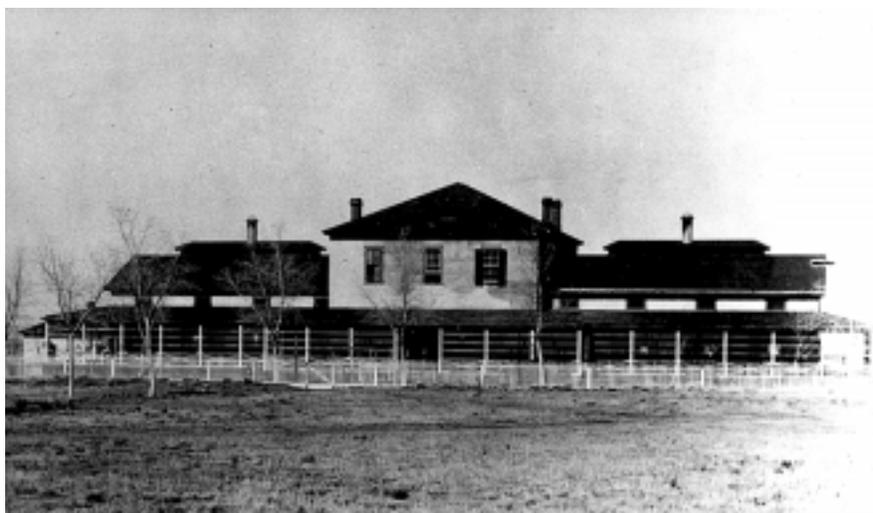


GENERAL VIEW OF POST LOOKING NORTH.

"General View of Post Looking North," taken in 1898. National Archives Photo.



“Officers Quarters.” Reservoir on Hill.



Post hospital built in 1885 out of adobe for \$20,136, old bldg. no. 20 (41408). This picture was taken somewhere between 1898 and 1900. Bldg. 41408 (Leonard Wood Hall). The post's original eight-bed hospital on Grierson Avenue (Carleton House) quickly became inadequate for the needs of a growing post and in 1884 a plan was submitted for a twenty-four bed modified regulation post hospital. Consequently, \$11,894 was appropriated for a new hospital building in July 1884. The structure was finished in 1885. According to an 1889 report, it contained a

dispensary, surgeon's office, two wards, two bathrooms, two washrooms, four rooms, and an isolation ward and storeroom. An addition to the kitchen was completed in 1914. Records in 1905 show \$29,398.24 expended by that date. These were the facilities to which Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood was assigned when he served at Fort Huachuca in 1886, though much of his time was spent in Mexico on the famous Geronimo chase. The building was used as a hospital until a station hospital was built in the cantonment area in 1941, during the early days of World War II. The old hospital became available for other purposes. During 1951-54, this was the civilian personnel office, and from 1954 to 1961, the finance office of the Army. For several years prior to 1967 it was used as the religious education center for the post. In 1967 the building again housed the post comptroller activities and has been known ever since that time as the finance office.



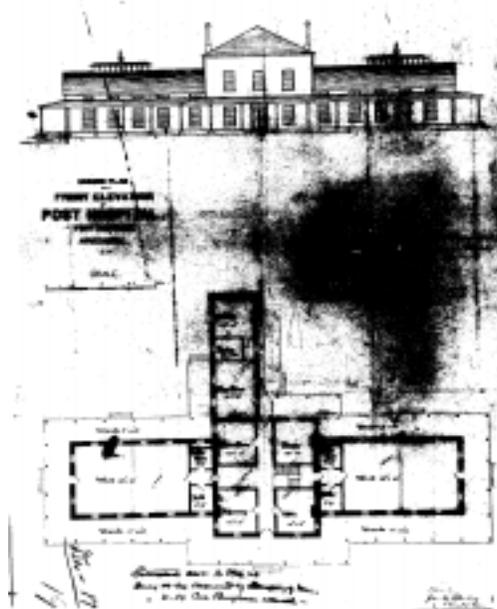
Barracks at Fort Huachuca around 1898. Photo courtesy Colonel Charles Ezra Stodter who served at Huachuca as a lieutenant in 1898.



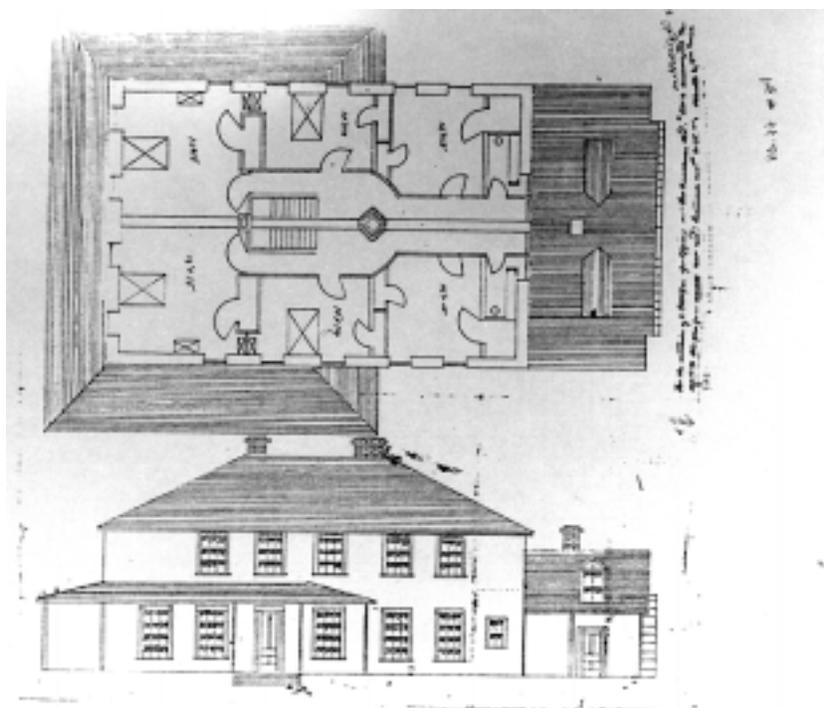
Barracks, buildings no. 17 (22320) and 18 (31122). Bldg no. 17 to the left, originally built as barracks, was used for an administration building. The building to the right was built in 1886 out of adobe as the barracks for Troop F, 4th Cavalry. It later deteriorated and was used for storage. The building was salvaged around 1955. Bldg. 22320 (5th Cavalry Hall). This was originally built as a barracks but, by 1889, was being used as an administrative building.



“Noncommissioned staff quarters,” showing buildings 43 (1066) and 44 (1065) and the reservoir on the hill. These buildings, since torn down to make room for officers’ housing on upper Grierson, were built ca. 1898. National Archives photo.



“Ground Plan, Front Elevation, Post Hospital, Fort Huachuca, Arizona.” 1884



“Double Set of Officers’ Quarters at Fort Huachuca, A.T.”



“Fort Huachuca, Arizona, From hill in rear of barracks—looking east—officers’ line front—nearly west.”



“Fort Huachuca, Arizona, Looking Down from the Canon (North)” and showing the Huachuca Hotel.



Troopers' hangout near Fort Huachuca where the \$13 per month pay was squandered on booze. Signal Corps Photo 111-SC-89511.



Kate Chaffee, daughter of Adna R. Chaffee and Annie Rockwell Chaffee, rides her mule behind the barracks just completed in 1884. Photo courtesy Col. Adna Chaffee Hamilton, USA Ret., El Paso, TX, 1965.



1872 XXX 1881

Officers & Enlisted Men, Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry [Full Dress]

From paintings by H. A. Ogden, published by the Quartermaster General in 1890 and in succeeding editions.

Notes

1 Quoted in Utley, Robert M., *Frontier Regulars: The United States Army and the Indian*, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1973, p. 172.

2 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *Al Sieber: Chief of Scouts*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1964, pp. 188-9.

3 Corson manuscript in Special Collections, University of Arizona.

4 Kautz, August V., Colonel, *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 19 November 1877*, Headquarters Department of Arizona, Prescott, Arizona, August 15, 1877.

5 Document, "Calls at Fort Huachuca," dated March 25, 1877, signed by S.M. Whitside, Captain, 6th Cavalry, Commanding Post.

6 *Reports of Inspection of Posts in The Department of Arizona made by Inspector General Schriver in March, April & May, 1878.*

7 Letter, Capt. S.M. Whitside to Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Arizona, 3 September 1878.

8 *Arizona Daily Star*, 5 July 1879.

9 Biddle, James, Maj., *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1880*, Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office Acting Assistant Inspector-General, Whipple Barracks, Prescott, September 10, 1880.

10 Altshuler, Constance, *Cavalry Yellow & Infantry Blue: Army Officers in Arizona Between 1851 and 1886*, The Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, 1991, p. 374.

11 Whitside's Annual Report for 1879, Fort Huachuca Records, looseleaf collection in the Fort Huachuca Museum archives.

12 *Ibid.*

13 *Senate Reports*, 45th Congress, 3d session, No. 555, pp. 487-88.

14 *Arizona Daily Star*, 27 August 1879.

15 Letter, to Adjutant General U.S.A., Washington, D.C., from S.M. Whitside, Captain, 6th Cavalry, Commanding Post, Camp Huachuca, A.T., dated April 6, 1878.

16 *Tombstone Nugget*, December 1880.

17 Julius Wilmot Mason had served with the 2d Cavalry in the Civil War and earned two brevets for his actions. Arriving in Arizona in the spring of 1882 as a major in the 3d Cavalry, he commanded Fort Huachuca until his death there of apoplexy in December.

18 Thrapp, Dan L., "Dan O'Leary, Arizona Scout: A Vignette," *Arizona and the West*, Vol. 7, No., 4, Winter 1965. p. 287.

19 Thrapp, "Dan O'Leary, Arizona Scout: A Vignette," *Arizona and the West*, Vol. 7, No., 4, Winter 1965, pp. 295-6.

20 Hinton, Richard J., *The Hand-Book to Arizona: Its Resources, History, Towns, Mines, Ruins and Scenery*, Arizona Silhouettes, Tucson, 1954, p. 236.

21 August Gabriel Tassin was French born, the descendant of the first French governor of Louisiana. He had a distinguished Civil War record and in 1870 went to France to serve as a colonel in the Franco-Prussian War. In 1872 he returned to the U.S. and enlisted in the Signal Corps. The following year he accepted a commission in the 12th Infantry, serving over the ensuing years at Forts Mojave, Grant, Thomas, and Camp Huachuca commanding Indian Scouts.

In 1886 he was the aide to Gen. John M. Schofield. He died at the Colorado River Reservation while serving as acting Indian agent in 1893.

22 Tassin, A. G., "Reminiscences of Indian Scouting," *Overland Monthly*, Vol. XIV, Second Series, July-Dec 1889, San Francisco, August, pp. 151-69.

23 On 22 November 1877, the *Arizona Weekly Star* wryly commented that if Lieut. Hannah "married a girl named Hannah, she would be Hannah Hannah both front & backwards." They had to misspell his name to achieve this palindrome.

24 Report of Lieut. Hanna, dated September 1877, Fort Huachuca Records, looseleaf collection in the Fort Huachuca Museum archives.

25 *Winners of the West, 1923-1942*, newspapers in the Arizona Historical Society, Tucson.

26 Thrapp, Dan L., *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1974, p. 194.

27

28 Ball, Eve, *In the Days of Victorio: Recollections of a Warm Springs Apache*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970, pp. 71-6.

29 Matthias Walter Day graduated from the academy in 1877 and was assigned to the 10th Cavalry in Texas. He earned the Medal of Honor at Las Animas Canyon on 18 September 1879 for rescuing a wounded soldier, carrying the man down the trail on his back under heavy fire. In 1885 and 1886 he participated in the Geronimo campaign, went to the Philippines in 1901, commanded Santa Clara, Cuba, in 1907. He became a colonel of cavalry in 1911 and retired in 1912. He died in Los Angeles in 1927.

30 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 184.

31 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1974, p. 239.

32 Gatewood, Charles A., "Campaign Against Victorio in 1879," *The Great Divide*, April 1894, pp. 102-104.

33 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 184-9.

34 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 192.

35 Quoted in Thrapp, Dan L., *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 193.

36 Ace Daklugie confirms this in an interview with Eve Ball. He said, "We believe that those killed in darkness must walk in darkness through eternity in our Happy Place." See Ball, "Juh's Stronghold in Mexico," *The Journal of Arizona History*, Vol. 15, No. 1, Spring 1974, pp. 79-80.

37 Cruse, Thomas, *Apache Days and After*, Caldwell, Idaho, 1941, pp. 55-6.

38 McPherson, Dorsey M., "Letters of a Tenderfoot in Arizona: Written to His Fiancee More Than Fifty Years Ago: Recital of Experiences in the Far Southwest During the Early Campaigns Against Hostile Indians," compiled in the Spring of 1933, typescript in Fort Huachuca Museum files.

39 Curwen Boyd McLellan was Scottish born and enlisted in the 1st Dragoons in 1849, serving as a first sergeant at Fort Tejon, California. He accepted a commission in the 3d Cavalry in 1861 and was wounded at Williamsburg on 4 May 1862. He was breveted for this and other actions at Gettysburg and Dinwiddie Courthouse. After the war with the 10th Cavalry, he was commended

for his action at Tularosa, New Mexico on 7 April 1880. He became a lieutenant colonel in the 3d Cavalry in 1892, and retired in 1893. He died in St. Louis in 1898.

40 Cruse, Thomas, *Apache Days and After*, Caldwell, Idaho, 1941, pp. 71-6.

41 Ball, Eve, *In the Days of Victorio: Recollections of a Warm Springs Apache*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970, pp. 85-6.

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47 Quoted in Carroll, John M., *The Black Military Experience in the American West*, Liveright, New York, 1971, p. 208.

48 Quoted in Carroll, John M., *The Black Military Experience in the American West*, Liveright, New York, 1971, p. 206.

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50 Thrapp says the American force was comprised of 68 Chiricahuas under Capt. Charles Parker; 20 black troopers under Lieut. James Maney, Fifteenth Infantry; and Captain George W. Baylor leading Texas Rangers. , *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 208.

51 Ball, Eve, *In the Days of Victorio: Recollections of a Warm Springs Apache*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970, p. 102.

52 Betzinez, Jason, with W.S. Nye, *I Fought with Geronimo*, Harrisburg, Pa., pp. 50-1.

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56 Nicholas Nolan, an Irishman from Kilkenny, was a sergeant of the 2d Dragoons and 6th Cavalry during the Civil War in which he was both decorated and wounded. After the war he became a captain in the 10th Cavalry, befriending Henry O. Flipper, the first black graduate of West Point. Nolan was kept busy chasing Indians in Texas and came to Arizona in February 1883 to command Fort Huachuca. He died suddenly at Holbrook, Arizona, in October of that year.

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59 Schieps, Paul J., "William Croft Barnes, Soldier and Citizen of Arizona," *Arizona and the West*, Vol. 2, No. 3, Autumn 1960, p. 210.

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- 66 Quoted in Thrapp, , Dan L., *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, p. 231.
- 67 Parker, James, *Old Army Memories*, Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, 1929, p. 42.
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- 69 James Biddle, a descendant of a Revolutionary War officer, served in the Civil War, eventually as a colonel of the 6th Indiana Cavalry. He was recognized three times for his bravery. After the war he served in the 24th Infantry, the 11th Infantry, the 1st Cavalry, and finally the 6th Cavalry. He saw service in the Modoc War and the Staked Plains campaign before coming to Camp Grant, Arizona, in 1875. He led scouts in southeastern Arizona after serving as the Inspector General of the department at Whipple Barracks. He became a colonel of the 9th Cavalry in 1891, retired in 1896, and was promoted to brigadier general on the retired list. He died in West Virginia in 1910.
- 70 Ball, Eve, *In the Days of Victorio: Recollections of a Warm Springs Apache*, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1970, p. 28
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- 72 Forsyth, George A., *Thrilling Days of Army Life*, Harper Bros., 1900, pp. 84-121.
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- 74Forsyth, George A., *Thrilling Days of Army Life*, Harper Bros., 1900, p. 105.
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- 79 Forsyth, George A., *Thrilling Days of Army Life*, Harper Bros., 1900, p. 106.
- 80 Betzinez, Jason, with W.S. Nye, *I Fought with Geronimo*, Harrisburg, Pa., pp. 62-6.
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89 Kaetenay, a Warm Springs Apache leader.

90 Betzinez, Jason, with W.S. Nye, *I Fought with Geronimo*, Harrisburg, Pa., pp. 68-71.

91 Letter, headed Fort Huachuca, A.T., May 9th, 1882, and addressed "My Dear Mother," signed Stephen C. Mills, a photocopy in the Fort Huachuca Museum chronological files.

92 Beyer, Walter F., and Keydel, Oscar F., comp., *Deeds of Valor: How America's Heroes Won the Medal of Honor*, Volume II, The Perrien-Keydel Company, Detroit, MI, 1902. p. 338.

93 Letter from Stephen C. Mills, addressed to Mrs. J. C. Mills, Galesburg, Ill., dated from 12 January to 10 June 1882, copies in Fort Huachuca Museum chronological files.

94 Letter, headed Fort Huachuca, A.T., May 9th, 1882, and addressed "My Dear Mother," signed Stephen C. Mills, a photocopy in the Fort Huachuca Museum chronological files.

95 Adam Kramer was born in Germany, immigrated, and enlisted in the 2d Dragoons. He was commissioned during the Civil War and served as a lieutenant in the 2nd U.S. Colored Cavalry. After the war he served in the west with the 6th Cavalry, being promoted to captain in 1874. Taking part in the Victorio campaign, he was breveted for gallantry at Ash Creek on 6 May 1880. He also fought at Big Dry Wash on 17 July and earned a second brevet. He retired as a major, 6th Cavalry, in 1897. He died in Iowa City, Iowa, in 1901.

96 Beyer, Walter F., and Keydel, Oscar F., comp., *Deeds of Valor: How America's Heroes Won the Medal of Honor*, Volume II, The Perrien-Keydel Company, Detroit, MI, 1902. p. 292.

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99 Cruse, Thomas, *Apache Days and After*, Caldwell, Idaho, 1941, pp. 174-5.

100 Bourke, John G., *On the Border With Crook*, Chicago, 1891, p. 447.

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104 Betzinez, Jason, with W.S. Nye, *I Fought with Geronimo*, Harrisburg, Pa., pp. 124.

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113 Sherman, William T., *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1882*, Headquarters Army of the United States, Washington, D.C., October 16, 1882, Estimates for Buildings at Military Posts, p. 10.

114 Letter, from W.T. Sherman, General of the Army to the Secretary of War, 14 November 1882.

115 *Bisbee Daily Review*, 4 April 1943.

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117 Altshuler, Constance, *Cavalry Yellow & Infantry Blue*, Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, 1991, p. 171.

118 Creighton (1856-1946) designed the "Old Main" building of the University of Arizona in Tucson. He is also credited with buildings at Fort McDowell, the Phoenix City Hall, the Adams Hotel in that city, the Pinal County Courthouse in Florence, the Old Dominion Hotel in Globe, and the first building at the Tempe Normal School which was later to become Arizona State University.

119 Patton (1850-1933) worked for the U.S. Army Signal Corps immediately following the Civil War and built the telegraph line from Texas to California. He is remembered for the Patton Opera House, later to be known as the Murphy Opera House in Phoenix.

120 Hooper, Bruce, Center for Colorado Plateau Studies, Northern Arizona University, research notes and cover letter dated 10 August 1992.

121 John Bigelow, Jr., was educated in Europe, graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1877, and was commissioned in the 10th Cavalry. He taught at the academy before coming to Fort Grant Arizona in June 1885 in time to participate with his regiment in the Geronimo campaign. In 1894 he became a professor of military science at MIT. In Cuba he was wounded four times during the charge at San Juan Hill. He served as superintendent of Yosemite National Park in 1904 while a major in the 9th Cavalry. He served in the Office of the Chief of Staff of the Army during World War I. As a retired lieutenant colonel in 1919, he resumed his academic career, writing several more books on military subjects. He died in Washington, D.C., in 1936.

122 Bigelow, John, Jr., *On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo*, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1958, p. 116.